

Nov. 7, 1942

Price 15 cents

THE NEW YORKER



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, a few theatres will revise their regular matinee schedules to take advantage of expected Armistice Day business. There may be further changes, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANGEL STREET—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn, Vincent Price, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. This Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Effie Shannon and Erich von Stroheim, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

BLITHE SPIRIT—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

CLAUDIA—It takes a misfortune in the family to convince Rosa Frankenstein's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. A first-class comedy that turns into a fairly routine problem play in the last act. With Phyllis Thaxter and Beverly Bayne. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Moves on Sun., Nov. 8, to the Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

THE DAMASK CHEEK—Flora Robson in John van Druten's slight but agreeable play about a woman who rescues the man she loves from an actress. The action takes place in 1909 and the cast includes Myron McCormick and Celeste Holm. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THE EVE OF ST. MARK—Maxwell Anderson's handling of the tragedy of Bataan makes an effective melodrama but a rather florid and sentimental play. Aline MacMahon, William Prince, and Mary Rolfe have leading rôles. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

HELLO OUT THERE—Perhaps William Saroyan's best play, with superb performances by Julie Haydon and Eddie Dowling. G. K. Chesterton's "Magic," in which Miss Haydon and Mr. Dowling also appear, completes the bill. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

JANIE—Gwen Anderson, Linda Watkins, and Frank Amy in a comedy about adolescent and military life in the suburbs which may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.; special Mat. Wed., Nov. 11.)

JUNIOR MISS—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. An excellent dramatization of Sally Benson's stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of Patricia Pearson and Lenore Lonergan as two little girls. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is now going into its fourth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney continue to play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40, PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

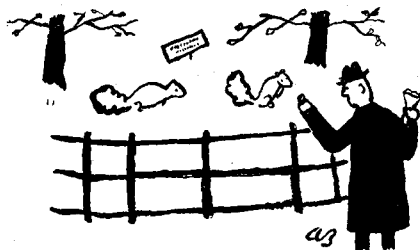
LITTLE DARLING—Eric Hatch's comedy is about a middle-aged novelist who tries to recapture his youth, but it is better than that sounds. Karen Morley, Phyllis Avery, and Barbara Bel Geddes are the ladies who wrestle over Leon Ames. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MY SISTER EILEEN—Ruth McKenney's stories adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A fine, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

NATIVE SON—Canada Lee and Ann Burr in a re-opening of Richard Wright's tragic and unforgettable play. Orson Welles is again the director. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

STRIP FOR ACTION—A pleasant and spirited comedy, by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, about a burlesque troupe and an Army camp. The cast includes Keenan Wynn, Eleanor Lynn, and Joey Faye. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

UNCLE HARRY—Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut,



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

and A. P. Kaye in a pretty melodrama about a murderer who tries to confess but can't get anybody to believe him. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

BEAT THE BAND—The production of this George Abbott comedy is handsome and the music very pretty, but the plot will probably make your head ache. With Susan Miller, Jack Whiting, Jerry Lester, and Romo Vincent. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Thurs., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

BY JUPITER—Ray Bolger in the Rodgers and Hart adaptation of "The Warrior's Husband." Constance Moore, Ronald Graham, and Benay Venuta also appear in this first-rate musical. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Nov. 8, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

COUNT ME IN—Charles Butterworth and Luella Gear aren't quite enough to save this routine musical comedy about a man who wants to assist the women and children on the home front. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Thurs., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

LET'S FACE IT!—A musical version of "Cradle Snatchers" which is occasionally coy but generally very satisfactory. Carol Goodner and Mary Jane Walsh assist Danny Kaye with the acting. Cole Porter has turned out most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

SHOW TIME—Jack Haley, Ella Logan, and the De Marcos are all very fine in this superior vaudeville show supervised by George Jessel. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., except Nov. 5, and Sat.; also Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30.)

SONS O' FUN—This Olsen and Johnson brain storm is strictly for those who admired "Heil-a-Poppin." Frank Libuse and Joe Besser help to torment the audience. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50, CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.; special Mat. Wed., Nov. 11.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
BOOKS	79
THE CURRENT CINEMA	77
LETTER FROM LONDON	69
MUSICAL EVENTS	55
NOTES ON SPORTS	53
OF ALL THINGS	36
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	64
ABOUT THE HOUSE	65
THE RACE TRACK	57
THE THEATRE	35

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET

TELEPHONE

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300

EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

STAR AND GARTER—A peculiar mixture of authentic burlesque and a high-class parody of it, with Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee. Rough but stimulating. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

WITHOUT LOVE—Katharine Hepburn and Elliott Nugent in a play by Philip Barry. Produced by the Theatre Guild. Opens Tues., Nov. 10. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

MR. SYCAMORE—Another Theatre Guild production, this one a dramatization by Ketti Frings of a story by Robert Ayre, with Stuart Erwin, Lillian Gish, Enid Markey, and Russell Collins. Opens Fri., Nov. 13. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

STARS ON ICE—A skating show, produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49, CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—The Savoy Opera Guild in "Ruddigore." Thurs. through Sun., Nov. 5-8; "Patience," Thurs. through Sun., Nov. 12-15; at 8:30 p.m. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT—The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "Cinderella," Sat., Nov. 7, at 3 p.m. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116, UN 4-3200.)

DANCE RECITALS

CHARLES WEIDMAN—Assisted by the Humphrey-Weidman dancers, in what may be the last performances he will give before he goes into the Army: Fri. through Sun., Nov. 6-8, at 8:45 p.m. (Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16, CH 2-9819.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them have fill-in performers or are closed altogether on either Sun. or Mon., so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room has plenty of room for dancing to music by Jules Lande's orchestra.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room offers an ice show, with Hazel Franklin and the Heasley Twins, and music by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A show, with Joe E. Lewis, against a setting of palm trees that would surprise the average botanist. Ted Straeter's orchestra and a samba band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—No show, of course, but there's still coconuts and zebra skins to marvel at, as well as Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The orchestras of Joseph C. Smith and Eddie Davis play good tunes as they were written.

MONTE CARLO, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band are playing for dancing in this handsome room. Tea dancing.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—There's a small show in the Cotillion Room and music by Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room has songs by Hildegard and music for dancing by Bob Grant's orchestra. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Helen Tamiris and her dancers head the show in this skyscraper aerie. Music by Leo Reisman's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra keeps right on playing in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has music by Paul Sparr's orchestra. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, you'll find Bob Terry's and Freddy Miller's orchestras.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Morton Downey is singing in the Café Lounge, spelled by Paul Baron's orchestra. Tea dancing.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue, with Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band. Tea dancing.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one well over on the East Side, though Broadway folk seem to like it fine. Ben Cutler's orchestra, Pancho's rumba band, and a show headed by Mary Raye and Naldi.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Emil Coleman's orchestra and Georges and Jalna are

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F.R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, secretary and treasurer; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XVIII, No. 38, November 7, 1942. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1942, by The F.R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year \$6.00; Pan-America and Spain, \$6.50; Canada, \$7.00; Other Foreign, \$8.00.



With deep pride and affection

Revlon

christens its new color of nail enamel and lipstick...the

Mrs. Miniver Rose

In the impersonal stillness of a motion picture theatre, we in America have met Mrs. Miniver and loved her completely. And like the gentle old station-master who grew the beautiful Mrs. Miniver Rose and said, so staunchly, "There'll always be roses," we of Revlon know there'll always be women like Mrs. Miniver. And so, we christen our proud new color of nail enamel and lipstick the "Mrs. Miniver Rose"... as a small, shining tribute to gallant women the whole world over.



Remember... only Revlon gives you the assurance of PREVIEWED! Nail Enamel 60¢. Lipstick 60¢... 1.00

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in the Wedgwood Room, and, at the supper hour, Gracie Fields and Mischa Borr's orchestra are there too. . . . John Kirby's band is playing in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan, the Bil Baird puppets, and a number of other entertainers. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself, hoarsely singing those songs of hers, is the principal attraction. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): there's Libby Holman, in addition to the Lamotte murals you may have heard about. . . . **I-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearus offers a pleasant piano accompaniment to the gin-rummy players' thoughts. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a view of Central Park, and musicians, strolling and stationary.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LE COO ROUGE**, 63 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small place that has more charm for its size, or perhaps because of it, than most; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet; George Morris's orchestra plays and Anne Francine sings. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Maximilian Bergere's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with Hazel Scott and Teddy Wilson's orchestra; the Revuers are there, too, with their own kind of songs and foolishness. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): handy to Carnegie Hall, for one thing; Kris Kay's and Cornelius Codolban's orchestras and a Russian show. . . . **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Alvino Rey's orchestra will be replaced by Jan Savitt's on Mon., Nov. 9. . . . **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **LINCOLN**, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Harry James's orchestra. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-3000): Bob Allen's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra; Walter Perner's orchestra plays for tea dancing. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a dance floor no bigger than a jeep, and Sande Williams' orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy heading a Billy Rose show. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): modelled after Gay Paree when it was gay, with cancan and all that. . . . **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a Latin-American setting, with Jack Harris's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show led by Georgie Price. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with the Velero Sisters' rumba band and a show. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Frankie Hyers isn't any too squeamish about his quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CII 2-2737): some of the best musical talent in Greenwich, or any other, Village, including Ammons and Johnson as well as Lee and Lester Young's orchestra. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Georg Brunis and his orchestra are on hand in this downtown landmark; between times, Joe Sullivan and Cliff Jackson play the piano. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Eddie South's band, surrounded by the bar and the customers. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): nothing elaborate about this one, but there's the Leonard Ware Trio and a swing band. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton, with his drums and his trio.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **KRECHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-6444). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

ART

ART OF THIS CENTURY, 30 W. 57—A newly opened museum, housing the Peggy Guggenheim collection of paintings and sculptures by modern Europeans and Americans. Tues., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

BACON—A twenty-five-year retrospective of this artist's adroitly ironical drawings, etchings, and other works: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 21.

BELLOWS—Eight paintings, some of which have rarely been shown before: Allison, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 21.

BOTKIN—Skillfully handled, highly decorative paintings: Andre Seligmann, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 28.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

CHAGALL—Oils, gouaches, and pastels, including his large "Revolution," which is being exhibited for the first time: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 7.

DUTCH—Halses, Rembrandts, and other masterpieces galore, in one of the largest exhibitions of Dutch paintings ever seen in these parts; a benefit for the A.W.V.S. and the Queen Wilhelmina Fund: Duveen, 720 5 Ave., at 56. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 7.

FRENCH—At the **FRENCH ART**, 51 E. 57: oils, from Corot and Courbet through the major Impressionists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 14. . . . **LILIENTHAL**, 21 E. 57: paintings, from Impressionism to the School of Paris. Weekdays except Wed., Nov. 11, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 20. . . . **KOETSER**, 65 E. 57: oils, from Corot and Constable to van Gogh and Matisse. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 14. . . . **BIGNOU**, 32 E. 57: fifteen canvases by Cézanne, Corot, Gauguin, Scurat, and other nineteenth-century painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 21.

GILBERT—Sensitive oils, mainly of New England coastal scenes: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 7.

GROUPS—At the **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: pleasant pieces by Peter Hurd and Herman Maril, among others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 14. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: new oils by Kroll, Etnier, Laufman, and other members of this gallery's group. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 7. . . . **MAROUÉ**, 16 W. 57: oils by George Constant, Milton Avery, Arnold Friedman, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 7. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57: paintings by Max Weber, Marsden Hartley, and Abraham Ratner. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 28. . . . **NIERENDORF**, 53 E. 57: first showing in the gallery's new quarters, with works by artists who have exhibited with it both here and abroad. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

HAUCKE—New paintings, in which surrealism takes on somewhat visceral textures: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 28.

KINGMAN—Water colors by a California artist, in his first show hereabouts: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 7.

MARTIN—Gently charming landscapes by one of the more sensitive nineteenth-century Americans in this field of painting: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Tues., Nov. 10.

MUSEUM OF LIVING ART, 100 Washington Sq. E.—Paintings by Alice Trumbull Mason. Sat., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other weekdays, except Wed., Nov. 11, from 9 A.M. to 8 P.M.; through Dec. 4.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Big, double-barrelled retrospective show of paintings by Pavel Tchelitchew and sculptures by John B. Flannagan (through Nov. 29); also, winning poster designs from the Museum's United Hemisphere competition (through Nov. 22). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

NEW YORK SCENES—Views of the city by a variety of artists, from 1800 to the present: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 7.

SURREALISTS—A large exhibition, with works in several media by many well-known artists, arranged by André Breton and Marcel Duchamp: Coordinating Council of French Relief Societies, 451 Madison, at 50. Thurs. and Fri., 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 7.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—An exhibition of American provincial paintings (a benefit for the American Field Service); also, sculptures, paintings, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 19.

HERE AND THERE—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57: paintings by J. Allen Weir. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 7. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: paintings by members of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union; a United China Relief benefit. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 7. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57: paint-

ings by Frederick S. Franck. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Nov. 6. . . . **REHN**, 683 5 Ave., at 54: oils and water colors by Thomas Craig. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 14. . . . **WAKEFIELD**, 64 E. 55: paintings by Antonio Alvarez. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 7. . . . **NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76: twenty-ninth annual exhibition of the Allied Artists of America. Tues. through Sat., except Wed., Nov. 11, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and Wed., Nov. 11, from 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 29. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57: paintings by J. M. Hanson. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 14. . . . **ARTISTS'**, 43 W. 55: oils by Martin Friedman. Tues., 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 16. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 46 W. 57: recent oils by Abraham Levin. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 28. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57: oils by Teng Chiu. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 21. . . . **VALENTINE**, 55 E. 57: paintings by Picasso and Miró. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 28.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY—Barlow conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs., Nov. 5, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Nov. 6, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Nov. 7, at 8:45 P.M.; Sun., Nov. 8, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Nov. 12, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Nov. 13, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., Nov. 14, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloists: Rubinstein, Nov. 5, 6, and 8; Casadesu, Nov. 14.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Ormandy conducting; soloist, Traubel: Carnegie Hall, Tues., Nov. 10, at 8:45 P.M.

DON COSSACK CHORUS—Jaroff conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri., Nov. 6, at 8:40 P.M.

JAZZ CONCERT—First of a new series under the direction of Eddie Condon: Town Hall, Sat., Nov. 7, at 5:30 P.M.

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Barzin conducting; soloist, Sziget: Carnegie Hall, Mon., Nov. 9, at 8:45 P.M.

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Sergei Rachmaninoff, Sat., Nov. 7, at 2:30 P.M. (war-relief benefit); Albert Spalding, Sun., Nov. 8, at 8:30 P.M.; Ernest Hutcheson, Wed., Nov. 11, at 8:30 P.M.

TOWN HALL—Elisabeth Schumann, Sat., Nov. 7, at 3 P.M.; New Friends of Music (Musical Art Quartet, Ralph Kirkpatrick, and John Wummer), Sun., Nov. 8, at 5:30 P.M.; Maria Kurenko, Fri., Nov. 13, at 8:30 P.M.; Kurt Applebaum, Sat., Nov. 14, at 5:30 P.M.

ELSEWHERE—At the **NEW YORK TIMES HALL**: Maria Maximovitch, Mon., Nov. 9, at 9 P.M. (240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362). . . . **KAUFMANN AUDITORIUM**: Mozart-sonata series, by Joseph Sziget and Andor Foldes, Wed., Nov. 11, at 9 P.M. (Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400). . . . **MCMILLIN THEATRE**: Paul Robeson, Sat., Nov. 14, at 8:30 P.M. (B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.)

OPERA

NEW OPERA COMPANY—"Ballet Imperial" and "The Fair at Sorochinsk." Thurs. through Sun. Eves., Nov. 5-8, and Sat. Aft., Nov. 7, "La Vie Parisienne." Tues. through Sat. Eves., Nov. 10-14, and Sat. Aft., Nov. 14. (Broadway Theatre, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

ROSALINDA—The Max Reinhardt version of the Strauss light opera, "Die Fledermaus," produced by Lodewick Vroom and with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30; Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat. (44th Street Theatre, 44th St., W. of B'way. LA 4-4337.)

SPORTS

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Ray Robinson vs. Victor Delicourt, catchweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Nov. 6; Allie Stolz vs. Beau Jack, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Nov. 13; preliminaries at 8:30, main matches at about 10 P.M.

FOOTBALL—On **SAT. AFT., NOV. 7**: Army vs. Notre Dame, Yankee Stadium, at 2; Columbia vs. Colgate, Baker Field, at 2:30; Fordham vs. Louisiana State, Polo Grounds, at 2; Michigan vs. Harvard, Ann Arbor, at 2; Pennsylvania vs. Navy, Philadelphia, at 2; Princeton vs. Dartmouth, Princeton, at 3; Yale vs. Cornell, New Haven, at 2:30. . . . **SAT. AFT., NOV. 14**: Manhattan vs. North Carolina Naval Pre-Flight School, Polo Grounds, at 2; Yale vs. Princeton, Baker Field, at 2:45; Army vs. Virginia Polytechnic Institute, West Point, at 2:45; Dartmouth vs. Cornell, Buffalo, at 2:30; Harvard vs. Brown, Cambridge, at 2:30; Navy vs. Columbia, Baltimore, at 2:30; Pennsylvania vs. Penn State, Philadelphia, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL GAME: Dodgers vs. Chicago, Ebbets Field, Sun. Aft., Nov. 8, at 2:15.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Canadiens, Sat., Nov. 7;





Van Raalte

MAGNOSTRYPS* UNDERTHINGS



SISTER ACT-AND PRETTY SMOOTH!

These lovely undies are related not only through the luscious rayon Magnostryps* fabric. They're twins, too, in the dexterous designing of the slim midriff. Together they put on a charming sister act, in better stores everywhere. Graceful Gown, \$2.85, trim Pantie-Chemise, \$1.35.

"BECAUSE YOU LOVE NICE THINGS"

VAN RAALTE • STOCKINGS • UNDERTHINGS • GLOVES 417 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Rangers vs. Chicago, Tues., Nov. 10, at 8:30 P.M.
... Amateur-series games: Sat., Nov. 14, at 7:45 P.M.

HUNT RACES—United Hunts Racing Association, Belmont Park, Fri. and Sat., Nov. 13-14, at 1 P.M.
NATIONAL HORSE SHOW—This year it will be for one day only, and at the Riding and Polo Club, 7 W. 66, Sat., Nov. 7, at 2 and 8 P.M.

RACING—Victory Week, a post-season war-relief-benefit meeting, at Belmont Park, Thurs., Nov. 5, through Thurs., Nov. 12, at 1 P.M.

NOTE—The deer-hunting season is now open in the Adirondacks.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—A semi-permanent show of films and other displays touching on home defense, along with many additional aspects of warfare; also, through Nov. 22, about a hundred originals of war posters by prominent contemporary artists: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg., Radio City. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

MORGAN LIBRARY—An exhibition called "Historic European Explorations, Voyages, and Travels," illustrated by maps, books, and manuscripts, from the fifteenth to the twentieth centuries; 29 E. 36. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 21.

FLOWER SHOW—A joint exhibit by the Horticultural Society of New York and the Chrysanthemum Society: Museum of Natural History, Central Pk. W. at 77. Fri. and Sat., Nov. 6-7, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., and Sun., Nov. 8, from 1 to 5 P.M.

PHOTOGRAPHY—The annual jury show of the New York Salon of Photography: Camera Club, 121 W. 68. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. and 8 to 10 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

BENEFIT—The Marine Birthday Ball, for the U. S. Marine Corps League: Waldorf-Astoria, Tues., Nov. 10, at 9 P.M.

ON THE AIR—Philharmonic-Symphony, Barlow conducting, Sun., Nov. 8, at 3 P.M., WABC... N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, Sun., Nov. 8, at 5 P.M., WEA. ... Football: Army vs. Notre Dame, Sat., Nov. 7, at 1:45 P.M., WEA.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; John Gunther, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WJZ; Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 6 P.M., WABC; Frazier Hunt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, Mon. through Sat. at 6:15 P.M., WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WJZ... News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45, and Sun. at 2:30 and 6 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEA; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Books, including first editions of Dickens and other English and American authors, from the collection of the late James Wilson Bullock: Thurs., Nov. 5, at 2 P.M.... Paintings by fifteenth- and sixteenth-century European artists, Gothic carvings, and fifteenth-century terra cottas, belonging to a Czech-Slovakian collector: Thurs., Nov. 5, at 8:15 P.M.... Early American furniture from the collection of Mrs. Luke Vincent Lockwood: Sat., Nov. 7, at 2 P.M.... Part II of the Rosenbach collection of English and American furniture, silver, paintings, and tapestries: Wed. through Sat., Nov. 11-14, at 2 P.M.

NOTE—The Kende Galleries, at Gimbel's, have just opened another branch at the Jay Gould house, at 579 Fifth Ave., at 47th, and will start things off there by selling the furnishings of the place on Thurs. and Sat., Nov. 12 and 14, at 10:30 A.M. and 2 P.M., and on Fri., Nov. 13, at 2 and 8 P.M. The building will be open for inspection Sat., Nov. 7, and Mon. through Wed., Nov. 9-11, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; and Sun., Nov. 8, from 1 to 5 P.M. (For admission cards to the sale, call PE 6-5185.)

MOTION PICTURES

ACROSS THE PACIFIC—A quickly paced spy melodrama, with Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., Nov. 5... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Fri. through Sun., Nov. 6-8... 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; tentatively, starting Wed., Nov. 11.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE—Jack Benny in Bucks County facing the hazards of a country estate. With Ann Sheridan. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

HOLIDAY INN—The separate talents of Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire have been coordinated nicely and embellished with good dialogue, and a tolerable score by Irving Berlin. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 7-9... Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Wed., Nov. 8-11... Plaza, 58 E. of Madison; Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 11-12.)

MRS. MINIVER—A long, intensely dramatic film of the war and what it does to gentle, very unwarlike family people in England's pleasantest small towns. With Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, and

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

DAME MAY WHITTY (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 7-10.)
MOSCOW STRIKES BACK—Documentary film from Russia, showing the causes of Germany's retreat last winter. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 10-11.)

MY SISTER EILEEN—A reproduction of the play about Greenwich Village, with most of the gags intact. Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Nov. 11.)

ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT IS MISSING—British film about a bomber crew, downed but not out in Occupied Holland. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

THE TALK OF THE TOWN—Jean Arthur, Cary Grant, and Ronald Colman in a comedy that is light but not too fluffy, since it has to do with arson, lynching, and the Supreme Court. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Nov. 7... 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Sun., Nov. 8... Plaza, 58 E. of Madison; through Tues., Nov. 10... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; and 77th Street, B'way at 77; starting Wed., Nov. 11.)

REVIVALS

ALGIERS (1938)—Life in the native quarter. Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Nov. 8-9... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; and Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Mon. and Tues., Nov. 9-10... Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 10-11.)

BALLERINA (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. French, with Mia Slavenska. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., Nov. 8.)

FOUR FEATHERS (1939)—Kitchener in Egypt, by Korda, with Technicolor. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Nov. 8-9... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; and Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Mon. and Tues., Nov. 9-10... Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 10-11.)

GENERALS WITHOUT BUTTONS (1938)—Children and their feuds. French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Nov. 9-11.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Fri., Nov. 6... Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. through Fri., Nov. 10-13... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 11-12.)

GUNGA DIN (1939)—Kipling's India. Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 7-10.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry comedy. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; tentatively, Tues. through Fri., Nov. 10-13.)

KINGS ROW (1942)—Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Claude Rains in a small town in the nineties. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; tentatively, through Fri., Nov. 6.)

THE LETTER (1940)—Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, and James Stephenson in Somerset Maugham's drama about the Singapore of other days. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 7-9... Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 11-12.)

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN (1937)—A serious biographical sketch. French, with Harry Baur. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 7-10.)

MEET JOHN DOE (1941)—Gary Cooper as Frank Capra's plain American citizen. With Barbara Stanwyck and Edward Arnold. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., Nov. 8.)

MY FAVORITE WIFE (1940)—Irene Dunne leaves, and comes back to, Cary Grant. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; tentatively, Sat. through Mon., Nov. 7-9.)

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY (1940)—Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant in another Philip Barry piece. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., Nov. 6.)

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE (1940)—The Jane Austen story. Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 10-11.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing early motion pictures daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. on this schedule—**THURS., NOV. 5**: four Russian films (1909-17). **FRI. AND SAT., NOV. 6-7**: "Male and Female" (1919), Lila Lee, Thomas Meighan, Gloria Swanson. **SUN. AND MON., NOV. 8-9**: "Blind Husbands" (1919), Erich von Stroheim. **TUES. AND WED., NOV. 10-11**: five German films (1896-1920), including "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari."

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Residents of Manhattan who want to help out by taking one of the many thousands of emergency jobs now in need of filling should get in touch with this borough's Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 93 Park Ave., at 40th (LE 2-2870), which supervises much of the volunteer work locally and also is in a position to help civilians sign up with the Red Cross, A.W.V.S., and U.S.O. (The C.D.V.O. phone number in the Bronx is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GL 7-1000.)

Some of the most urgent needs right now, not necessarily in order of importance, are for (1) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (2) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then work at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (3) men and women to serve a four-hour shift at police stations once every ten or twelve days, receiving telephoned reports from air-raid wardens, and also to be on call for one eight-hour period each week; (4) women to serve five and a half hours three or four days a week (no evening vacancies at present) in the Army's Aircraft Warning Service, plotting the courses of planes spotted by observers in this vicinity; also women to do similar work five hours a week at night for the Anti-Aircraft Artillery Command; (5) men deferred in or exempt from the draft to work one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (6) men and women to put in whatever daytime hours they can spare doing clerical work in draft-board and other emergency offices.

The C.D.V.O. wants to register as many people as possible who can be called upon from time to time for various short-notice jobs.

SAVAGE—There's been no letup in the need for kitchen fat, rubber, rags, tin cans, and other scrap metal. The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rubber, rags, and scrap metal in amounts of fifty pounds or more and, in the case of smaller quantities, will give you the address of the collection depot nearest your home... To prepare tin cans for salvage, remove their paper labels and cut out both ends; then wash them thoroughly and press them almost flat. Your building superintendent will see that they get into the right hands; it's best to have them ready for him to pick up a day or so before the weekly Wednesday collection... Kitchen fat is wanted for the production of glycerine, which is used in the manufacture of ammunition. Your neighborhood butcher has been asked by the government to make his shop a receiving center in this campaign. Strain whatever fat you have (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings) into a clean, wide-mouthed can and keep this in a cool place until you have accumulated at least a pound, the smallest amount butchers can be expected to accept.

Women have been asked to start saving old silk and nylon stockings, which are needed for the manufacture of gunpowder bags. Most department stores will have collection depots starting Mon., Nov. 16.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteering and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of defense agency in charge of running these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS AND LOANS—The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute any phonographs, phonograph records, radios, harmonicas, and athletic paraphernalia which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen... Short-wave radios, amateur receiving sets, and radio parts and tools are needed in the training of radio operators and repairmen for the Army and Navy. If you can spare any such apparatus on either a gift or loan basis, take it to the public school nearest you, where you will be given a receipt for it... The government wants to borrow for military purposes snapshots and movies taken in what is now enemy-occupied territory. If you have some to lend, no matter how long ago they were taken, write for details of what's wanted to the Office of Strategic Services (Pictorial Records Branch), Box 46, Station G, New York City... The Army wants 125,000 medium-sized dogs from one to five years old to train for sentry duty. Owners willing to part with one or more should register them with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6471).



THE BIG HOUSES

ASTOR, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—"For Me and My Gal," Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, George Murphy.
CAPITOL, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—Through Wed., Nov. 11: "Cairo," Jeanette MacDonald, Robert Young.
CRITERION, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—Through Tues., Nov. 10: "The Glass Key," Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake, Alan Ladd. . . From Wed., Nov. 11: to be announced.
GLOBE, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT IS MISSING, Godfrey Tearle, Hugh Williams.
HOLLYWOOD, B'way at 51 (CI 7-5545)—"Now, Voyager," Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains.
PALACE, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Through Tues., Nov. 10: "The Pride of the Yankees," Gary Cooper; also "Army Surgeon," Jane Wyatt, James Ellison. . . From Wed., Nov. 11: "Orchestra Wives," Ann Rutherford, George Montgomery; also "Girl Trouble," Joan Bennett, Don Ameche.
PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43 (BR 9-8738)—Through Tues., Nov. 10: "The Forest Rangers," Paulette Goddard, Fred MacMurray. . . From Wed., Nov. 11: "Road to Morocco," Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope.
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)—Through Wed., Nov. 11: MY SISTER EILEEN, Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, Janet Blair.
RIVOLI, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—"The Moon and Sixpence," George Sanders, Herbert Marshall, Doris Dudley.
ROXY, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—Through Tues., Nov. 10: "Thunder Birds," Gene Tierney, Preston Foster. . . From Wed., Nov. 11: "Springtime in the Rockies," Betty Grable, John Payne, Carmen Miranda.
STATE, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., Nov. 11: "The Major and the Minor," Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland.
STRAND, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE, Ann Sheridan, Jack Benny.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

5TH AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 5 Ave. at 12 (AL 4-7661)—Revolutions—"Ecstasy," Hedy Lamarr; also "False Rapture," Otto Kruger, Mary Maguire.
55TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55 (CI 7-4050)—Tentative—"Under His Spell," revival (in French).
LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57 (CI 6-1365)—Revolutions (tentative)—Through Fri., Nov. 6: KINGS ROW, Ann Sheridan, Robert Cummings, Betty Field. . . Sat. through Mon., Nov. 7-9: MY FAVORITE WIFE, Irene Dunne, Cary Grant. . . From Tues., Nov. 10: HOLIDAY, Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant.
PARK, at Columbus Circle (CI 5-9512)—Revolutions—Through Fri., Nov. 6: "Joan of Paris," Michèle Morgan, Paul Henreid; also "Merlusse" (in French). . . Sat. through Tues., Nov. 7-10: GUNGA DIN, Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Victor McLaglen; also THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN (in French), Harry Baur. . . From Wed., Nov. 11: THE LETTER, Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall; also "The Late Mathias Pascal" (in French).
THALIA, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Revolutions—Through Sun., Nov. 8: MEET JOHN DOE, Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper, Edward Arnold; also BALLERINA (in French), Mia Slavenska. . . Mon. through Wed., Nov. 9-11: GENERALS WITHOUT BUTTONS (in French); also "Alice in Wonderland," Charlotte Henry.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—Thurs., Nov. 5: "The Gay Sisters," Barbara Stanwyck, George Brent. . . Fri. and Sat., Nov. 6-7: "Ruggles of Red Gap," revival, Charles Laughton, Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles. . . Sun. through Wed., Nov. 8-11: HOLIDAY INN, Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire.
GRAMERCY PARK, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Thurs., Nov. 5: "Between Us Girls," Diana Barrymore, Robert Cummings, Kay Francis; also "Sherlock Holmes and the Voice of Terror," Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce. . . Fri. through Sun., Nov. 6-8: ACROSS THE PACIFIC, Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, Sydney Greenstreet; also "Mokey," Donna Reed. . . Mon. and Tues., Nov. 9-10: ALGIERS, revival, Hedy Lamarr, Charles Boyer; also FOUR FEATHERS, revival, Ralph Richardson, June Duprez. . . From Wed., Nov. 11: GONE WITH THE WIND, revival, Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable.
LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Fri., Nov. 6: GONE WITH THE WIND, revival, Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable. . . Sat. through Wed., Nov. 7-11: "The Major and the Minor," Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland; also "Sin Town," Constance Bennett, Broderick Crawford.
TRANS-LUX 52ND STREET, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Through Sat., Nov. 7: "Between Us Girls," Diana Barrymore, Robert Cummings, Kay Francis. . . Sun. through Tues., Nov. 8-10: "The Falcon's Brother," George Sanders, Tom Conroy. . . From Wed., Nov. 11: "Sherlock Holmes and the Voice of Terror," Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce.
NORMANDIE, Park at 53 (PL 8-0010)—Thurs., Nov. 5: "Eagle Squadron," Diana Barrymore, Robert Stack. . . Fri. through Sun., Nov. 6-8: "The Gay

AT THE
MOVIE HOUSESTHURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, THROUGH
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY HEAVY TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 6, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

Sisters," Barbara Stanwyck, George Brent. . . Mon. and Tues., Nov. 9-10: "Haunted Honey-moon," revival, Constance Cummings, Robert Montgomery. . . From Wed., Nov. 11: "Invisible Agent," Iona Massey, Jon Hall.
SUTTON, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Through Fri., Nov. 6: "Lady in a Jam," Irene Dunne, Patric Knowles, Ralph Bellamy; also "Invisible Agent," Iona Massey, Jon Hall. . . Sat. through Mon., Nov. 7-9: "The Gay Sisters," Barbara Stanwyck, George Brent; also "Spy Ship," Irene Manning, Craig Stevens. . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 10-11: PRIDE AND PREJUDICE, revival, Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier; also "We Who Are Young," revival, Lana Turner, John Shelton.
R.K.O. 58TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Thurs., Nov. 5: "Desperate Journey," Errol Flynn, Ronald Reagan, Raymond Massey; also "Mexican Spitfire's Elephant," Lupe Velez, Leon Errol. . . From Fri., Nov. 6: "The Pride of the Yankees," Gary Cooper; also "Army Surgeon," Jane Wyatt, James Ellison.
PLAZA, 58 E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Through Tues., Nov. 10: THE TALK OF THE TOWN, Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, Ronald Colman. . . From Wed., Nov. 11: HOLIDAY INN, Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire.
68TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Through Fri., Nov. 6: "The Gay Sisters," Barbara Stanwyck, George Brent. . . Sat. through Tues., Nov. 7-10: MRS. MINIVER, Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon. . . From Wed., Nov. 11 (tentative): ACROSS THE PACIFIC, Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, Sydney Greenstreet.
LOEW'S 72ND STREET, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Through Fri., Nov. 6: GONE WITH THE WIND, revival, Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable. . . Sat. through Wed., Nov. 7-11: "The Major and the Minor," Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland; also "Sin Town," Constance Bennett, Broderick Crawford.
COLONY, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Through Fri., Nov. 6: "The Gay Sisters," Barbara Stanwyck, George Brent; also "Spy Ship," Irene Manning, Craig Stevens. . . Sat. through Mon., Nov. 7-9: THE LETTER, revival, Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall; also "Winter Carnival," revival, Ann Sheridan, Richard Carlson. . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 10-11: "Footlight Serenade," Betty Grable, John Payne, Victor Mature; also "Forty Thousand Horsemen," revival, Australian film.
TRANS-LUX 85TH STREET, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Through Sat., Nov. 7: "Gaité Parisienne" and "Capriccio Espagnol," both with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. . . Sun. through Tues., Nov. 8-10: "Footlight Serenade," Betty Grable, John Payne, Victor Mature. . . From Wed., Nov. 11: "The Falcon's Brother," George Sanders, Tom Conroy.
R.K.O. 86TH STREET, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Thurs., Nov. 5: "Desperate Journey," Errol Flynn, Ronald Reagan, Raymond Massey; also "Mexican Spitfire's Elephant," Lupe Velez, Leon Errol. . . From Fri., Nov. 6: "The Pride of the Yankees," Gary Cooper; also "Army Surgeon," Jane Wyatt, James Ellison.
LOEW'S 86TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Through Fri., Nov. 6: "Here We Go Again," Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, Fibber McGee and Molly; also "Manila Calling," Carole Landis, Lloyd Nolan. . . Sat. through Mon., Nov. 7-9: "Panama Hattie," Ann Sothern, Red Skelton; also "Brooklyn Orchid," Marjorie Woodworth, William Bendix. . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 10-11: ALGIERS, revival, Hedy Lamarr, Charles Boyer; also FOUR FEATHERS, revival, Ralph Richardson, June Duprez.
ORPHEUM, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., Nov. 9: "A Yank at Eton," Mickey Rooney; also "Calling Dr. Gillespie," Lionel Barrymore, Donna Reed, Philip Dorn. . . From Tues., Nov. 10: GONE WITH THE WIND, revival, Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable.
8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Through Sun., Nov. 8: THE TALK OF THE TOWN, Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, Ronald Colman. . . Mon. and Tues., Nov. 9-10: "The Loves of Edgar Allan Poe," Linda Darnell, John Shepperd. . . From Wed., Nov. 11: "Panama Hattie," Ann Sothern, Red Skelton.
SHERIDAN, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon., Nov. 9: "A Yank at Eton," Mickey Rooney; also "Calling Dr. Gillespie," Lionel Barrymore, Donna Reed, Philip Dorn. . . From Tues., Nov. 10: GONE WITH THE WIND, revival, Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable.

WEST SIDE

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Through Fri., Nov. 6: THE PHILADELPHIA STORY, revival, Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant; also "Billy the Kid," revival, Robert Taylor, Mary Howard. . . Sat. through Tues., Nov. 7-10: "Between Us Girls," Diana Barrymore, Robert Cummings, Kay Francis; also "Sherlock Holmes and the Voice of Terror," Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce. . . From Wed., Nov. 11: "History Is Made at Night," revival, Jean Arthur, Charles Boyer; also "The House Across the Bay," revival, Joan Bennett, George Raft.
R.K.O. 23RD STREET, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)—Thurs., Nov. 5: "Desperate Journey," Errol Flynn, Ronald Reagan, Raymond Massey; also "Mexican Spitfire's Elephant," Lupe Velez, Leon Errol. . . From Fri., Nov. 6: "The Pride of the Yankees," Gary Cooper; also "Army Surgeon," Jane Wyatt, James Ellison.
TERRACE, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., Nov. 7: THE TALK OF THE TOWN, Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, Ronald Colman; also "The Spirit of Stanford," Marguerite Chapman, Frankie Albert. . . Sun. and Mon., Nov. 8-9: ALGIERS, revival, Hedy Lamarr, Charles Boyer; also FOUR FEATHERS, revival, Ralph Richardson, June Duprez. . . From Tues., Nov. 10: "Panama Hattie," Ann Sothern, Red Skelton; also "Brooklyn Orchid," Marjorie Woodworth, William Bendix.
ZIEGFELD, 6 Ave. at 54 (CI 7-3737)—Through Fri., Nov. 6: GONE WITH THE WIND, revival, Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable. . . Sat. through Wed., Nov. 7-11: "The Major and the Minor," Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland; also "Sin Town," Constance Bennett, Broderick Crawford.
BEACON, B'way at 75 (TR 4-9132)—Thurs., Nov. 5: "Night in New Orleans," Patricia Morison, Preston Foster; also "Sweater Girl," June Preisser, Eddie Bracken. . . Fri. through Tues., Nov. 6-10: "Here We Go Again," Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, Fibber McGee and Molly; also "Manila Calling," Carole Landis, Lloyd Nolan. . . From Wed., Nov. 11: "Remember Pearl Harbor," Fay McKenzie, Don Barry; also "Almost Married," Jane Frazee, Robert Paige.
77TH STREET, B'way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through Tues., Nov. 10: "Pardon My Sarong," Abbott and Costello; also "The Loves of Edgar Allan Poe," Linda Darnell, John Shepperd. . . From Wed., Nov. 11: THE TALK OF THE TOWN, Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, Ronald Colman; also "The Spirit of Stanford," Marguerite Chapman, Frankie Albert.
R.K.O. 81ST STREET, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Thurs., Nov. 5: "Desperate Journey," Errol Flynn, Ronald Reagan, Raymond Massey; also "Mexican Spitfire's Elephant," Lupe Velez, Leon Errol. . . From Fri., Nov. 6: "The Pride of the Yankees," Gary Cooper; also "Army Surgeon," Jane Wyatt, James Ellison.
LOEW'S 83RD STREET, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Through Fri., Nov. 6: GONE WITH THE WIND, revival, Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable. . . Sat. through Wed., Nov. 7-11: "The Major and the Minor," Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland; also "Sin Town," Constance Bennett, Broderick Crawford.
SCHUYLER, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696)—Through Fri., Nov. 6: "Lady in a Jam," Irene Dunne, Patric Knowles, Ralph Bellamy; also "Invisible Agent," Iona Massey, Jon Hall. . . Sat. through Mon., Nov. 7-9: HOLIDAY INN, Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire; also "Pacific Blackout," Robert Preston, Martha O'Driscoll. . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 10-11: "Night in New Orleans," Patricia Morison, Preston Foster; also "Sweater Girl," June Preisser, Eddie Bracken.
STODDARD, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Through Mon., Nov. 9: "Panama Hattie," Ann Sothern, Red Skelton; also "Brooklyn Orchid," Marjorie Woodworth, William Bendix. . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 10-11: MOSCOW STRIKES BACK, full-length documentary film; also "Moonlight Masquerade," Jane Frazee, Dennis O'Keefe.
RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96 (RI 9-9861)—Thurs., Nov. 5: "Desperate Journey," Errol Flynn, Ronald Reagan, Raymond Massey; also "Mexican Spitfire's Elephant," Lupe Velez, Leon Errol. . . From Fri., Nov. 6: "The Pride of the Yankees," Gary Cooper; also "Army Surgeon," Jane Wyatt, James Ellison.
CARLTON, B'way at 100 (AC 4-8676)—Thurs., Nov. 5: ACROSS THE PACIFIC, Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, Sydney Greenstreet. . . Fri. through Mon., Nov. 6-9: "Somewhere I'll Find You," Lana Turner, Clark Gable. . . From Tues., Nov. 10: "Blossoms in the Dust," revival, Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon.
OLYMPIA, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Fri., Nov. 6: GONE WITH THE WIND, revival, Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable. . . Sat. through Wed., Nov. 7-11: "The Major and the Minor," Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland; also "Sin Town," Constance Bennett, Broderick Crawford.
NEMO, B'way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Thurs., Nov. 5: "Desperate Journey," Errol Flynn, Ronald Reagan, Raymond Massey; also "Mexican Spitfire's Elephant," Lupe Velez, Leon Errol. . . From Fri., Nov. 6: "The Pride of the Yankees," Gary Cooper; also "Army Surgeon," Jane Wyatt, James Ellison.
LOEW'S 175TH STREET, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Through Fri., Nov. 6: GONE WITH THE WIND, revival, Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable. . . Sat. through Wed., Nov. 7-11: "The Major and the Minor," Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland; also "Sin Town," Constance Bennett, Broderick Crawford.
COLISEUM, B'way at 181 (WA 7-2200)—Thurs., Nov. 5: "Desperate Journey," Errol Flynn, Ronald Reagan, Raymond Massey; also "Mexican Spitfire's Elephant," Lupe Velez, Leon Errol. . . From Fri., Nov. 6: "The Pride of the Yankees," Gary Cooper; also "Army Surgeon," Jane Wyatt, James Ellison.



Laughter
THE PERFUME OF
Germaine Montil



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE DAY'S NEWS: A three-year-old boy tried unsuccessfully to direct traffic on Eighth Avenue, and Mr. Hull said the State Department was keeping an eye on India. The Red Army maintained its lines in Stalingrad, and in San Juan, Puerto Rico, twenty-seven legislators walked out of the Chamber when Governor Rexford Guy Tugwell walked in. The Navy announced the loss, on September 15th, of the aircraft carrier *Wasp*, and Representative Rankin of Mississippi managed to postpone action on the teen-age draft bill until after the elections. Senator Guy M. Gillette addressed his colleagues on the magnificent resistance Greece has made to the Axis, and a visitor at a New Jersey farm exhibit accidentally sat on the prize freak egg—actually an egg within an egg—crushing both its shells. Another fifteen billion and no one-hundredths dollars was made available to the Navy, and the Maritime Commission bought back for \$45,000 a ship the Coast Guard had sold in 1936 for \$6,605. The nation was told it was to be put on a ration of one cup of coffee per day per person over fifteen, and Miss Beverly Groesbeck, fourteen, was sponsor at the launching of a mine sweeper, having written to President Roosevelt asking for the job. Lady Lister-Kaye gave a reception and tea at the Ambassador, and the Ambassador failed to persuade Supreme Court Justice Julius Miller to make Pola Negri pay it some money it says Pola Negri owes it. To sum up, there was a twenty-percent drop in the price of sealskin; the Pinchurst, North Carolina, News Bureau announced that the North-South Open Golf Tournament would be held March 23rd to 25th; and Mayor LaGuardia ate no meat all day long.

WITHOUT fanfare, and with no expectation of reward, we herewith present the solution to the irksome

problem of the unemployed musician. We have found the cure for this economic ill in its cause; namely, talking pictures. Fifteen years ago sound came to the cinema, and as a consequence unemployment came to the theatre musician. Now then, follow us. For fifteen years "incidental music" has been used to point up all the big scenes. Humphrey Bogart turns at bay on the G-men to the noodling of inexplicable oboes; Randolph Scott takes off at dawn in a pursuit plane, with a strong brass section present to spur him on; Lana Turner kisses Cary Grant and touches off an invisible string quartet. Any psychologist will tell you that conditioning so intensive and so prolonged has had the inevitable result: the susceptible moviegoer gets a subconscious feeling that all adventures, crises, and emotional encounters ought to have their proper musical background. Hence, now, when a male follower of the pictures kisses his girl and hears nothing but the creaking of his own suspenders, he experiences a subrational pang of frustration. It is our suggestion that strolling



bands of musicians be organized to provide suitable background music for the happenings of daily life—the fat man slipping on an icy sidewalk, the lovers kissing in the Park, the running gun fight between cops and robbers. The arrangement would be expensive, of course, but who cares about that these days?

BURNS MANTLE, the drama critic of the *Daily News*, is a brave man. In the face of the almost unanimous opinion of his own colleagues and the members of the Pulitzer Prize Committee that there were no good American plays in the season of 1941-42, he has

selected eight and embalmed them for posterity in the twenty-third annual volume of his "Best Plays." Three of these ran for twenty-three, thirty-eight, and forty performances, costing somebody a pretty sixpence; the others did somewhat better but, with a couple of excep-



tions, not a hell of a lot. We call attention to Mr. Mantle's embarrassing predicament only because it seems to us such a neat illustration of the magpie fallacy, or the mania for the preservation of worthless objects. In libraries, museums, cornerstones, and time capsules, the American instinct for the perpetuation of the country's national identity has by now, we imagine, assembled the most appalling amount of junk in the history of any civilization. There is an element of pathos in this desperate struggle against oblivion, but we're afraid that in a moment of economic crisis it has its dubious aspects, too—tying up valuable war materials and diverting skilled labor better employed elsewhere. As a matter of fact, we'd be inclined, at least for the duration of the war, to favor a law prohibiting the collection of any exhibits, literary or otherwise, solely on the ground that they demonstrate the peculiarity or incompetence of the times.

LAST week money fell a little further into disrepute, as thousands cheered. A dime that won't buy you a cup of coffee (because there isn't any coffee) is just that much less of a dime, and has forfeited your respect to the extent that it has failed you. You can, of course, use the dime to buy a weekend edition of *PM* and see what The Twins are up to, but if what you wanted was coffee, that isn't going to make you feel much better. Money was rationed at the

same time coffee was (only a slightly fanciful way of referring to the ceiling on earnings) and who complained? There were a few well-bred murmurs of protest from people who felt they owed that much to their upbringing, but it was plain to see that there is a wholesome difference between the reactions of a man who has just learned that his annual net income can never rise above \$25,000 and those of a man who has just learned that tomorrow he can have only one cup of coffee, though he has always had two. We feel we are teetering on the verge of a great politico-economic truth, and if you don't mind, we'll stop; makes us dizzy.

SECOND THOUGHT ON THE \$25,000 CEILING: A man who can't send down to the soda fountain for a container of black coffee isn't going to be worth even a net \$25,000 to any employer.

Swords

SWORDS have been frozen for the duration, we find. The Lilley Ames Corporation, of Columbus, Ohio, which used to make Army and Marine sabres and Navy dress swords, doesn't get a priority on the steel, and, further, all of the services have amended their

regulations to make swords unnecessary. In the matter of swords the Navy differed slightly from the Army and the Marines, as usual. Prewar regulations specified a dress sword as part of every Navy officer's equipment, but he had to provide it himself when he graduated from the Naval Academy and was commissioned. The only exceptions to this rule were "presentation swords," bought from little endowment funds established in memory of naval heroes and given to the half-dozen ranking men in each class. Up to now the Naval Academy has continued to present swords to its honor men (as has the U.S.S. *Prairie State*, the emergency midshipmen's school tied up at Riverside Drive), but since our entrance into the war the other graduates haven't had to buy them, and nobody has had to wear one if he didn't want to. On formal occasions, like the commissioning of a ship or the weekly inspection at sea, a sword belt does duty for a sword these days. The Army and Marine sabres were all discarded at the command of the War and Navy Departments, and that's the end of them until after the war.

The traditional arch of swords at a military wedding is still quite *comme il faut*, you'll be relieved to learn. Any military or naval officer who can beg, borrow, or steal a sword can use it at a

wedding, though an Army man would do well not to wear it around town afterward. (The proper authority to consult about a military wedding is the bride's mother.) It is not correct, however, for a cavalry officer to wear a sabre at a horse show. In the field, cavalrymen now carry a light automatic rifle. The Sam Browne belt was designed originally to support a sword. Sometime around the middle of the last century, General Sir Samuel James Browne of the British Army had the misfortune to lose his left arm and rigged a strap over his right shoulder to help bear the weight of the sword hanging at his left side. It had been the custom of British officers to hold their sword belts up with their left hands when wearing a sword. When they saw how well the strap across Sam Browne's right shoulder worked, they all got straps. Right now the Sam Browne is in a state of flux, like so many things. Some commanding officers insist that their junior officers wear them, but on the whole they're getting scarce. Boots for officers are similarly in a state of flux—but we're drifting away from the subject.

It has, of course, been years and years since anybody flourished a sword in the heat of combat. Even in the pages of Kipling, you'll find swords used principally for beating recalcitrant troops with "the flats." To illustrate the contention that swords have for a long time been a pure formality, Army people like to tell the story about a Cuban officer who approached an American captain in a café shortly after the Spanish-American War and, with a graceful compliment for "our American liberators," presented him with his sword, first bending it double to demonstrate its fine, expensive flexibility. The American thereupon drew his sword, intending to reciprocate, but when he bent his sword double it stayed double.

Upside Down

A COUPLE of weeks ago we reported in these columns that the Museum of Modern Art had apparently hung a picture, a modernistic composition by John Ferren, upside down. We said the picture must be upside down unless the artist had had the irrational whim of signing his name upside down in the upper left-hand corner.



"So buy a jar of Henkle's Horseradish today—at once! They need the money desperately."

Well, as you might guess, Mr. Ferren's whim is just that, and probably no odder than lots of other whims we've heard of. Accordingly, we eat our words about the Museum of Modern Art. We'd feel perfectly terrible if we weren't able to report, in the light of this information about Ferren's signature, that another of his compositions is hung upside down, in the new Art in This Century museum—that is, unless he has lately taken to signing his work right side up in the lower right-hand corner. If this is the case, just let the matter drop, please.

Prince

WE believe that in obtaining an interview with the Emperor Haile Selassie's cousin, Prince Lij Araya Abebe, we have scored a modest beat on our competitors in the field of journalism. We talked with him recently at the headquarters of the Iranian Institute, at 724 Fifth Avenue, where he has just begun work as an assistant instructor in Amharic, the official language of Ethiopia. The Iranian Institute, which in peacetime used to concern itself only with Persian art, archeology, and other matters, is contributing to the war effort by offering courses in Eastern languages not taught elsewhere in this country, for the benefit of government diplomats, censors, and observers. Arabic, Persian, Hindustani, Kurdish, and Russian are taught, in addition to Amharic. The Institute staff has found that it gets the best results from a course given by a Western-trained instructor with the assistance of a native to give tips on idioms and pronunciation. In the matter of Amharic, it was pretty well stuck for a long while, since, of the eight non-Ethiopians known to be capable of teaching the language, two were in England, three in Italy, and three in France. Then, last June, Dr. Wolf Leslau, one of the three Frenchmen, came to this country. Having been signed up to teach Amharic, he set about finding Haile



"Young man, I've stayed at this hotel every year since 1908."

Selassie's cousin, who he had heard was in this country, living in Harlem. After a four-day search he returned triumphantly to the Institute, leading Prince Lij Araya Abebe.

The Prince is in his early thirties and is as black as his royal cousin. His hair is curly and his eyes sad, like a bloodhound's. When he talked with us, he was wearing a dark suit and a pearl-gray fedora. Definitely not garrulous, the Prince had to be drawn out by questions. He is related to the royal family through his paternal grandmother, who was the sister of Haile Selassie's father. He was born at Addis Ababa in 1909, was educated by tutors, and lived in Ethiopia until the Italian conquest in 1936. He

then withdrew to England as a member of the Emperor's entourage. Four years ago he came to this country with his princess and they have been living ever since in Harlem. They are childless. The Prince studied English at a Y.M.C.A. night school and did well enough to become the editor and publisher of the *Ethiopian Voice*, a weekly which circulates to a thousand friends of Ethiopia. He is also the man behind the Ethiopian War Federation, the main purpose of which is to assist compatriots forced to flee to this country. Though he enjoys teaching Amharic, Abebe doesn't pretend that it's easy. As a matter of fact, he says the language presents "frightful obstacles." For one thing, its alphabet has

about two hundred characters. One of the Prince's colleagues explained his taciturnity by saying, "He doesn't know what the Emperor wants him to say—if he wants him to say anything—and so he says nothing." A sensible prince, he seemed to us.

The Future

A YOUNG ensign in town for a brief spree was taken by a devoted aunt of his to luncheon at a tea shoppe which includes palmistry and tea-leaf reading with the seventy-five-cent special. The gypsy lady took on the aunt first, and foresaw the conventional dark man and journey across water. Then she seized the reluctant ensign's hand and peered into his future. "My!" she breathed. "A *very* good fortune! Before the war is over you will be promoted to a sergeant."

Pinball at Hunter

LAST week we looked in at Hunter College, hot on the trail of a rumor that the chemistry and psychology departments were making use, in strange and fascinating ways, of some of the pinball machines confiscated by the New York police. We soon found ourself chatting with a brisk chemist. "Sure," he said, when we asked about the matter. "Way back last spring a couple of us here read about the police smashing up pinball machines, and we had a fine idea. We got the president to write to the Mayor and the Police Commissioner. Then, a couple of days later, we went and sat around Police Headquarters for three hours. Not a damn thing came of it, so we sort of forgot all about it until this September. Just on the chance, we called the police again, and this time they said that three thousand machines were to be smashed up that very afternoon, out in Queens, and we could come and salvage all we wanted." Soon thereafter, it seems, a couple of psychologists grabbed the college delivery truck and in the next twenty-four hours transported a hundred machines back to Hunter. The machines were in no condition for playing, since the cops had kept the legs to be carved into night sticks and appropriated the balls for some purpose nobody at Hunter could even imagine. Important thing, though, was that the machines were full of electric circuits which lit lights and rang up the score when closed—the very things the Hunter professors wanted.

The chemist told us, with quiet pride, that he was constructing a device to do

away with the drudgery of correcting examination papers in the elementary course in organic chemistry. When completed, it will look like a large table, five by eight feet. It will be divided into thirty rectangles, each bearing the symbol for a chemical compound and a push button. The instructor need only push the button indicating a certain compound and order a student to indicate, by pushing the proper buttons, all the other compounds which, when treated with one reagent or another, will produce the first compound. A red light will flash every time the student gives the right answer, and the pupil's score will be automatically totted up. There will also be an automatic timing device. "Maybe it isn't good education to have a light flash only when students are right and nothing at all happen when they're wrong," our chemical friend told us. "Maybe I'll have a jackpot arrangement set up, in case they score a hundred, and I think I'll fix it to give them a shock when they guess wrong."

We found the psychology department also agog over the pinball machines, which were lying around the laboratory in various stages of dismemberment. The psychologist we talked with said it took him about fifteen hours to take apart a single machine and that he'd already done seven. "It certainly is worth it," he added. The psychology department is using the machines exclusively to baffle rats. "For conditioned-response experiments," our informant said. "You know—give the rat a shock every time he hears a certain kind of noise, until he gets used to it, then change the noise, or stop giving the shock." The shells of some machines are now being used for simple mazes, to determine how quickly a given rat can make good his escape, and one especially elaborate maze is under construction. It will have an electric circuit at every point where the rat has a choice of two directions to take; hooked up to a regular scoring device, this machine will record the num-

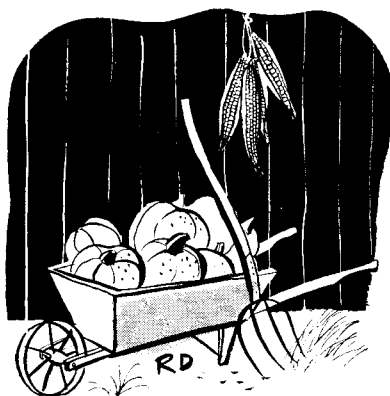
ber of times a rat has come back to each crossroads. "Self-recording, in other words," our man said. "It's really revolutionary. I'm also fooling with the idea of putting a rat in a regular machine, just as if he were a ball. Stick him in there, pull the lever to start him off, let him scurry around, bumping into obstacles here and there while the thing keeps score for him, and see if he can ever be trained to play for a high score. We can feed him a big dinner if he gets one, and maybe, for a perfect score, have a nice, fat wife waiting for him in the slot at the end." This matter is in our bring-up file, and you may rest assured we'll print an interview with the first rat to beat the machine.

Trove

A HOPEFUL minx from New Haven went into Wanamaker's and asked if, by chance, they had any nylon stockings in stock, not neglecting to make the point that she'd come quite a distance. The saleslady said she was sorry, that they'd sold them all, and then added reflectively, "I imagine, though, that the Philadelphia store would have some left."

Bromfield's Week

WELL, it finally got so that every time we opened the newspaper there was Louis Bromfield's name; he seemed to be mixed up in everything but the football games and the arrival of buyers. He was in town recently, and we managed to corner him in his room at the Gotham. By threatening to scream if he didn't come across, we obtained from him the data on what he had been doing and what he was just about to do, and from this we present a detailed description of Bromfield's week, October 26th through November 1st. Listen closely; we won't repeat. Monday he was in Ohio, on his farm. He worked an hour on a novel, dictated replies to fifty letters, squared up the farm accounts, took a nap between three and four (he always does that), worked on a magazine article about a TVA development he'd recently inspected, and had six guests for dinner, including an F.B.I. man with whom, after the coffee, he retired to his study. "The thing is," said Bromfield, "I lived around the Continent so long I'm considered an authority on international white trash. I give dossiers on one rotter after another at the flash of a badge." That evening Bromfield took a sleeper to New York, arriving at ten the next morn-





"Cook says if you can keep her fairly steady for fifteen minutes, he'll try to whip up a soufflé."

ing. He went right to the hotel, where he was visited, in rapid succession, by a delegation of Fighting French, two Negro second lieutenants, three Austrian refugees, a child who wanted to interview him for a school paper, and an English lady who wanted help in getting permission to return to England with her two children. Two movie people also turned up, and Bromfield signed some sort of contract with them. Lunch was at Twenty-One, in company with two naval officers, a man from the magazine *Time*, and a lady from the Fifth Avenue Association. In the afternoon, Bromfield did some writing on the script of a short-wave broadcast he was to make in a few days, took a nap, and went over to the Astor to work on the seating arrangements for the Century of the Common Man Dinner. That completed, he killed time until the dinner started, drinking and chewing the fat with Sidney Hillman, Muriel Draper, and Joe Curran of the National Maritime Union. During dinner he made a speech, and afterward he and Dan Goldenpaul of "Information Please" went to the Plaza for beer. Then they went to El Morocco, and then they went to the Stork Club, where Leonard Lyons and Walter Winchell took down every word Bromfield said, as if they were working on the New Testament.

It is now Wednesday and Bromfield is up at nine-thirty, bright as a button. In the morning he reads an accumula-

tion of crank mail, gives an interview to another F.B.I. man, writes a propaganda booklet for the Treasury Department, and goes to the Colony for lunch, at which he drinks champagne cocktails. That afternoon he talked with various groups and combinations of Fighting French about ways and means of putting the bee on our State Department, then he went over to the Commodore to plan the seating arrangements for the Foch Memorial Dinner. Before dinner he had cocktails with Walter Lippman, during dinner he made a speech, and afterward he and a batch of Fighting French went to a Longchamps, where they talked about Spain until two in the morning. Home and to bed. Thursday morning Bromfield wrote a propaganda booklet for the War Department, talked to a fellow from the Manpower Commission, lunched with the English lady who was trying to get home (he'd fixed it up), spent part of the afternoon talking with a National Garden Club lady about soil conservation, sent twenty-five telegrams to various people in Washington, worked twenty minutes on his novel, took a nap, had twenty-five people for cocktails (Negro Red Cross workers, Fighting French, and so on), dined at Twenty-One with some friends, went to see "Strip for Action," had a quick drink, and took the 11:30 train for Washington.

Friday he talked to this and that official about the possibility of getting draft

deferment for key agricultural workers—to McNutt, Congressman Tolan's secretary, people named Bennett, Lord, Lamb, and Harper, and others. Then a late train back to the farm, arriving Saturday morning. The weekend included work on a script for a "Cavalcade of America" broadcast, writing two political speeches and delivering one, a special research assignment for the Farm Security Administration, a meeting of the local draft board (Bromfield is an advisory member), a conference about soil conservation with another Garden Club lady, and three hours of work on the novel. That was Mr. Bromfield's week, or at any rate the high spots of it. In conclusion, and at Mr. Bromfield's request, we herewith report that he is *not* going to run for Governor of Ohio.

Best-Laid Plan

ZOOMING eastward in a plane, a friend of ours fell into conversation with a sturdy and prosperous-appearing fellow who might have been a miner or a cattleman. Whoever he was, he confided to our friend that government contracts were keeping him busy and that his present trip to New York would allow him only a single evening on the town. "I spent a long time deciding what I wanted to do most," he said, "and finally I've decided that I'll go to the Hippodrome."

BEND DOWN, SISTER

UNLESS the New York Times is publishing a special edition for me alone, which would be adorable of them but rather wasteful, eyes must have popped like champagne corks the other weekend at an article in the Sunday magazine section. I rarely stray into the intimate feminine pages at the back, but I was pursuing a runover and, before I could rein in, crashed into the seraglio. I was tiptoeing out with flaming cheeks, half expecting the palace janissaries to pounce on me, when I tripped over a beauty forecast wedged in between an advertisement for Up-Rays, the V Bra, and another recounting the anguish of a matron whose slip rode up over her knees while she was reviewing troops. The author was Martha Parker, a publicist with whose work I was unfamiliar and may continue to be for some time to come. In fact, I may very well confine all future reading to clinical thermometers until the throbbing subsides.

Writing in the breathlessly waggish style dear to fashion analysts, Miss Park-

er treats of the readjustments women will make this autumn through curtailment of beauty aids. These range from obvious economies, like synthetic stockings, to pretty complex tinkering with the ductless glands. "The woman of the hour," advises Miss Parker, with cool disregard for natural history, "will be of slender dimensions for her pencil-slim skirts, her ankles well-turned for her low heeled walking shoes." Naturally, Miss Parker cannot reveal her sources, but this is more than a hint that the thyroid has aligned itself with the United Nations and that stylish stouts everywhere will awake to find themselves dryads. The transformation, of course, will demand a certain amount of homework:

She will learn to take the cricks out of weary arches with gentle pressure under the metatarsals and strategic tweakings of tensed-up toes.

The scene falls readily into focus: the group of earnest, pencil-slim patriots gathered in a boudoir whose location is a military secret, gravely fondling their

toes and outlining foot strategy for the morrow.

If Miss Parker set out to paint a romantic portrait of her sex preserving its glamour under duress, her hand shook in the process, for her heroine fits more neatly into a Bela Lugosi film than a salon. "The war-conscious woman will parsimoniously melt the stubby ends of lipsticks and pour them into a little paint pot for use with a brush," she predicts. "She will stow her perfume away in the darkest shadows and she will supplement it with a matching cologne to use on hair and furs, and eventually for thinning purposes." I don't know whether I care for this grubby, avaricious creature tittering over her crucibles, and I suspect Miss Parker shared my revulsion, as she adds quickly:

Well-tubbed and well-scrubbed is the woman of the hour, with the saucy crispness of a small girl's pinafore. She lathers her face with a whipped-cream soap or a sturdy cleansing powder with soot-dispatching granules.

Frankly, I lost my footing in the swirl of imagery and, when I caught up with my guide, she was continuing her lyric tally thus:

She has a night emollient, as soft and rich as Winter ermine, for wind-whipped cheeks, and a giant jar (made, amazingly, of polished cardboard) filled with cleansing cream of the sound and simple sort.

Why polished cardboard should evoke anyone's amazement is a trifle obscure; I personally found the following rococo item about lipsticks a good deal more surprising:

Brilliant, sparkling reds will complement the bright, new beauty of Fall fashions and accent the subtle reserve of pale Priority beiges and greiges.

At this juncture I fell into one of my rare, unaccountable reiges and flung the New York Times magazine from me, demolishing a lamp but effectively breaking Miss Parker's spell.

UNFORTUNATELY, whatever nemesis had singled me out was merely allowing me a breather. Half an hour later, snatching at the first available bit of letterpress to beguile my lunch, I turned up a treatise by Natacha Rambova in the July *Harper's Bazaar*. Under the title of "Strength . . . Serenity . . . Security," the former Mrs. Valentino listed a series of disciplines for milady's body and mind. The first was so provocative I automatically obeyed it:

Go to your mirror. Look first at your eyes. Then your mouth. What do they tell



"Which one of you has been cooling his heels the longest?"



"He says that she belongs to an old Iceland family and that we'd like them very much. Oh dear!"

you? Are the eyes clear and serene? The mouth relaxed and humorous?—*Humor is our most valuable asset*, indispensable in any emergency.

The eyes, I was enchanted to discover, were as clear and serene as a St. Bernard's, with the same attractive Dubonnet trim; the mouth was relaxed to the point of imbecility. Humor was there also, though somewhat obscured by a smear of oatmeal. It made me jubilant that I possessed a quality which would stop the enemy paratrooper in his tracks. I determined, at my first opportunity, to compile an assortment of Japanese quips to deflect his bayonet and render him helpless with mirth.

The physical exercises to develop these natural gifts, however, were a good deal more strenuous. "Stand up and face the window," the text advised. "Place the feet in a parallel line about eight inches apart. Empty the lungs by exhaling and coughing softly. Then in-

hale and *very slowly* lift the arms from the sides above the head." The unwanted effort and the strain of keeping my eyes pinned to the directions resulted in sudden vertigo, and I hastily switched to the next drill:

Close your eyes and breathe *slowly*. Rhythmically. Listen for your heart beat and *hear it slow down* in keeping with your quiet rhythmic breathing. *Slow down your breathing*.

I slowed it down to the approximate speed of Kamongo, the lungfish of the Nile, and was pervaded by a jolly floating sensation akin to that produced by Sedormid, but cheaper. My woolly torpor was marred, nevertheless, by the suspicion that there must be some more immediate method of winning a war. Miss Rambova had anticipated that objection. "Put the hands down under the buttocks," she commanded (a fairly direct approach on such short acquaintance, I must say), "and raise both legs

in the air. They should form the V for Victory as you shake them loosely." I was just becoming proficient in this gymnastic when I looked up to find the building superintendent watching me intently from the doorway. Welcoming the emergency, I promptly brought my most valuable asset into play. "Guess this'll jar the old Axis, eh, pal?" I commented slyly. My pal made a significant sucking sound through his teeth and retired to phone the landlord. Well, let them try to evict me is all I say. I'll just flop down and give them the old V for Victory.

—S. J. PERELMAN

FOR SALE—Fresh empty whiskey barrels from one of the very best distilleries. (Some barrels have a little left in.) Rhyn-
ders Coal and Feed Store. Phone 158, Rhinebeck.—*Adv. in the Rhinebeck Gazette.*

Goody!

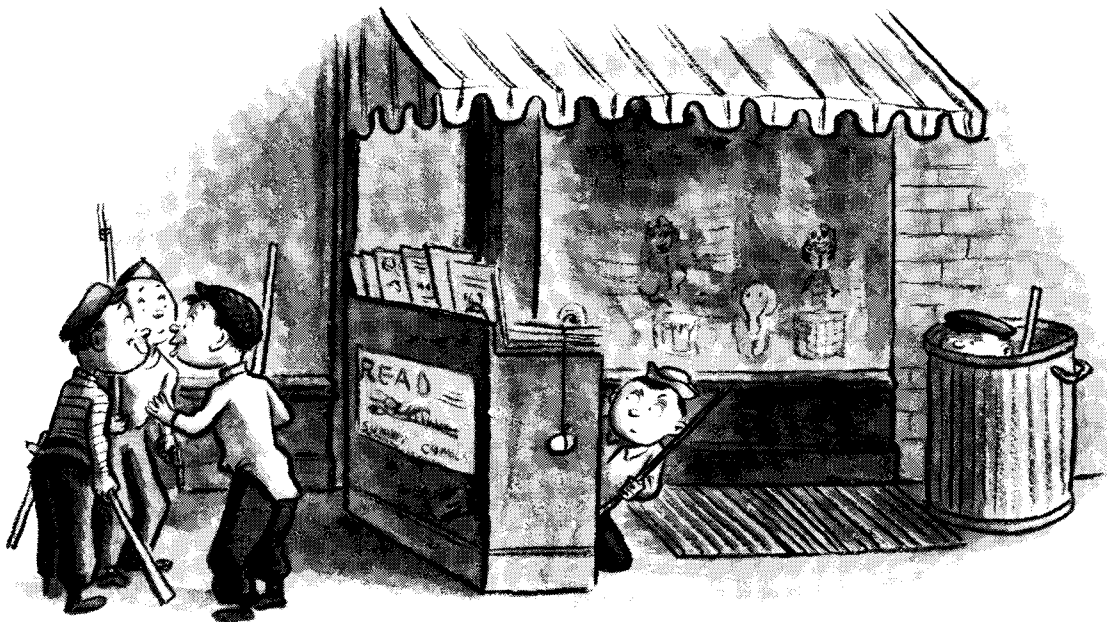
SMALL FRY
TOTAL WAR



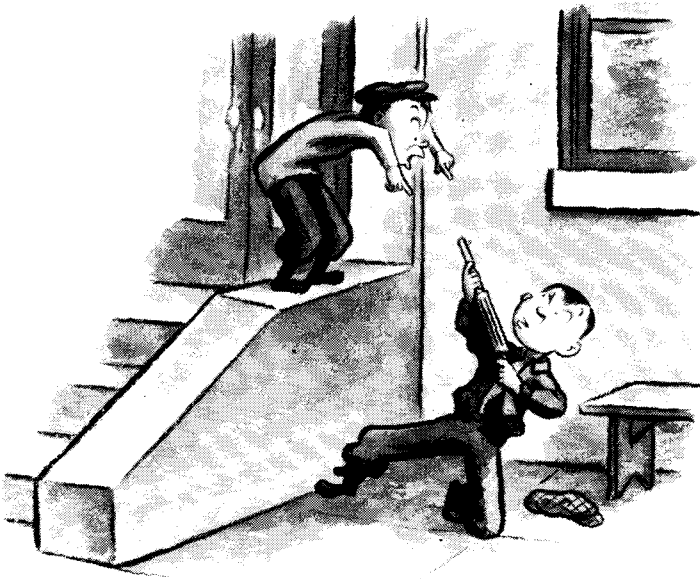
Foxhole



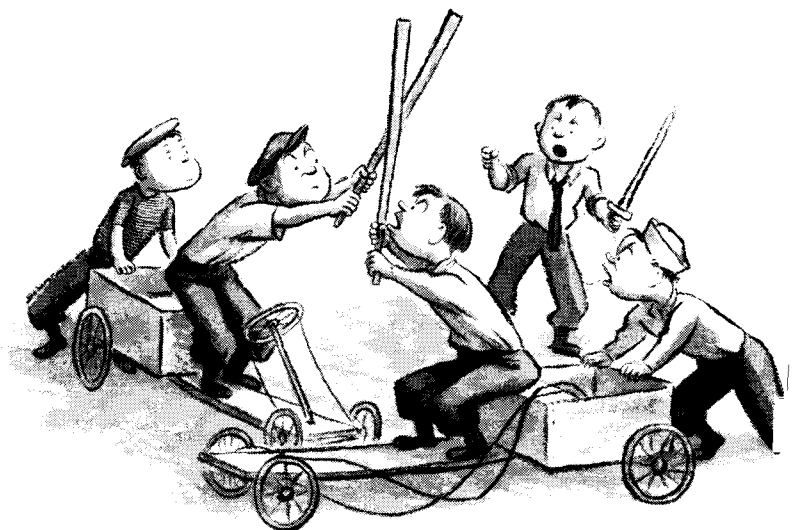
Commandos



Espionage and— counter-espionage



Dive-bomber



Tank battle

DAYS OF INNOCENCE

ROMANTIC INTERMEZZO

TAKE wine, women, and song, add plenty of A No. 1 victuals, the belch and bellow of oratory, a balmy but stimulating climate, and a whiff of patriotism, and it must be obvious that you have a dose with a very powerful kick in it. This, precisely, was the dose that made the Democratic national convention of 1920, holden in San Francisco, the most charming in American annals. No one who was present at its sessions will ever forget it. It made history for its voluptuous loveliness, just as the Baltimore convention of 1912 made history for its infernal heat and the New York convention of 1924 for its hundred and three ballots and its unparalleled din. Whenever I meet an old-timer who took part in it we fall into maudlin reminiscences of it, and tears drop off the ends of our noses. It came within an inch of being perfect. It was San Francisco's brave answer to the earthquake of April 18, 1906.

The whole population shared in the credit for it, and even the powers and principalities of the air had a hand, for they provided the magnificent weather, but chief praise went justly to the Honorable James Rolph, Jr., then and for eleven years afterward mayor of the town. In 1920, indeed, he had already been mayor for nine years, and in 1931, after five terms of four years each in that office, he was promoted to the dignity of Governor of California. He was a man of bold imagination and spacious ideas. More than anyone else he was responsible for the superb hall in which the convention was held, and more than any other he deserved thanks for the

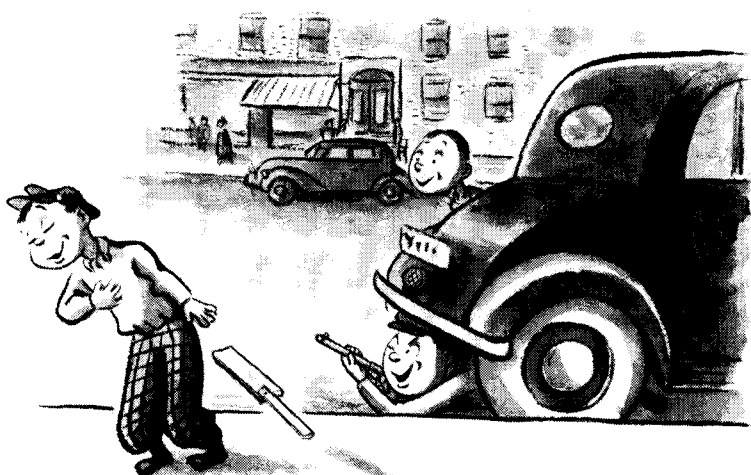
humane and enlightened entertainment of the delegates and alternates. The heart of that entertainment was a carload of bourbon whiskey, the best that money could buy.

The persons who go to Democratic national conventions seldom see such wet goods; in truth, they never saw any before and they have never seen any since. The general rule is to feed them the worst obtainable, and at the highest prices they can be cajoled and swindled into paying. Inasmuch as large numbers of them are Southerners and most of the rest have Southern sympathies, it is assumed that they will drink anything, provided only it be alcoholic. In preparation for their quadrennial gathering to nominate a candidate for the Presidency, the wholesale booze-sellers of the country ship in the dregs of their cellars—rye whiskey in which rats have drowned, bourbon contaminated with arsenic and ptomaines, corn fresh from the still, gin that is three-fourths turpentine, and rum rejected as too corrosive by the West Indian embalmers. This stuff the Democrats put away with loud hosannas, but only for a few days. After that their livers give out, they lose their tempers, and the country is entertained with a roughhouse in the grand manner. There has been such a roughhouse at every Democratic national convention since Jackson's day, save only the convention at Chicago in 1940 and the incomparable gathering at San Francisco in 1920. The scene at the latter was one of universal peace and lovey-dovey, and every Democrat went home on his own legs, with his soul ex-

ultant and both his ears intact and functioning.

THE beauty of this miracle was greatly enhanced by the fact that it was unexpected. The Volstead Act had gone into force only five months before the convention was to meet, and the Democrats arrived in San Francisco full of miserable forebodings. Judging by what they had already experienced at home, they assumed that the convention booze would be even worse than usual; indeed, most of them were so uneasy about it that they brought along supplies of their own. During the five months they had got used to hair oil, Jamaica ginger, and sweet spirits of nitre, but they feared that the San Francisco booticians, abandoning all reason, would proceed to paint-remover and sheep-dip. What a surprise awaited them! What a deliverance was at hand! The moment they got to their hotels they were waited upon by small committees of refined and well-dressed ladies and asked to state their desires. The majority, at the start, were so suspicious that they kicked the ladies out; they feared entrapment by what were then still called revenueurs. But the bolder fellows took a chance, and a few hours later the glad word was everywhere. No matter what a delegate ordered, he got bourbon, but it was bourbon of the very first chop, bourbon aged in contented barrels of the finest white oak, bourbon of really ultra and super quality. It came in quart bottles on the very heels of the committees of ladies, and there was no bill attached. It was offered to the visitors with the compliments of Mayor James Rolph, Jr.

The effects of that bourbon were so



Sniper



Prisoner

wondrous that it is easy to exaggerate them in retrospect. There were, of course, other links in the chain of causation behind the phenomena I am about to describe. One, as I have hinted, was the weather—a series of days so sunshiny and caressing, so cool and exhilarating, that living through them was like rolling on meads of asphodel. Another was the hall in which the convention was held—a new city auditorium so spacious, so clean, so luxurious in its comforts, and so beautiful in its decorations that the assembled politicians felt like sailors turned loose in the most gorgeous bordellos of Paris. I had just come from the Republican national convention in Chicago, and was thus keen to the contrast. The hall in Chicago was an old armory that had been used but lately for prizefights, dog shows, and a third-rate circus, and it still smelled of pugs, kennels, and elephants. Its walls and gallery railings were covered to the last inch with shabby flags and bunting that seemed to have come straight from a bankrupt street carnival. Down in the catacombs beneath it, the victualling accommodations were of a grab-it-and-run, eat-it-if-you-can character, and the rooms marked “Gents” followed a design going back to the sixteenth century. To police these foul pens there was a mob of wardheelers from the Chicago slums, wearing huge badges, armed with clubs, and bent on packing both the gallery and the floor with their simian friends.

The contrast presented by the San Francisco hall was so vast as to be astounding. It was as clean as an operating room, or even a brewery, and its decorations were all of a chaste and restful character. The walls were hung not with garish bunting but with fabrics in low tones of gray and green, and in the whole place only one flag was visible. Downstairs, in the spacious basement, there were lunch counters served by lovely young creatures in white uniforms and offering the whole repertory of West Coast delicacies at cut-rate prices. The Johns were lined with mirrors, and each was staffed with shoeshiners, suit-pressers, and hat-cleaners, and outfitted with automatic weighing machines, cigar-lighters, devices releasing a squirt of Jockey Club perfume for a cent, and recent files of all the principal newspapers of the United States. The police arrangements almost deserved the epithet of dainty. There were no wardheelers armed with clubs, and the uniformed city police were confined to a few garrison posts, concealed



behind marble pillars. All ordinary ushering and trouble-shooting was done by a force of cuties dressed like the waitresses in the basement, and every one of them was well worth a straining of the neck. They were armed with little white

wands, and every wand was tied with a blue ribbon, signifying law and order. When one of these babies glided into a jam of delegates with her wand upraised, they melted away as if she had been a man-eating tiger, but with this differ-

A LADY I KNOW PLANS THANKSGIVING

Now, with the fur coat home from its summer storage
And paper fresh on the walls in the new apartment,
She ponders the calendar, planning her celebration.
Should she order a turkey now from the corner butcher,
Order the cranberry jam and the suitable trimmings
(They sell them in baskets at Macy's), and ask the Sharps in
For dinner at five, or maybe a buffet supper,
Or—here is the question—should she consider Hulda
And simply go out to Charles'?

It's a grave decision.

*In France, the morning paper says,
A hundred more are hostages,
While hunger fashions like a skull
Faces that once were beautiful.
Which so appalls her tender spirit
She really cannot bear to hear it.*

She ponders the calendar, thinking the season over.
It's good to be back from the country and not depending
On so many gallons a week for the station wagon.
November is pleasant in town, with the winelike air,
And the crowded shops, and the handsome uniforms,
And the hats, and vaudeville coming into its own.
James' business is fine this year and she's truly grateful.
Of course, there's the war . . . but we oughtn't to brood on that.

*The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
Where burning aviators bled,
Where all the arts of living cease
And men forget the taste of bread,
Are daily mentioned by the Press
To be discounted, more or less.*

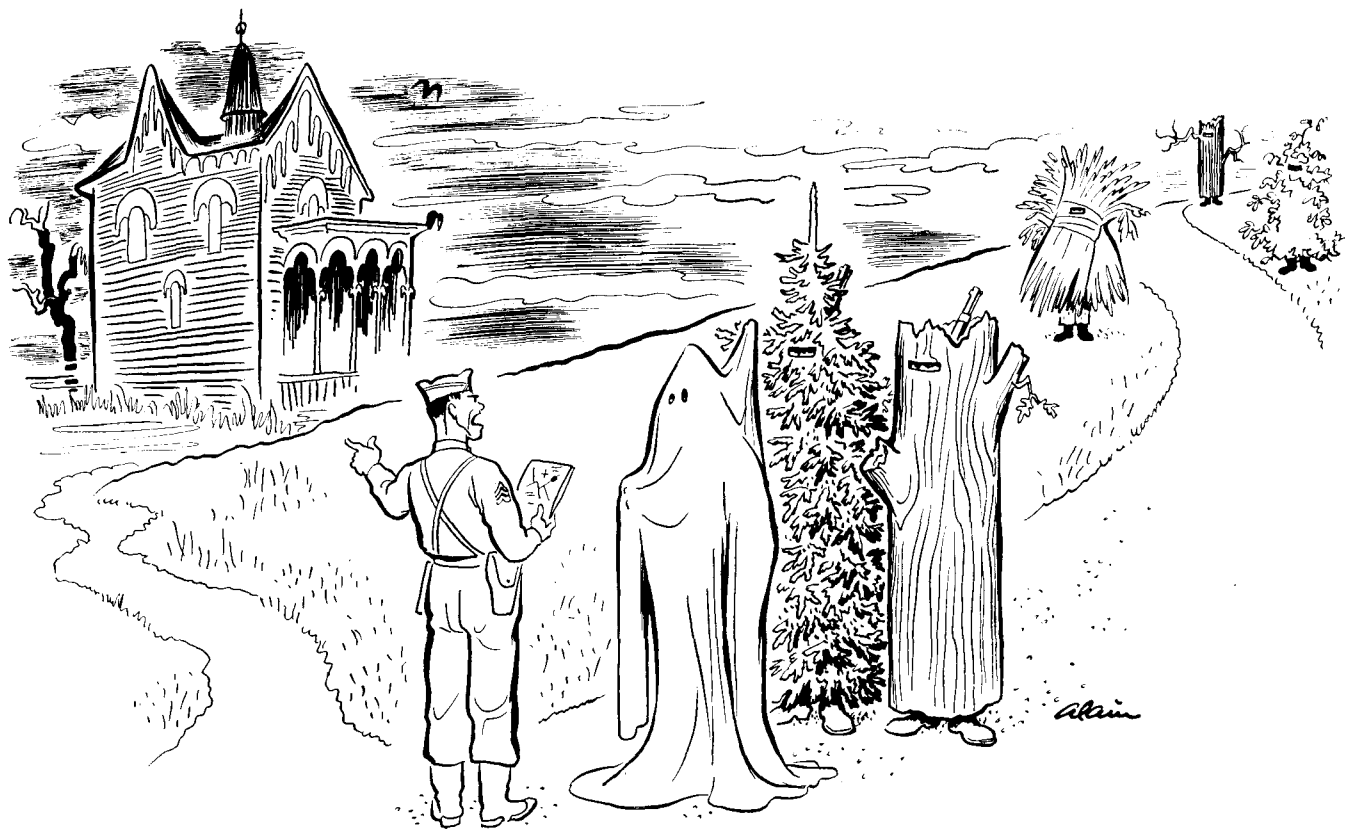
Thanksgiving, she always says, is a time for counting
Our singular blessings. In spite of the sacrifices—
The income taxes and all, and the servant problem—
She's really patriotic. She's not complaining.
She even thinks she'll attend a service somewhere
(If the music is good and the minister eloquent)
And thank the Lord like the Pilgrims—it was the Pilgrims?—
For various things:

For the coffee stored in the closet,
For the bedroom draperies planned by that new designer,
For the furnace converted to coal, and James over age
For the draft, and our gallant soldiers fighting so bravely,
And the little masseuse who comes to the house on Fridays.
There's more of a meaning this year to the celebration,
As she mentioned last night to James. Still, this is the question—
Should she order a turkey or simply go out to dine?

*In autumn fields new crosses grow,
According to the radio;
And famine over many a land
With death is riding hand in hand.
It is a story she has heard,
Vague, distant, and a little blurred.*

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

• •



"All right, Hartman. That's your spot."

ence: instead of making off with screams of terror, they yielded as if to soft music, their eyes rolling ecstatically and their hearts going pitter-pat.

But under it all, of course, lay the soothing pharmacological effect of Jim Rolph's incomparable bourbon. Delegates who, at all previous Democratic conventions, had come down with stone in the liver on the second day were here in the full tide of health and optimism on the fifth. There was not a single case of delirium tremens from end to end of the gathering, though the place swarmed with men who were subject to it. Not a delegate took home gastritis. The bourbon was so pure that it not only did not etch and burn them out like the horrible hoochies they were used to; it had

tion. It was, in its way, the loveliest day of the whole fortnight, with a cloudless sky, the softest whisper of a breeze from the Pacific, and a sun that warmed without heating. As the delegates sat in their places listening to the speeches and the music, they could look out of the open doors of the hall to the Golden Gate, and there see a fleet of warships that had been sent in by the Honorable Josephus Daniels, then Secretary of the Navy, to entertain them with salutes and maneuvers.

There was an excellent band in the hall, and its leader had been instructed to dress in every speaker with appropriate music. If a gentleman from Kentucky arose, then the band played "My Old Kentucky Home;" if he was followed by one from Indiana, then it played "The Banks of the Wabash." Only once during the memorable day did the leader make a slip, and that was when he greeted a Georgia delegate with "Marching Through Georgia," but even then he quickly recovered himself and slid into "At a Georgia Camp Meeting." An entirely new problem confronted him as the morning wore on, for it was at San Francisco in 1920 that the first lady delegates appeared at a Democratic national convention. His test came when the earliest bird

among these stateswomen got the chairman's eye. What she rose to say I do not recall, but I remember that she was a Mrs. FitzGerald of Massachusetts, a very handsome woman. As she appeared on the platform, the leader let go with "Oh, You Beautiful Doll!" The delegates and alternates, struck by the artful patness of the selection, leaped to their legs and cheered, and La FitzGerald's remarks, whatever they were, were received with almost delirious enthusiasm. The next female up was Mrs. Izetta Jewel Brown of West Virginia, a former actress who knew precisely how to walk across a stage and what clothes were for. When the delegates and alternates saw her they were stricken dumb with admiration, but when the band-leader gave her "Oh, What a Pal Was Mary," they cut loose with yells that must have been heard halfway to San Jose.

It was not these ladies, however, who made top score on that memorable day, but the Honorable Al Smith of New York. Al, in those days, was by no means the national celebrity that he was to become later. He had already, to be sure, served a year of his first term as Governor of New York, but not many people west of Erie, Pa., had ever heard of him, and to most of the dele-

gates at San Francisco he was no more than a vague name. Thus there was little sign of interest when the Honorable W. Bourke Cockran arose to put him in nomination. Cockran made a good speech, but it fell flat, nor did the band-leader help things when he played "Tammany" at its close, for Tammany Hall suggested only Romish villainies to the delegates from the Bible country. But when, as if seeing his error, the leader quickly swung into "The Sidewalks of New York," a murmur of appreciation ran through the hall, and by the time the band got to the second stanza someone in the gallery began to sing. The effect of that singing, as the old-time reporters used to say, was electrical. In ten seconds a hundred other voices had joined in, and in a minute the whole audience was bellowing the familiar words. The band played six or eight stanzas, and then switched to "Little Annie Rooney," and then to "The Bowery," and then to "A Bicycle Built for Two," and then to "Maggie Murphy's Home," and so on down the long line of ancient waltz songs. Here the leader showed brilliantly his subtle mastery of his art. Not once did he change to four-four time; it would have broken the spell. But three-four time, the semipiternal measure of amour, caught them all where they were tenderest, and for a solid hour the delegates and alternates sang and danced.

The scene was unprecedented in national conventions and has never been repeated since, though many another band-leader has tried to put it on; what he always lacked was Jim Rolph's bourbon. The first delegate who grabbed a lady politico and began to prance up the aisle was full of it, and so, for all I

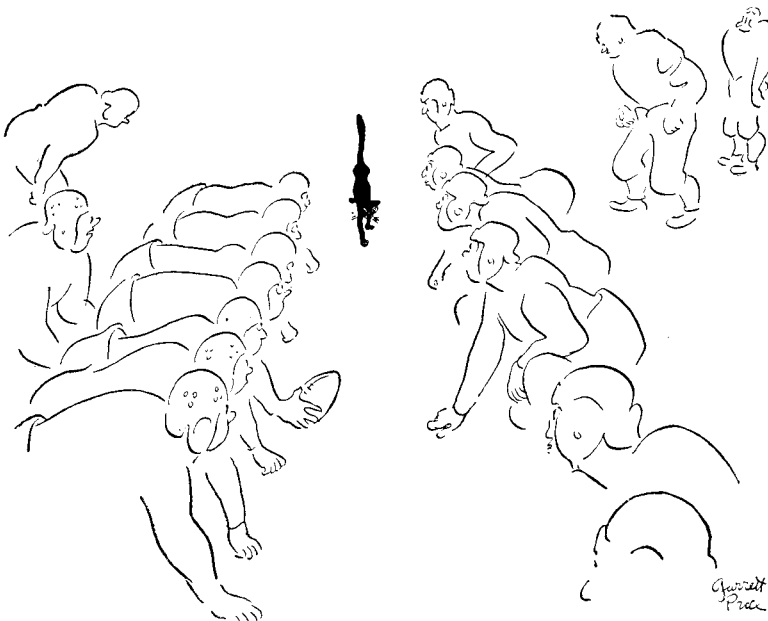
know, was the lady politico. They were joined quickly by others, and in ten minutes the convention was in recess and a ball was in progress. Not many of the delegates, of course, were equal to actual waltzing, but in next to no time a ground rule was evolved which admitted any kind of cavorting that would fit the music, so the shindig gradually gathered force and momentum, and by the end of the first half-hour the only persons on the floor who were not dancing were a few antisocial Hard-Shell Baptists from Mississippi and a one-legged war veteran from Ohio. For a while the chairman, old Joe Robinson, made formal attempts to restore order, but after that he let it run, and run it did until the last hooper was exhausted. Then a young man named Franklin D. Roosevelt got up to second Al's nomination. He made a long and earnest speech on the heroic achievements of the Navy in the late war, and killed Al's boom then and there.

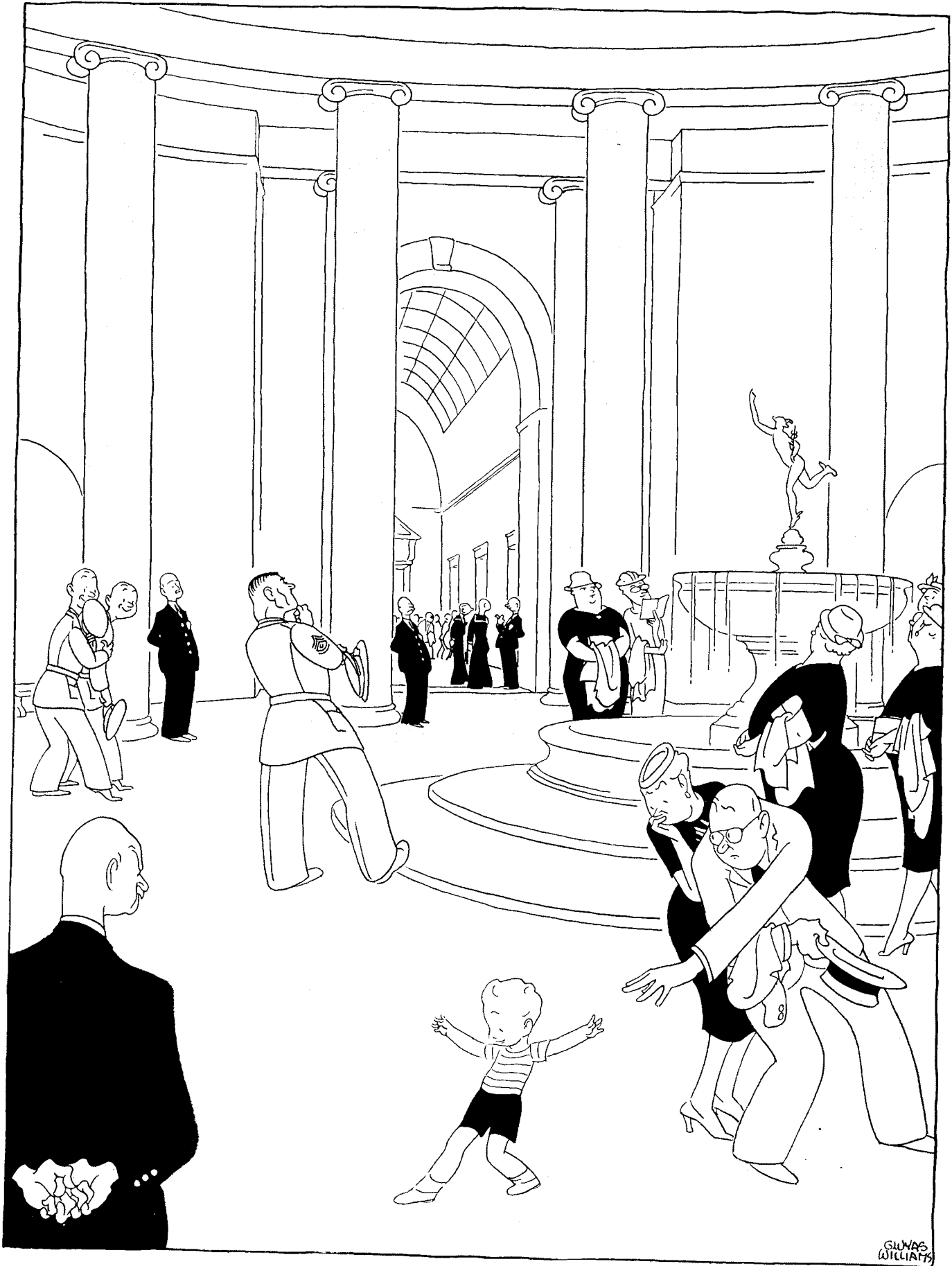
THAT great and singular day was a Wednesday, and the bosses of the convention made plans the next morning to bring its proceedings to a close on Saturday. But the delegates and alternates simply refused to consent. The romantic tunes of "East Side, West Side" and "A Bicycle Built for Two" were still sounding in their ears, and their veins still bulged and glowed with Jim Rolph's bourbon. The supply of it seemed to be unlimited. Day by day, almost hour by hour, the ladies' committees produced more. Thus Thursday passed in happy abandon, and then Friday. On Saturday, someone proposed boldly that the convention adjourn over the weekend, and the motion was car-

ried by a vote of 998 to 26. That afternoon the delegates and alternates, each packing a liberal supply of the bourbon, entered into taxicabs and set out to see what was over the horizon. San Francisco was perfect, but they sweated for new worlds, new marvels, new adventures. On the Monday following, some of them were roped by the police in places more than a hundred miles away and started back to their duties in charge of trained nurses. One taxicab actually reached Carson City, Nevada, and another was reported, probably apocryphally, in San Diego. I myself, though I am an abstemious man, awoke on Sunday morning on the beach at Half Moon Bay, which is as far from San Francisco as Peekskill is from New York. But that was caused not by Jim Rolph's bourbon but by the grappa of George Sterling, the poet—a kind of brandy distilled from California grape skins, with the addition of strychnine.

AFTER the delegates went home at last, the Methodists of San Francisco got wind of the bourbon and started a noisy public inquiry into its provenance. Jim Rolph, who was a very dignified man, let them roar on without deigning to notice them, even when they alleged that it had been charged to the town smallpox hospital and offered to prove that there had not been a case of smallpox there since 1897. In due time he came up for reelection, and they renewed their lying and unchristian attack. As a result, he was reelected almost unanimously, and remained in office, as I have noted, until 1931. In that year, as I have also noted, he was promoted by the appreciative people of all California to the highest place within their gift, and there he remained, to the satisfaction of the whole human race, until his lamented death in 1934.

—H. L. MENCKEN



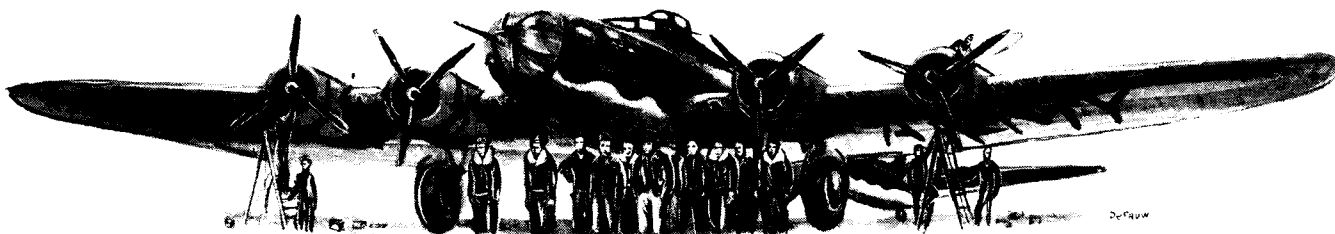


THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

National Gallery

✱ ✱ P R O F I L E S ✱ ✱

THE DIXIE DEMO JR.



PERHAPS the most encouraging single fact about the American Flying Fortress crews in Great Britain is that they shape up evenly. R.A.F. observers, pleasurably impressed by the precision of the first All-American Fortress bombing operations in August, told American friends they thought it was a pity that, when the undoubtedly veteran crews which manned these first-line bombers were used up, there would be an inevitable decrease in accuracy. They were mistaken about the crews. Most of the pilots, navigators, and bombardiers have entered the Army since January, 1941, and a good many of the gunners were inducted several weeks after Pearl Harbor. The officers and enlisted men who operate and groom the Flying Fortress called the Dixie Demo Jr. are a fair sample. The ship is a B-17 of the latest edition produced at the Boeing plant in Seattle, and could not be distinguished from any of the Flying Fortresses scattered over her home air-drome if it were not for the number on her tail and the name splashed on her fuselage in yellow paint. The Demo in her name is an Army contraction of "demolition," the Dixie refers to the circumstance that three of her four officers are Southerners, and the Jr. means that the same officers used to fly in an earlier Dixie Demo, now several months old and withdrawn from circulation because, in the opinion of the Army Air Forces, she is slightly outmoded.

Each bombardment group of Fortresses, roughly analogous to a regiment, contains several squadrons, corresponding to battalions, and each squadron comprises several planes. But the basic Fortress unit is the team that serves the individual ship. When the Dixie Demo Jr. takes to the air on a mission, she carries one half of a team of twenty men, each of whom is attached to the twenty-five-ton plane by a thread of sentiment as taut as a guy wire. The flying half of the team is called the combat crew and consists of four officers and six enlisted men.

The half that remains on the ground consists of a maintenance crew of seven men, who care for the ship and its motors, and an armament crew of three, who stow the bombs aboard and look after the guns. The ground half of the team is, if anything, a bit more serious about the business than the flying half; these men have the feeling that if something were to go wrong with the Dixie Demo Jr., it might be the result of some omission on their part that would make them morally responsible for their teammates' lives. Sergeant Shorty Bracewell, the smallest and most articulate of the Dixie Demo Jr.'s maintenance men, says, "We sweat it out while the ship is away." To sweat it out, in the language of the Army Air Forces, means to live in a state of acute anxiety. When a Fortress belonging to another squadron of the Demo's bombardment group was shot down a couple of weeks ago, her maintenance and armament crews were disbanded and scattered among other ground crews as vacancies occurred. Going on as a unit and having to look at each other day after day would have put the men in a state of intolerable depression.

Six of the seven members of the Dixie Demo Jr.'s maintenance crew live in the same barracks hut so that they can be found in one spot if a rush job on the ship is needed. The seventh, the crew chief, lives in an adjacent hut, together with the other maintenance chiefs of the squadron. The chiefs' hut serves as an informal engineering forum and the home of a non-stop cribbage tournament for British pennies, which the players call "His Majesty's scrap iron." The Demo's three armament men live together, too, so that they can be summoned at any time of night to place a load of bombs in the Demo. The huts in which all the men at the station live are long, one-story buildings of wood or corrugated iron, warmed by iron stoves, which are also used for heating water for tea or shaving. They are fairly weather-tight. The officers' huts are much the same, except that they are divided by

partitions into single and double rooms, and there is one orderly, when he can be found, to take care of the rooms of each twenty officers.

Sergeant Jim Gallery, the chief of the Demo armament crew, is a tall, long-jawed, bespectacled young man who used to be a clerk for the Pennsylvania Railroad in Wilmington, Delaware, his home town. His two assistants are Sam Lagozzino, of Seattle, an ex-foundry worker, small, dark, and frequently smiling, and a young man named Mathis, a former department-store clerk from Atlanta. Mathis has had the label "Georgia Cracker" inscribed in laundry ink on his denim fatigue cap, which he wears with the peak turned back in small-boy style. He has a good-natured, buck-toothed face with a receding chin, and he wants to go back to the department store after the war. Gallery and Lagozzino want to stay in the Army, or at least work in an ordnance factory. The chief preoccupation of all three, as they go through the daily task of checking the Demo's guns, is to see that no film of oil remains on the guns after cleaning. Oil freezes at Fortress altitudes and causes the guns to jam.

THERE is a certain generic resemblance between Sergeant Gallery and the maintenance-crew chief, Technical Sergeant Roderick G. Reed. They are both tall, angular, and of studious appearance, and they come from the same general region of the United States. Reed, who is from Hagerstown, Maryland, is twenty-seven, married, and the father of a boy. He spends all of his time at the station, being unable to tear himself away from the Dixie Demo, which for him has temporarily taken the place of both wife and child. There is a rule that one member of either the maintenance or armament crew must sleep in the Dixie Demo every night, but Reed nevertheless worries about it constantly, fearing, as one of his associates suggested, that any other watcher might leave a window open and let the Demo

catch cold. Reed worked in the Hagerstown branch of a stockbrokerage house before he joined the Air Forces in January of 1940. He couldn't go in as an aviation cadet, since at that time two years of college were a prerequisite and he had only been through high school, but he had always been an aviation buff and had even taken a few flying lessons. At home, he liked to swim and play golf and tennis, and studied violin for fourteen years. He attended technical schools in the service and was with the "rehearsal" squadron of big American planes that went up to Newfoundland in the summer of 1941. Reed used to fly in Fortresses, but he has been grounded, like most of the best noncommissioned engineers; such men are considered more valuable on maintenance work. This cost him the fifty-per-cent bonus above base pay which members of combat crews receive for flying, but he does not do too badly, he thinks. His base pay is \$114 a month, plus twenty per cent for overseas service—around \$135 in all, in addition to his keep. If he were still on combat duty, he would draw about \$195.

Reed's crew, which he insists is the best at the station, includes Staff Sergeant Hamp Shehan, of Landrum, South Carolina; Sergeant Carl Essigman, of Erie; Sergeant Forrest Jones, of Baltimore; and Sergeant Shorty Bracewell, of Allerton, Iowa. Bracewell is so small that he gets put into all the tight places in the wings where a job has to be done. "Sergeant Reed is mighty fortunate to have me," he freely admits. He used to be a garage mechanic in Allerton, is married, and spends the greater part of his spare time writing letters to his wife. Most maintenance men are older, more settled, and have seen longer service than their opposite numbers, so called, in the combat crews. Shorty, with a sharp little face that seems to be waiting for a rural goatee, is at once sententious, facetious, and sentimental in the cracker-barrel manner. "If men could only learn to get along together after the war like we do when we're working on this ship, it would be a better world," he says. "Nobody thinking of himself but just all pulling together. It's wonderful how much a crew of men can do that way." Essig-

man, a husky, heavy-featured, blond fellow, worked in a paper mill in Erie, and everything he knows about engines he has learned in the service. Shehan used to be a farmhand. Jones, who has had five years of Army life, is vague about his civilian career. "I used to mess around in cars," he says. "Riding in 'em or working on 'em?" Shorty jeers. Jones is lean, hawk-nosed, and worldly-wise. The other maintenance men are Privates Jackson (Stonewall), a truck-driver from Wadsworth, Alabama, and Kleiber, a garage hand from Brillion, Wisconsin. They are recent recruits and both have engineering talent, according to their seniors, but they haven't been in long enough to get promoted. A staff sergeant gets a base pay of \$96 a month, and a buck sergeant \$78, and both men, of course, receive the twenty-per-cent overseas bonus. Technical Sergeant Jim

Francis, Reed's opposite number on the combat crew, gets about \$195 a month, and the five buck sergeants who fly with him get around \$135. The Dixie Demo's officers, all first lieutenants, draw something under \$300, plus bonuses and allowances, and are looking forward with some apprehension to the income taxes they will owe.

The six sergeants of the combat crew live together and go on leave together, and the four officers occupy three contiguous rooms in one hut and also take their forty-eight-hour leaves together. Officers wear no insignia to show which ship they belong to, but it would be easy for an outsider to pick out crewmates in the officers' mess of a Fortress outfit. They're the men who are usually occupying adjacent lounge chairs, engaging in long sessions of insulting one another, and lending one another money



"What else can you do?"

in crap games. The officers who fly in the Little Eva, the Bat out of Hell, the Alma Jane II, the Birmingham Blitz, and other fancifully designated ships of the same bombardment group think they have a slight edge on the Dixie Demos, but the Dixie Demos are just as sure they are the cream of the outfit. Up to this writing the Demos have taken part in five daylight bombardments. After the first four their ship was still without bullet holes. The chests of the Demos were also without decorations, although Intelligence photographs showed that the targets over which they had passed had been well plastered. The Demos then were inclined to point out that only Fortresses which break formation get into trouble and only the crews which get into trouble have thrilling escapes and receive decorations. Their fifth raid was the one on October 10th over Lille, the largest single operation by American bombers so far. During this the Demo got involved in a shooting match with six Focke-Wulf 190's and destroyed two of them. Since then the Demos explain that even the best crews are bound to have a little excitement occasionally.

THE commander of an American aircraft is the pilot, and the pilot of the Dixie Demo Jr. is First Lieutenant Claude H. Lawrence, of Mount Airy, North Carolina, known to his crewmates as Larry. Lieutenant Lawrence is an inch over six feet, with black hair, brilliantly white teeth, and an undeniably photogenic profile. He is an even-tempered man, although he comes from a region that supplied Thomas Wolfe with his most irascible characters. Electrically heated suits, which look like blue wool sleeping garments, are provided for members of Fortress crews to wear whenever they are to fly at high altitudes, but Lieutenant Lawrence never puts one on. "I begin to sweat as soon as I see the coast of France," he says, "and I never cool off until two drinks past suppertime." Lawrence is twenty-five and would have been graduated in 1941 from Elon College in North Carolina if he had not joined the Air Forces in January of that year. He played three years of varsity basketball. Lawrence's father, now dead, was a tobacco farmer; his mother still owns the family farm near Mount Airy, but she has leased it to a tenant. When the war is over, Lawrence says, he is going back to Mount Airy to marry the girl who sends him packages of candy bars and stay there on his honeymoon until he

THE HABEAS CORPUS BLUES

In the cathedral the acolytes are praying;
in the tavern the teamsters are drinking booze;
in his attic at dusk the poet is playing,
the poet is playing the Habeas Corpus Blues.

The poet prefers the black keys to the white,
he weaves himself a shroud of simple harmonics;
across the street a house burns; in its light
he skeins more skillfully his bland ironies.

All down the block the windows bloom with faces,
the paired eyes glisten in the turning glare;
and the engines throb, and up the ladder races
an angel, with a helmet on his hair.

He breaks the window in with a golden axe,
crawls through the smoke, and disappears forever;
the roof slumps in, and the whole city shakes,
the faces at the windows say *Ah!* and *Never!*

And then the hour; and near and far are striking
the belfry clocks; and from the harbor mourn
the tugboat whistles, much to the poet's liking,
smoke rings of bronze to the fevered heavens borne.

And the hydrants are turned off, the hose rewound;
no longer now are the dirty engines drumming;
the fireman's broken body at last is found,
the fire is out, the insurance man is coming.

And in the cathedral the acolytes are praying,
and in the tavern the teamsters are drinking booze;
while, in his attic, the poet is still playing,
the poet is playing the Habeas Corpus Blues.

—CONRAD AIKEN

has spent all of his accumulated pay. "From the beginning of the war in Europe folks at home saw it was stacking up just like the last one," he says when he talks about world politics, which is seldom. "We knew that sooner or later we'd be in it."

First Lieutenant H. M. Locker, Jr., the Demo's co-pilot, who sits at Lawrence's right hand in front of a second instrument panel, is younger and more restless than Larry. He trained as a pursuit pilot before being transferred to Fortresses and he sometimes feels rather restricted in such a sedate ship. Locker is twenty-one and the only married member of the combat crew. In the squadron as a whole there are probably more unmarried than married flying men. "I have no first name—just H. M.," Locker says. "I've had a lot of trouble about that." He comes from Richland Springs, Texas, which, he will say, if pressed, is near Brady,

and he will add, if further pressed, that Brady is near San Angelo. Few people have sufficient temerity to ask him where San Angelo is. H. M. Locker, Sr., is a waterworks engineer and rancher, and H. M., Jr., thinks that he will be a rancher, too, if he gets back to Richland Springs.

Locker is six feet tall and slender.

He flies in high-heeled cowboy boots and always wears a red scarf around his neck on operations. He has wavy, light-brown hair and large, rather soft features, which make him look even younger than he is. Lawrence and Locker usually alternate in

flying the plane out to the target and back, but Lawrence takes the controls at moments he considers critical, like the takeoff, the run over the target, and the turn for home. This is not because he thinks himself a better flier than Locker but because he feels his responsibility. Locker was a student at the Agricultural





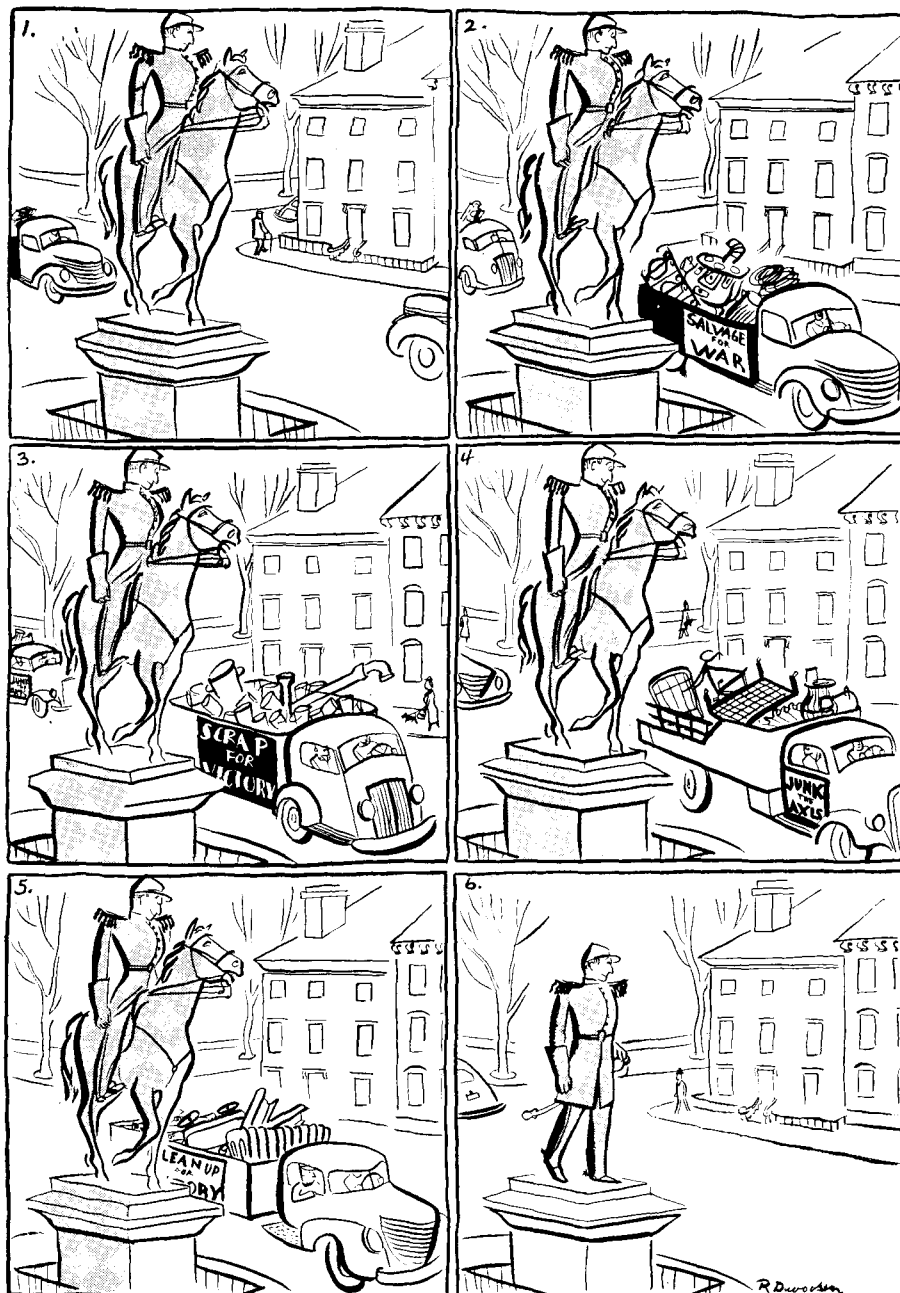
"I hope mine isn't too tired to jump. I had to ride him all the way in from Old Westbury."

and Mechanical College of Texas when he joined the Air Forces, and he says that he had the same ideas as Larry about the inevitability of our participation in the war. Locker had never been out of Texas except for three short trips, the most memorable of which was one to Missouri to attend a livestock show when he and his fellow-students at Richland Springs High School raised a regional champion steer that qualified for the national finals. Locker says he feels that we have to fight for what we stand for, but that he would have joined

the Air Forces even if there hadn't been a war, because he loves to fly.

FIRST LIEUTENANT RALPH E. BUCHANAN, the bombardier, refers to Lawrence and Locker as "first stooge and second stooge" and addresses them as "you goddam chauffeurs." He takes the position that pilots exist only to convey bombardiers to their targets after the navigators have found the way to them. The ribbing among pilots, bombardier, and navigator, the commissioned jobs aboard a Flying Fortress,

never ends. Lawrence, Locker, and First Lieutenant Marion D. Jones, of Memphis, the navigator, maintain that Buchanan sleeps until they get him over the target and that then Lawrence has to shout loudly into the ship interphone to wake him. "Then Buck opens one eye, presses a button, and goes to sleep again," Lawrence says. Buck is the only Northerner among the Dixie Demo Jr. officers, and he is intermittently in a state of revolt against having to fly in a ship called Dixie anything. He is well made for the part of a dissident, since



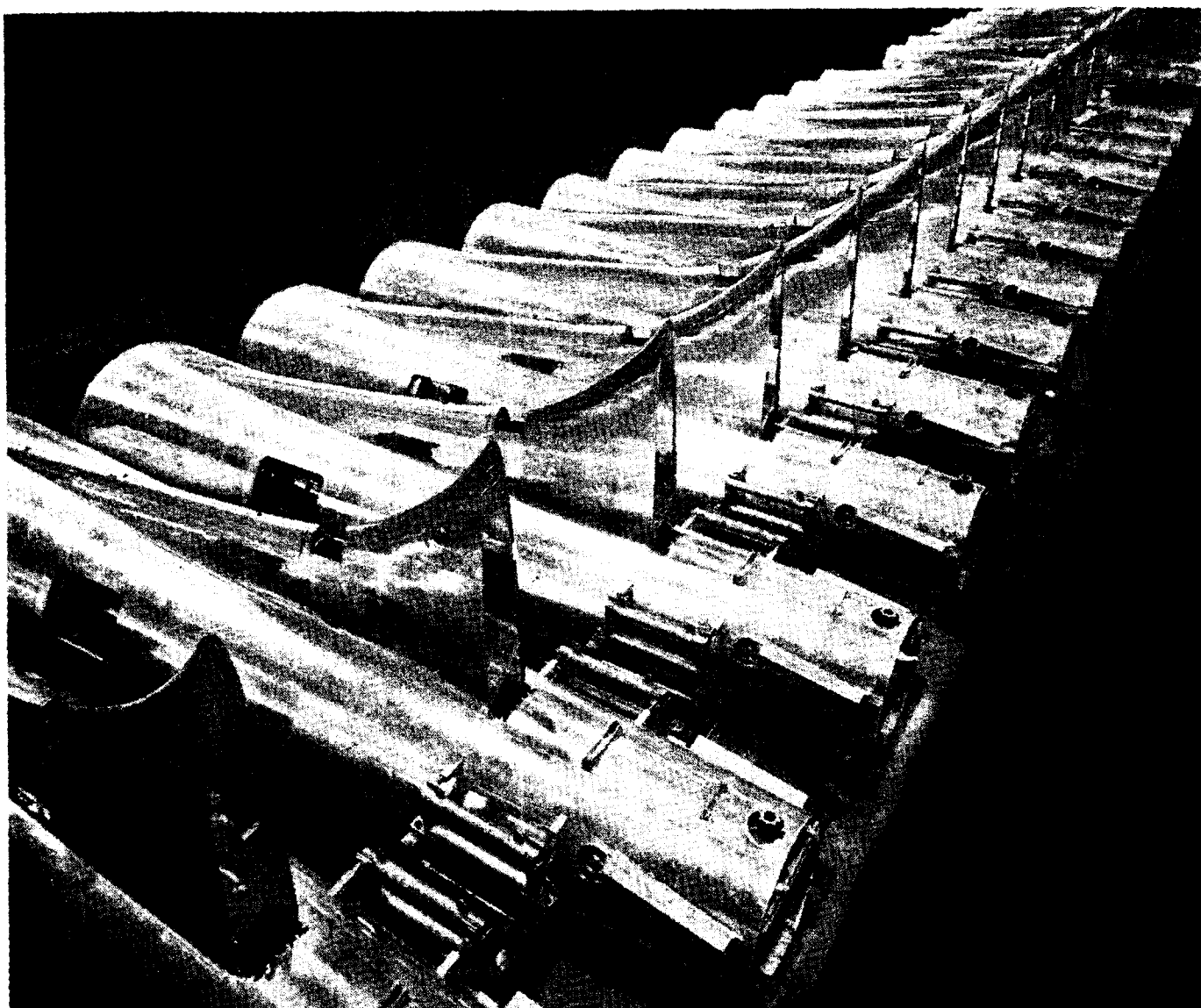
he stands six feet one and weighs two hundred and ten pounds. He looks like a younger Wallace Beery. Lieutenant Jones once proposed Buck's Boudoir as an alternate name for the ship. Buck is twenty-six and was graduated from the University of Illinois several years before the war. He was on the football squad, but he never did anything to make them forget Red Grange. He was born and raised in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and thinks of that as his home town, although his parents now live in the Beaux Arts Apartments in New York City, where his father is the local sales manager for Wilson & Co., the meat packers. When the war is over, Buck says, he wants to go back to Cedar Rapids and play golf all day every day at the country club, and then play poker all evening every evening. In 1940 he had

a job as a travelling factory inspector for the War Department which would have insured him deferment from the draft, but he joined up, he says, because he would have felt uncomfortable if he hadn't. Buck has a loud, braying laugh and irritatingly consistent luck at craps; time and again he has a spectacular winning streak at the end of the evening after several hours of near disaster. He wears the dice down by sheer weight of personality.

Buck rides in the nose of the plane, in a compartment which, from the outside, looks like the head of a great, transparent minnow. The compartment juts forward from under the pilots' cabin. Surrounded by large-calibre machine guns, Buck sits on a pneumatic cushion and nurses the sacred bomb sight, which is practically in the minnow's jaws.

When he is releasing the bombs he kneels, as if engaged in making a difficult point in a crap game. He dominates the ship during the run over the target, when Lawrence's efforts are devoted to holding the Dixie Demo Jr. steady, so that no irregular motion will throw the bomb sight off; a slight rocking of the ship at an altitude of from 20,000 to 25,000 feet will cause a bombardier to miss his target by hundreds of feet. Buck likes to take his time when he is bombing. "I'm no hero," he says, "and I know the other boys all want to get home too, but as long as we've risked our lives to get out there, I'd rather spend a few extra seconds and get those babies out right." For the pilot, the turn of the plane after all the bombs have been released is the great moment of the flight. If, when he makes it, he is precisely coördinated with the other Fortresses of the formation, he is practically sure to get home safely, because Fortresses, as long as they hold their places, covering their sister ships and being covered by them, are seldom charged by Messerschmitts or Focke-Wulfs. It is when they straggle, either because they have been damaged by flak or because they have lingered too long over the target, that they are attacked and have to fight their way home. A Fortress has no blind spots, but when a sufficient number of enemy fighters concentrate their fire on the plane, they can kill a couple of gunners and thereby create blind spots. The moment before the turn, therefore, is the one at which teamwork between the bombardier and the pilot is most necessary. If the turn is made a fraction of a second too soon, the last bombs are wasted; if too late, the ship is endangered. Buck and Larry work together like the gears of a watch, and so do nearly all the pilot-bombardier combinations in Fortresses. This coördination seems telepathic to a European. To an American, it merely suggests that of the centre and the quarterback, or of the pitcher and his infield. When a pilot flies with a new bombardier, the effectiveness of the ship is reduced for about two operations. Then they get each other's tempo.

LIEUTENANT JONES, the Demo's navigator, flies in the transparent compartment with Buck, sitting behind him. They share the same room in barracks, too. "They get so used to sleeping with each other in the ship that they can't get out of the habit," Locker says. Jones, though his initials are M. D., has somehow escaped the nickname of Doc. He has a wide, red, apple-like face, with a



Dragon's Teeth

THERE is a legend that tells of dragon's teeth being transformed into an army of warriors, fully equipped for battle.

In this picture you see the legend being reborn. Here are gleaming dragon's teeth in the process of becoming a squadron of the most formidable weapons of the skies, Boeing Flying Fortresses.*

And the legend is being reborn with a vengeance, for since December 7, Boeing workers and production strategists have built the Fortresses with an ever-increasing tempo. Today the rate of production is more than three times greater than it was on the day of Pearl Harbor. (For this performance, Boeing

was selected as the first aircraft manufacturer to receive the new Army-Navy award for production efficiency.)

The Boeing production system is the only one of its kind in the aircraft industry. Based on the principle of "production density," the Boeing system makes the most efficient use of men, machines, materials and floor space. So flexible is this production system that important design changes can be made quickly and without interrupting the production schedule. The concentration of all production facilities, so that the plant becomes one tightly integrated unit, makes possible a short, swift flow

of parts through manufacture to assembly.

In building the B-17, for example, the airplane is divided into several major units. As these are manufactured and assembled, they converge into the final assembly station to become a Flying Fortress, complete with instruments and guns, ready to roar off to battle.

The increase of speed and efficiency in production . . . both for peace and for war . . . is only one of the many different projects that form a constant part of the Boeing manufacturing and engineering programs at Seattle and in the Middle West and Canada.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

BOEING

*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS

MAX GORDON HITS
"A HONEY OF A SHOW"—Winchell

MY SISTER EILEEN

Eves. (exc. Sun.) 8:40—\$1.65, \$1.10, 55c
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40—\$1.10, 55c
MARTIN BECK THEATRE, 45 St.
West of 8 Ave. Tel. CI 6-6363

"Buoyant, Giddy & Funny"
—Atkinson, Times

JUNIOR MISS

LYCEUM, 45 St. E. of B'way.
CH. 4-4256. Evgs. except Mon.
8:40. Mats. Sat., 2:40. Sun., 3 P.M.

CRITICS' PRIZE WINNER

John C. Wilson presents
Clifton Peggy Leonora Mildred
WEBB ★ WOOD ★ CORBETT ★ NATWICK

BLITHE SPIRIT

NOEL COWARD'S best Comedy

BOOTH Theatre, West 45th St. Eves. 8:40.
Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"AN UPROARIOUS EVENING."—Time Magazine

Strip for Action

A New Show
by HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE

NATIONAL Theatre, 41 St. W. of B'way.
PE. 6-8220. Evgs. 8:45—\$1.10 to \$3.85.
Matinees Wednesday & Saturday 2:45

"The foremost play of the season"—ATKINSON, Times

The Playwrights' Company presents

THE EVE OF ST. MARK

by MAXWELL ANDERSON

CORT, 48th St., E. of B'way • Eves 8:40 • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"One of the notable events of the season"—Time Magazine

LeGALLIENNE • SCHILDKRAUT

UNCLE HARRY

HUDSON Thea., 44th St. E. of B'way
Eves. 8:40—55c-\$3.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"ENORMOUSLY FUNNY"
—Atkinson, Times

MICHAEL TODD'S
STAR AND GARTER

Staged by HASSARD SHORT
BOBBY CLARK • GYPSY ROSE LEE
Prof. Lambert

MUSIC BOX, 45 St. W. of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

"Fresh, spirited, cheerful and gay."
Lockridge, Sun

GEORGE ABBOTT presents a new musical comedy

BEAT the BAND

Susan Jack Jerry Romo
MILLER-WHITING-LESTER-VINCENT

Music by JOHNNY GREEN • Lyrics by GEORGE MARION, JR.
46TH St. Thea. W. of B'way • Circle 6-6075
Eves. 8:40 • Mats. Sat. & Sun. 2:40

OLSEN & JOHNSON
in
SONS O' FUN

"Craziest succession of laughs ever..."
—LIFE

WINTER GARDEN, B'y & 50th. No perf. Mon.
2 Shows Saturday & Sunday, 2:30 & 8:30

turned-up nose and a frequent grin. He is twenty-seven and got a degree in journalism from the University of Georgia in 1935, after which he went back to Memphis and landed a job in the advertising department of the *Commercial Appeal*, the city's leading newspaper. He still had the job when he joined the Air Forces in 1940. Jones's father manufactures liquid wood smoke, a preparation used throughout the South in curing pork. Jones, according to Buck, is the slowest-moving member of the human race. Jones, in turn, likes to call his roommate Piggyback, because, he says, Buck is so lazy that he expects to be carried. When they come back from a joint leave in London they tell reciprocally embarrassing stories for a month. If either thought there was a chance that the other might be transferred, he would go into a serious decline.

Lieutenant Jones's ingenuous and bland face masks an active professional mind. He thinks in polysyllables like "pre-computation," "calibration," "azimuth," and other abracadabrous words intelligible to navigators, and serves as squadron navigation officer as well as navigator of the Dixie Demo Jr. This means that he gives advice to other navigators when asked for it and plots the course of the squadron before an operation. It is an extra job for which the only recompense is the honor of being recognized as the squadron's best navigator. In order to clear his mind of Bowditch before turning in for his afternoon nap, usually a prolonged one, Jones reads sixpenny English mystery stories, and in the evenings he sits next to the phonograph in the lounge of the officers' club and alternates records of the Andrews Sisters with those of the Mills Brothers. These services are appreciated by the other officers, because there are fanatics who would play either *all* Mills Brothers or *all* Andrews Sisters. Lieutenant Jones likes to reminisce about the newspaper business, but he wants to stay in the Air Forces after the war is over. "I don't think I could ever do another real day's work in my life," he once admitted to Buck. When other members of the mess want to annoy Lieutenant Jones, they ask him if he has checked his oxygen. This is because he once added an extra length of rubber tubing to his oxygen line, joining the ends together by wrapping adhesive tape around them. The tubes came apart under the tape without Jones's being aware of it, and when he wanted to take oxygen at

19,000 feet he couldn't get any. He fainted at 23,000 but was later revived.

LIEUTENANT LAWRENCE was graduated as a pilot at Ellington Field in Houston, Buchanan as a bombardier at the Albuquerque Air Base, and Jones as a navigator at Barksdale Field in Shreveport. The three men met for the first time on the field at the Sarasota Army Air Base in Florida when the Fortress group to which they now belong was formed. That was in April of 1942, and Lawrence says, "The minute

I saw Buck, I knew I wanted him in my plane to keep the nose down." They have flown together ever since. First Lieutenant Kendrick Bragg of Savannah, still a member of their squadron, was the combination's first co-pilot. Bragg is now first pilot of another Fortress. Lieutenant Locker, a graduate of the Army Air Forces school at Foster Field, in Victoria, Texas, was brought into the team to replace Bragg after the squadron got to England. Locker had been in another Fortress with three officers who were promoted or transferred to other organizations. Lawrence's first enlisted crew had been broken up by promotions and new assignments, so Locker brought over to the first Dixie Demo the six sergeants who had flown with him in his old ship. The Dixie Demo Jr. combat crew is the product of this fusion.

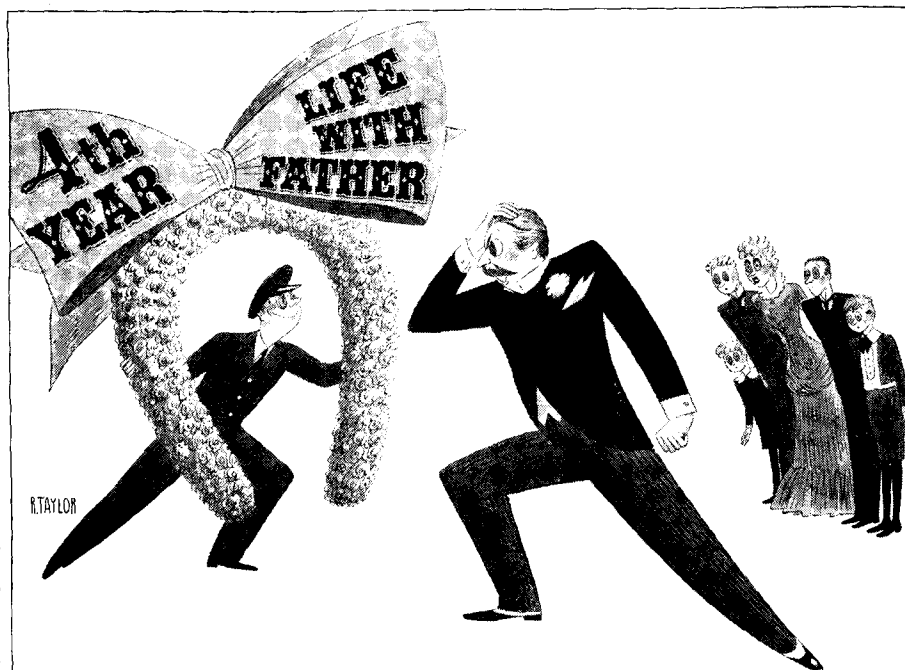
The ranking noncom of the combat crew is Technical Sergeant Jim Francis, the engineer, who is responsible for the functioning of the four great motors in flight. Before Francis enlisted in November of 1940, he was a grocery clerk in Sicily Island, Louisiana. His mechanical experience as a civilian, he says, was limited to fooling around cars some, and he learned the rest of his stuff in Air Forces schools. He is twenty-four, medium-sized, and compactly built, with a kind of bronzed, Basque-peasant type of good looks. Staff Sergeant Vandergriff, the radio operator, the next ranking noncommissioned officer, looks a good deal like him. Vandergriff comes from Van Buren, Arkansas, and, like Francis, used to be a grocery clerk. "Of course you know all about Van Buren," he says. "That's where Bob Burns comes from." Francis and Vandergriff each had four years of high school, and all their crewmates have had at least that much schooling; one sergeant is even a college man. The noncommis-



sioned personnel of a Fortress group offer a pretty good argument for the American system of giving a man all the free education he can carry. It is true that a man can be a fair grocery clerk with an elementary-school education, but he doesn't have a mind sufficiently trained to pick up a newer and more complex calling on short notice. Standards of living that permit everybody to have an automobile to fool around with reveal a new value when the automobile owners have to learn mechanized war.

Sergeant Vandergriff's action station, the radio compartment, is the most commodious on the ship. A Fortress, for all its size, is so crowded with armament and machinery that one can reach the nose of the ship only on hands and knees. Sergeant Vandergriff, however, sits at a metal table during flight, jotting down the communications he receives. He faces a partition on which he has pasted up a photograph of his girl. The radio compartment, being the most comfortable spot in a Fortress, has been used on other ships in the Dixie Demo Jr.'s bombardment group to accommodate visiting generals. When no general is aboard, the radio operator's compartment is shared by an aerial photographer-gunner, who is also responsible for the operation of a heavy machine gun. Sergeant Vandergriff himself was a camera fan in civilian life, but he gets no opportunity to take photographs in flight. His photographer-gunner is Sergeant Gowan, the only non-Southern noncom in the combat crew. Gowan is a twenty-two-year-old San Franciscan who used to be an electric welder in a plant that made air-conditioning machinery. He was inducted into the Army last January, went to aerial-gunnery and radio schools, and was flying over France seven months after drawing his first issue of Army clothing. If Vandergriff were disabled during a mission, Gowan would take over the radio assignment.

Sergeant Huggins, the waist gunner, is the youngest, the biggest, and the most erudite of the noncommissioned crew. He has a craggy, mottled red face, big shoulders, and long legs, and has competed in amateur boxing shows and won a couple of heavyweight bouts. "The other fellows must have been just street fighters," he says. He weighs one hundred and eighty pounds when he is in fighting trim, which, he says, he now isn't. Huggins comes from Greenville, South Carolina, and is twenty-one. He went to Washington College, a small school in eastern Tennessee, and enlisted in the Air Forces in December of



Only 4,000,000 people have seen "Life With Father" so far—which should leave, according to Producer Oscar Serlin's calculations, about 126,000,000 potential customers in the United States, or enough to keep Hossard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney busy playing Father and Vinnie at the Empire Theatre as long as they're able to hobble onto the stage. Clarence Day could have had no idea what he was starting when he first prisoned his rambunctious father in a vignette—and it is doubtful whether even playwrights Lindsay and Russel Crouse had any notion of the extent of the lode they were destined to tap when they dug deep into Day's essays and fashioned a play. Incidentally, Bretnage Windust's deft staging didn't do any harm—neither did the glowing costumes and setting by Stewart Chaney.

HOWARD LINDSAY and
RUSSEL CROUSE
present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by
JOSEPH KESSELRING
with ERICH von STROHEIM
FULTON, W. 46 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40
Mail Orders Promptly Filled

"BRILLIANT—A HIT"—Anderson, Jour.-Amer.
50c \$1 & \$1.50 PLUS TAX
Sat. Nights Only, 50c to \$2.50 Plus Tax
Sonia Henic & Arthur M. Wirtz present
STARS ON ICE
CENTER THEATRE, Rockefeller Center, CO. 5-5474
America's Only Ice Theatre
Evgs. Incl. Sun. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40—Sun. at 3
No Monday Perf. • Mail Orders Filled

THE American Theatre Wing

Stage Door Canteen

in the 44th Street Theatre
(W. of B'way) is open daily
from 5 P.M. to Midnight,
for service men in uniform
only. Food, continuous en-
tertainment and dancing are
provided . . . it's all free!

WIMAN and RODGERS
In association with Richard Kollmar
Present
RAY BOLGER
in
"BY JUPITER"
A New RODGERS and HART Musical Hit
Based on "The Warrior's Husband"
By Julian F. Thompson
with
CONSTANCE BENAY RONALD
MOORE VENUTA GRAHAM
SHUBERT Thea., W. 44th St. • CI. 6-5990
Eves. 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

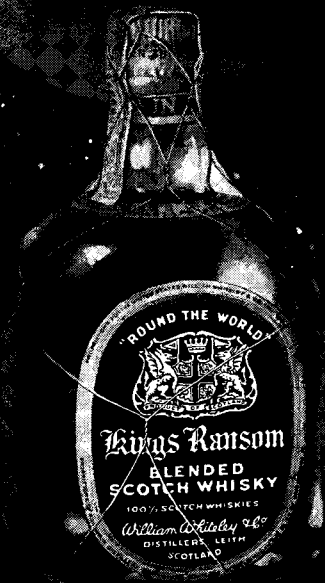
"A superb achievement . . . should be on your
must list."—Rascoe, World-Telegram
• DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN presents
Flora Robson in
A New Comedy
"THE DAMASK CHEEK"
By JOHN van DRUTEN and LLOYD MORRIS
PLAYHOUSE, 48 St. E. of B'way BR. 9-2628
Evenings 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

LIFE MAGAZINE says "Janie is a box-office hit.
It is gay, heartwarming, and produced with
veteran skill."
BROCK PEMBERTON presents
Janie Season's
Laugh
Hit!
by Josephine Bonham & Herschel Williams
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
Henry Miller's, W. 43. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

Fred F. Finklehoffe presents
GEORGE JACK ELLA THE
JESSEL-HALEY-LOGAN-De MARCOS
SHOWTIME
Uproarious-Variety Show
BROADHURST, West 44th, Eves. Incl. Sun.
\$1.10-\$2.75. (Sat. \$1.10-\$3.30.) Mats. Wed.,
Thurs. & Sat. 2:40. Sun. at 2:30 & 5:30. 55c-\$1.65

★
In Washington
as well as London
—wherever men
demand the best,
the call is for

WHITELEY'S
King's Ransom
"ROUND THE WORLD" SCOTCH



*If you
appreciate the
finest, why
order any
other Scotch?*

94 Proof, William Jameson & Co., Inc., N. Y.

1940, soon after he was graduated, so he never had a job.

THE acknowledged comedians of the Dixie Demo Jr. are Sergeant "Killer" Cockrell, the ball-turret gunner, and Sergeant Wall, the tail gunner, both of whom, like Gowan, are selectees of the vintage of 1942. The ball turret is a transparent bulge on the bottom of the plane. From the inside it looks like a miniature bathysphere. It takes a small man, with some talent as a contortionist, to get into the thing, and it takes a great deal of practice to manipulate its two machine guns effectively from a position that resembles that of a foetus in a womb. The turret can be revolved by its occupant, and Cockrell spins it about like a ball when the Dixie Demo Jr. is in flight. He sometimes stays upside down for twenty minutes at a time, swivelling about happily as he searches for possible attackers. "I always had a lot of curiosity," he says, "and this gives me a chance to see everything. I've got a grandstand seat at all the dogfights the Spitfires have with the Focke-Wulfs. I once saw a Messerschmitt go into the Channel. It didn't make much splash." He is, as might be inferred because of his job, small, compact, and nimble, in these respects being the combat-crew equivalent of Shorty Bracewell, the maintenance man who works inside the wings. Cockrell wears a black, hairline mustache and keeps his hair plastered down tight, presumably so that it will not get into his eyes when he is standing on his head. In his home town, Polkville, Mississippi—"close to Sullivan's Hollow," he says—the Killer used to drive a laundry truck. This is a calling that demands a knack of getting along with housewives, and his crewmates allege that he has not allowed his talent to rust.

Sergeant Wall, in contrast to the killing Mr. Cockrell, is stout, placid, and, for a member of a combat crew, practically a graybeard. He is thirty-four. He comes from Savannah. He has a round, pink face with narrow, merry eyes and a rather birdlike nose. He says he used to work as a storeroom clerk "on the S. & A." When new acquaintances ask what the initials stand for, he says, "Savannah & Atlanta Railroad, a hundred and forty-five miles of speedy track. It might not be as long as some, but the rails is just as parallel." When he was drafted, he says, he decided he'd "rather shoot at somebody, because they would shoot at me anyway," so he asked to go into aerial gunnery. His is the most isolated position in

the plane, but he is a man of calm and contemplative mind who does not need constant contact with his fellows. When the Dixie Demo Jr. first went on missions and the gunning business was slow, he used to watch the Demo's bombs as they dropped down on the targets. The bombardier, of course, never sees the result of his bombing except on photographs developed the day after the raid, and even then he cannot be sure which hits are his. The reason is that by the time a bomb hits, the plane is ahead of it. One day, during an operation, Sergeant Wall told Buck that he had watched the descending bombs and they were right on the targets. Buck complained at the top of his lungs that while Wall was watching bombs, a Focke-Wulf could sneak in and shoot all the Demo's rear ends off. If the sergeant still yields to the temptation to look down now and then, he doesn't tell anyone. Sergeant Gowan, who takes the aerial photographs, occasionally has a chance in his line of duty to see a Demo bomb drop, and Cockrell, whirling in his bathysphere, also sees one now and then. They both report devastating results. Actually, before a group of Fortresses departs on a raid, the target area is divided among the "elements," or sub-groups, taking part, and if the photos show that the portion of the target assigned to an element of, say, three planes has been pretty well covered, it is assumed that all have bombed effectively. Judged by this test, Buck has always done a good job.

The Demo was making the turn for home after it had passed over its Lille target when it was attacked from below by four Focke-Wulfs. Cockrell, upside down as usual, saw them coming and started to fire when the leading German plane was six hundred yards under the Demo.

Wall, looking back as the Demo rocketed away from the attack, saw this plane break into bits and fall in smoke toward France. As the Demo proceeded, two more German fighters crossed her bow, giving her a raking and receiving in return the fire of every Demo gun that pointed forward. Lieutenant Jones and Buck saw the tracer bullets enter one German cockpit, and Huggins saw the plane fall and the pilot bail out and open his parachute. None of the Demos was hurt.

ON days when visibility is apparently good and operations are not ordered, the Demos and the other Fortress crews sulk and feel sorry for themselves. To use their own term, they bitch. "We

aren't ever going to win the war this way," the pilots and bombardiers tell each other from their lounge chairs as they absently watch a red-headed major and a red-headed lieutenant, the two best checker players of the bombardment group, finish what seems to be their fifteen-thousandth game. "We really haven't done much when you think of it," they tell visitors. Of approximately two hundred officers in the bombardment group, only two, of whom one is the commanding officer, are West Pointers. All the others tend to consider war a matter exclusively of flying and bombing, and when they think of the enormous expanse of enemy-held territory that has to be bombed, they resent losing any time from their work. They do not appreciate the importance of what they have already done in proving that precise daylight bombing from great heights is practicable, a thesis the British had doubted, or of the fact that it can be carried out by crews of good, average American college and high-school men who have not had extraordinarily long training. The commanding officer, a keen young lieutenant colonel, appreciates it, however. "It means that we have a practically unlimited supply of human material for this type of bombardment flying," he says. "Now we can think about its application on a really large scale in conjunction with land operations."

The Demos are unanimous in saying that they feel safer in a Fortress than they would in any other type of combat plane. This may have been a purely subjective reaction in the beginning, but experience has strengthened it. Only two Fortresses were lost in the first ten daylight missions from British fields. Since an average of thirty planes took part in each one, the ratio of loss has been about one in a hundred and fifty. The boys know that they have had good fighter protection and that the flak they have encountered so far doesn't compare with what they'll get when they raid Germany steadily, but they also know that even when, in the course of a couple of raids, swarms of German fighters caught some Fortresses without any fighter protection at all, the big bombers fought their way through. Flak doesn't bother them much. "It looks like balls of white cotton far down below you," Sergeant Cockrell says. "It's hard to realize they're firing at you."

Experience in operations has made little change in the Demos or in the other crews of their bombardment group. They were confident back in July when



THE RECORD PROVES IT

The more rigorous the demands of wartime become, the more generally is the value of Brooks Brothers' Ready-made Clothes fully appreciated. Brooks Brothers' styles—like Brooks Brothers' materials and Brooks Brothers' workmanship—have always had a reputation for wearing well—and looking well—over unusually long periods of time. So today, when almost everybody has a sharp eye for really lasting value, more and more men are finding here exactly what they are looking for: Assurance of maximum utility.

Ready-made Suits, \$58 to \$92

Sixth Floor Shop Suits, \$43 to \$55

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
 Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

OFFICERS' UNIFORMS, SUPPLIES & ACCESSORIES

NEWBURY CORNER BERKELEY STREET • BOSTON

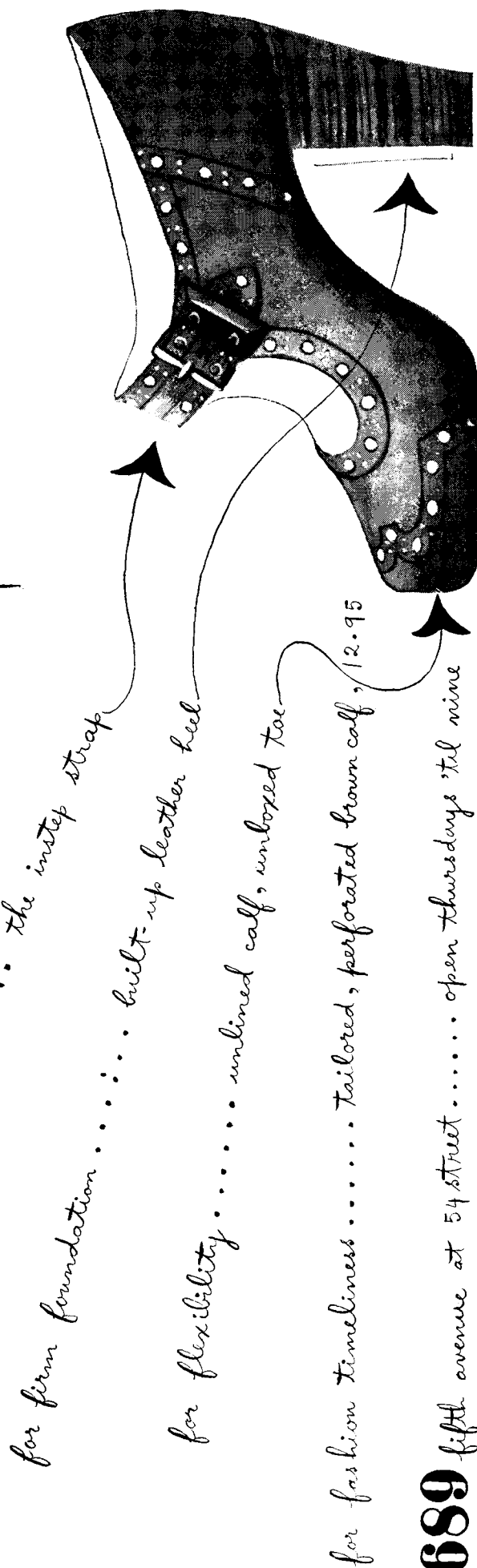
710 PACIFIC MUTUAL BUILDING • LOS ANGELES

1021 111 SUTTER STREET BUILDING • SAN FRANCISCO

MADISON AVENUE CORNER FORTY-FOURTH STREET • NEW YORK

I. Miller's

'43 Trotteur



they were still taking practice flights over England and they are slightly more confident now. "We knew what the ships could do and what we had done in practice bombing and shooting at towed targets," Lieutenant Lawrence says. "Still, when we went out on our first real bombardment, we all had a few butterflies, even if we wouldn't admit it. After a couple of times we lost the butterflies." (Butterflies are internal flutterings.) No amount of cross-examination can draw an admission from any Demo that he feels hard or tense or suddenly mature as a result of having been in action. One of the most richly appreciated items around the officers' mess recently was a story in the Sunday magazine section of a New York newspaper which spoke of the grim lines that had appeared in the smooth, youthful faces of this lot of Fortress fliers after they had heard shrapnel and machine-gun bullets whistle past their ears and had spent hours standing in slit trenches while German bombers strafed their field. You can't hear anything whistle by when you are inside a B-17 with four motors going, the boys placidly explain, and they have never yet been in slit trenches, because no German planes have been over the field.

Perhaps, when the Demos have been under bombardment once or twice, they will develop the vindictiveness which they now conspicuously lack. They like to hear talk from visitors about other branches of the Allied air forces—for example, the Poles, few of whom they have met. "I guess those boys are really bloodthirsty," they say with objective astonishment. Even Fortress men who have seen crewmates killed at their sides retain this impersonal attitude toward the enemy, so hard for Europeans who have personally suffered through the Nazis to understand. "It's better for the boys not to get mad," a twenty-three-year-old captain said once, discussing the unruffled feelings of the group. "The type of precision bombing we do, you've got enough to do without being angry." The Demos, typically, don't lose their tempers, and their bombing has been precise.

—A. J. LIEBLING

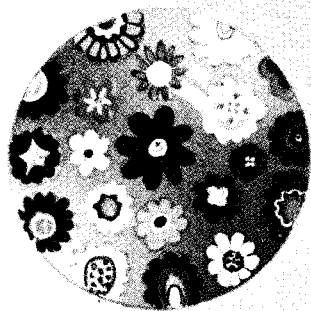
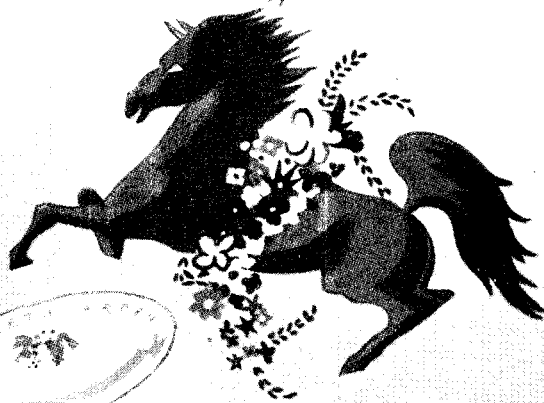
OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[From "Passing Strange," by Richard Sale]

I seized the baby by its left foot and extracted it. Some baby. A nice plump boy. —Page 42.

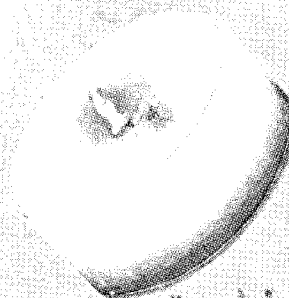
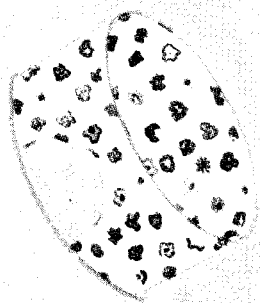
Then she came over and planted a wad of lipstick on my cheek. "That, my boy, is for the beautiful little daughter you gave me an assist on." —Page 253.

Blue Grass



Dusting
Powder

A LOVELY NECESSITY



"it's you"

After every bath . . . you'll love the silken smoothness,
subtle lingering perfume of
Elizabeth Arden Dusting Powder . . . in three
fascinating fragrances—

avored BLUE GRASS, romantic IT'S YOU . . . 1.50

the new and most enchanting

MILLE FLEURS . . . 2.00

prices plus Federal and local taxes

Elizabeth Arden

691 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

In the Dark of the Hour



Like a storm, unbidden moments of disappointment sweep into the heart of man. Dreams vanish. A shadow is on the sun.

Yet this may be a mood, and moods can change. The exultant chorale, the beauty and color of the symphony, the surge of the tone-poem, interpreted by the Capehart Phonograph-Radio, can bring new inspiration in the darkened hour.

The building of the Capehart has ceased now, and the Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation is engaged solely in war production. Unless you own a Capehart, or purchase one still remaining in dealers'

showrooms, you must wait until victory to enjoy this superlative instrument.

But you can prepare for the war's earlier end by buying War Bonds! Your country needs your investment, and you will be building soundly for the future, when you may want to purchase a home, a car, a television set, or a Capehart.

Your Capehart dealer also offers you counsel on other musical requirements . . . the selection of a piano, an organ, band instruments, sheet music, recordings. The Capehart Division of the Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

"The Engulfed Cathedral," by Claude Debussy, painted for the Capehart Collection by Raymond Breinin. This impressionistic tone-poem tells the ancient Breton legend of the cathedral that rises from the sea. • Reprints of previous paintings are now available from your Capehart dealer at a modest charge. Or write to Capehart. • Capehart Early Georgian (illustrated below) with the time-proved record changer that turns the records over. Equipped for FM radio.



CAPEHART - PANAMUSE - FARNSWORTH

GREAT NAMES IN ELECTRONICS — MUSICAL REPRODUCTION — TELEVISION



FAIR ENOUGH

THE writing man with a pipe in his mouth and a pretty house in Connecticut showed up again last week when Eric Hatch's "Little Darling" drifted into the Biltmore. In spite of the repulsive nature of its hero, this seemed to me a sufficiently agreeable little comedy, and I was mildly surprised by the indignant reception it got from most of my colleagues. There is, it is true, a good deal in Mr. Hatch's background and past accomplishments calculated to inflame the austere men who sit on the aisle: he attended St. Paul's School (Concord, not Garden City); he is, or was, the owner of a Rolls-Royce and a houseboat, with its picture in the summer edition of the *Social Register*; he has been a persistent contributor to magazines of wide and glossy circulation; and from time to time he has been reasonably successful in Hollywood. I mention these facts only because they have already been dragged out in various reviews, along with a

strong implication that a man who has lived a life of such spectacular elegance can hardly be expected to write anything but balderdash. I am not, certainly, nominating "Little Darling" as one of the ten best plays of the year, but I still think that you might have a pleasant evening at it and also that the details of its author's life may be irrelevant.

Considered, then, without reference to the houseboat, Mr. Hatch's comedy strikes me as a piece of rather superior *Saturday Evening Post* fiction, quite satisfactorily transplanted to the stage. There is nothing in it to cause any perceptible wear and tear on even the flightiest mind; on the other hand, I found little that appeared likely to bore or oppress anybody of a reasonably frivolous disposition. Mr. Hatch's novelist, a widower called Kenneth Brown, is discouraged by the fact that his daughter considers him stuffy, even beyond the usual standard of his profession, and, in the light of a few literary theories he lets

fall during the evening, I am inclined to suspect she may be right. Mr. Brown, however, disagrees, and in order to demonstrate that his character has its more rakish side, secretly writes a play generally conceded to be as brilliant and daring as anything ever cooked up by Noel Coward. After this mysterious work succeeds on Broadway, there is no holding him. In the company of his daughter's roommate, a blonde enchantress from Milwaukee who conveniently happens to drop in, he sets out for New York and a tour of the local night life that might conceivably exhaust Tommy Manville. They go everywhere together—though, as far as I could gather, always with complete propriety—and the news of their attachment is such that the editor of the *Sun* considers it worth printing on the front page.

This is obviously a tough situation, but it is not a hopeless one, since practically everybody in the cast, including Mr. Brown's daughter, his beautiful and accomplished secretary, and two moderately painful juveniles, appears to be in a conspiracy to save him from a *mésalliance* that threatens to wreck both his career and his constitution. Naturally they are successful, and the final curtain finds the hero comfortably established with a lady much more suitable to his years—if I remember correctly, he is an old creak of forty-seven—and prepared no doubt to write his childish novels and smoke his Custom-Bilt pipe for the handful of years still left him.

In this kind of bleak synopsis, I have to admit that Mr. Hatch's play doesn't sound like much, and it is possible that I am simply too easily amused by the problems and anxieties of the literary life. However, I found a good many of the situations pretty funny and the dialogue generally on a higher level than I have come to expect in pieces of this nature. There are also attractive performances by Leon Ames, Karen Morley, Phyllis Avery, and Barbara Bel Geddes, and Alfred de Liagre's direction seemed unusually brisk and intelligent.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS



Chion
Day

That neurotic anxiety originates from libido, representing a transformation product of the same, and behaves to it as vinegar to wine, is one of the most significant results of psychoanalytic research. For further discussion of these problems, see my "Introductory Lectures to Psychoanalysis," in which no final explanation has been given.—From "Three Contributions to the Theory of Sex," by Sigmund Freud.

The hell with it.



The largest
exclusive furrier
in Old New York



277 Grand St.

Trencher

Presents this "all-occasion" coat of soft,
lustrous "Let-Out Muskrat". . \$375

Traditional Trencher Quality and Workmanship

OF ALL THINGS

THE forty-fifth birthday of Dr. Goebbels was observed last week in Berlin. Now we know when he was born, but not why.

As this is written, the political campaign has just come to an end. Probably because of the fuel shortage, it was about twenty-five per cent less heated than usual.

The twentieth anniversary of the Fascist revolution passed without any balcony speech by Mussolini. Perhaps the Duce could not think of anything to say that would not incriminate him.

Wendell Willkie has told us some painful truths about the inadequacy of our help to Russia and China. Unfortunately, it is not as easy to ship war goods to those distant places as it is to ship Willkie.

Because defense jobs are plentiful, government work relief is rapidly disappearing from the American scene. Some fear that the WPA may soon be unemployed through no fault of its own.

An Italian submarine commander who claimed to have sunk two United States battleships has been given medals by Adolf and Benito. He has the medals and we still have the ships, so everybody is happy.

Apparently tea will be less scarce than coffee during the coming year. We can have tea for breakfast and try to pretend that it is the American way of life.

Now we have a sharp increase in the taxes on such vices as drinking, smoking, and telephoning. It is a patriotic duty to have bad habits these days.

The \$25,000 ceiling on salaries set by Mr. Byrnes is bound to cause suffering to a number of nice people. Still, they may be able to pull through if they go easy on the butter and eggs.

There is to be an oil pipeline from Illinois to ease the gasoline situation for the Eastern states. Optimists believe that it will be completed before all the tires have popped. —HOWARD BRUBAKER



In Philadelphia—nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

Very well, we go to see the game, as who doesn't. But we were just thinking (to ourselves, of course) that if a game should draw a crowd equal to the daily circulation* of The Evening Bulletin, it would compare favorably with the total football attendance that day all over the country.

★Over 600,000 daily circulation, highest in 37 years of continuous leadership.

(Advertisement)

The initial New York
appearance of the
sensational
South American
dancer



**ALBERTO
TORRES** and his
4 beautiful señoritas
MYRUS
Wizard of Mental Telepathy
STANLEY MELBA
and his Orchestra

in the informal
**Cotillion
room**

Continuous music, 2 shows
nightly. Selective Dinner \$3.
Supper Cover: \$1 Weekdays;
\$1.50 Fridays and Saturdays.
SUNDAY NIGHT CONCERT DINNER
7:30 to 10 P.M.
The popular Cafe Pierre with dance music
during cocktails, dinner and supper

Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61st STREET



SWEATERS
\$7 to \$25

Sixth Floor Shop Sweaters
\$4 to \$10

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers
MADISON AVE. COR. FORTY-FOURTH ST.

FOR ON LEAVE..



Informal—no cover charge

Maisonette
AT THE **ST. REGIS**
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET

SOPHIE HALENCZIK GETS A PAIR OF PANTS

SOPHIE HALENCZIK came to clean my house one Friday morning recently wearing a pair of gray flannel slacks. She must have been a little self-conscious about them, for no sooner had she taken off her coat than she asked me, with a shy smile, "Well, how you like me in pants?"

Sophie weighs about a hundred pounds; hard work has kept her figure trim and lean. I liked her very well in pants. I told her so and added, "How do you like wearing pants?"

"Oh," she said, with a deprecatory gesture of her hands, "pants is nothing new to me. In the old country I always wear them. Is easier to work in the fields."

"You know," she added, assembling her dustcloths and brushes, "when we buy our place here in Connecticut—that is about a year after we come to America—first thing I do, I put on the pants to dig in the garden. But the children make a big noise. They say all the neighbors know we are greenhorns if they see me in pants. They say is not American for a woman to wear pants."

She chuckled. "Is funny. No? Now all the ladies wear them. Is very stylish. They wear pants and they wear handkerchiefs on their heads. First time I see my Annie with pants and a handkerchief, I almost die. She look just like her grandmother in the old country when she is digging potatoes. Annie don't like it when I tell her that. She don't wear those pants to dig potatoes. She wear them to go to a picnic." Sophie looked down in approbation of her own slacks. "I don't wear these beautiful pants to dig potatoes. They too good. I wear them to show you. Mrs. Marlowe give them to me last week, before she go back to New York."

Mr. and Mrs. Marlowe, a well-to-do middle-aged couple from New York, are summer residents in our Connecticut town. Sophie cleans their house, which was remodelled from an old schoolhouse, on Wednesdays.

"They've stayed longer this year than usual, haven't they?" I asked.

"Sure," Sophie agreed. "They have a big argument over it. Mrs. Marlowe she want to stay here all winter. Mr. Marlowe he say she is crazy."

"Why should they want to stay

here?" I asked. "They have a big apartment in New York; haven't they?"

"Oh, yes," Sophie murmured. "Mrs. Marlowe—you know her?"

"No," I answered. "Not very well. I've met her but I don't really know her."

Sophie weighed this statement for a while, then nodded her head several times.

"So," she said at last. "So I tell you. Mrs. Marlowe is a very fine lady. No? They have a nice house, plenty money. Her husband have a big job in Wall Street. You know Wall Street?"

"I know Wall Street," I answered.

"She got nothing to worry about, that Mrs. Marlowe. She got a maid and a chauffeur."

"Oh, really?"

Sophie nodded. "Mrs. Marlowe is very busy with the war this summer," she said. "She look wonderful in her uniform."

"What uniform?"

"Blue," said Sophie. "She belong to the ladies what gonna drive ambulances when the Germans come."

"Oh, the Motor Corps," I said.

"Sure," Sophie agreed. "That is the name. That what start the whole thing."

"I thought the argument was about staying here this winter," I said, getting a little confused.

"Is all mixed up," Sophie replied.

"I tell you. I am there on Wednesday a couple weeks ago, cleaning the kitchen, when Mr. Marlowe come home from Wall Street—he take the train every day—and he say, 'Hello, Sophie. Getting ready to close the house?' Mrs. Marlowe, who is in the kitchen with me, then start the argument. She say, just like she was talking about the supper or something, 'Hank, I think we ought to stay up here this winter.' He look like he don't

know what she is talking about. Then he say, 'Are you crazy? We always close the house in October.' Mrs. Marlowe look at him hard and she say, 'You forget, Hank, we are in a war now. Nobody do the things what they always do.'

"I don't know what she mean by that," Sophie went on, "and Mr. Marlowe he don't know, too. I like to ask what she is talking about but I think I



IT BEATS THE BAND.



*the way lovely
stars go for
this beauty
care!*



Susan Miller

leading the cast of the new musical "Beat the Band," looks as beautiful as leading ladies should. She finds Lux Toilet Soap an aid to loveliness—"I use it every day," she says. "It leaves my skin flower-fresh."



Eunice Healey

She's "on the beam" in tuneful "Beat the Band," "on the beam" when it comes to complexion care, too. "Lux Soap's creamy lather is right for my skin."



Toni Gilman

"Proud of You," she sings in "Beat the Band." Who wouldn't be—of this lovely singer. Her soft smooth skin gets daily Lux Toilet Soap care.

PRETTY LADIES everywhere find *Active Lather Facials* with Lux Toilet Soap a quick, easy care that *works*. They pat the creamy lather in, rinse with warm water, then with cool and pat with a soft towel to dry. ACTIVE lather removes stale cosmetics, every trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin feeling exquisitely smooth. Try these beauty facials for 30 days—you'll find they make a difference!



Joan Caulfield

see her in "Beat the Band"—so young and charming. Wise about her beauty care—"A smooth complexion's *important*," she says. "It's Lux Soap for mine!"

A Harvest of Talent
IN THE
Rainbow Room
Informal for the duration



Leo Reisman
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

The distinguished dancer
HELEN Tamiris
assisted by
IDA SOYER and MILTON FEHER
and company in
American Themes

The comedy star
LEONARD Elliott
with **IRMA JURIST**, pianist

The talented singer
VICTORIA Cordova

Dacita
AND HER RHUMBA BAND

Reservations Circle 5-9000 Rockefeller Center

**"Barclay?
Gimme a Room
an' a Bath!"**



Office boy playing big. No doubt he's heard the boss mention that when in Philadelphia he just wouldn't stay anywhere else. Fact is, you won't want to either after you've once sampled the hospitality of The Barclay.

The Barclay
RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
in PHILADELPHIA

Arthur T. Murray
Managing Dir.

better keep quiet. But he don't. He say, 'What the hell that got to do with going back to New York, Daisy? You'll freeze in this barn in the wintertime.' He is right," Sophie explained. "They have no stove and no furnace. Only fireplaces. Is beautiful to have company before the fireplace but it ain't warm. No?"

"Well, what did she mean?" I asked Sophie. "What did she say to Mr. Marlowe?"

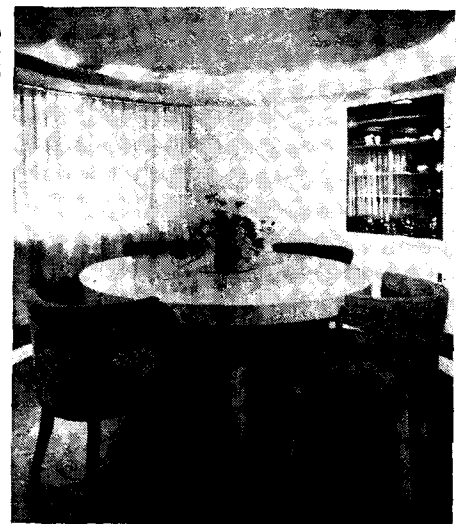
Sophie grinned. "I don't know what she mean but she say, 'What does it matter if I am not so warm like always? Think of the men and women freezing in Russia.' When he hear that, Mr. Marlowe he look like he is just waking up from sleep and then he go to the closet and take out a bottle of whiskey. 'I need a drink,' he say. He swallow it quick and then he say, 'Now, maybe, I can take it. What about the freezing Russians? What they got to do with you?' 'They got nothing to do with me,' Mrs. Marlowe say. 'I only say if they can suffer in this war, so can I.' 'Darling,' he say to her, 'darling, you're nuts. The Russians don't suffer because they want to. They suffer because they got to. They like to be warm. They like to live in a house with steam heat like you got in New York. And if you want to suffer, you can keep the apartment at zero when I am not there. That is O.K. with me. But we are not staying here this winter. It don't make no sense.'

"All the time," Sophie continued, "I keep on fixing things in the kitchen. I don't like to listen to a fight between a husband and a wife but I like to hear what they say. What Mrs. Marlowe say next almost make me drop the plate I have in my hands.

"Look at Sophie," she say. "She have no New York apartment to go to. She stays here in her little house all through the cold and the snow. Sophie is a better American than you are, Hank Marlowe."

"I feel very sorry for Mr. Marlowe when his wife say that," Sophie declared. "I think maybe he need some help in the argument, even if I do not like to mix up in it, so I say, 'Sure, we stay here all through the cold and the snow, Mrs. Marlowe, but we do not suffer. We have a good stove in the kitchen and plenty of wood in the woodshed. We keep plenty warm and safe, just like every year.'

"Thank you, Sophie," say Mr. Marlowe. "You're a good scout." You know, he talk a whole lot like my Frankie," Sophie commented. "Is good American



modern furnishings of intrinsically good design and sturdy make... produced in our own workshops on the premises... assembled here in America's foremost display... for delivery anywhere!

Modernage
162 East 33rd St.

OPEN MON., THURS. till 9 P.M. SAT. 6

APARTMENTS & HOUSES

IN CITY AND COUNTRY

APARTMENTS EAST of FIFTH

220 MADISON AVE. (37th St.)

JOHN MURRAY HOUSE

1½-2-3-4-4½ Rooms... New Building
Complete hotel facilities... the latest equipment!
White Turkey Restaurant, garage on premises!
Maid service available. 24-hour elevator and switchboard. MUrray Hill 5-9300, or

DUFF & CONGER, INC.

1142 Madison Ave. BUtterfield 8-1200

108 EAST 38TH STREET (At Park Ave.)

THE TOWN HOUSE

with complete housekeeping facilities
Superbly appointed suites of 1 to 3½ rooms, exceptionally well planned, a wide variety of layouts. Some duplex, balconies, terraces. Restaurant. Solarium. From \$75 includes maid service. Compare for value, charm, prestige. 1 room apartments have complete kitchens and dressing rooms.

N. A. BERWIN & CO. LEXington 2-6044

20 EAST 76TH STREET

THE SURREY

Large rooms, pantries, ample closets... size of suites and exposures to please... furnished or not. Moderate rentals. Fireproof... quiet... booklet on request.

38 EAST 85TH STREET

3 TO 6 ROOMS

Large rooms and closets—beautifully arranged. Convenient to schools and all transportation. Fireproof Building. Post season rentals. Agent on premises.

38 EAST 85TH STREET

EIGHT ROOM PENTHOUSE

Large living room, dining room, study, 2 master bedrooms, 3 baths, 2 maids' rooms. Large newly planted terraces, awnings, 3 sunny exposures. Gold paper in dining room, nicely decorated, ample closets. \$250 a month. Penthouse B—Geoffrey Hellman. Owner now in Washington. Superintendent will show at any time.

COUNTRY PROPERTY

Three-Acre Country Estate

Located near intersection of important highways between Princeton and Morristown, New Jersey. Colonial house on three acres of land, landscaped grounds, and ample parking facilities. Within easy driving distance of New York and Philadelphia. Further information sent on request. Box B. The New Yorker, 25 West 43rd Street, New York City.

talk. Anyway, then he say to his wife, 'You hear what Sophie say? She gonna keep warm and safe this winter. So now you don't have to worry about that. You can be warm and safe in New York and still be a good American.' He smile at me. 'I bet you Sophie will be warmer and safer here than we gonna be in New York. She won't have to worry about the fuel shortage or keeping the thermometer at sixty-five. Will you, Sophie?'

"'I just keep plenty warm,' I answer. 'I don't have no thermometer.'

"I don't like him to talk too much to me because maybe Mrs. Marlowe will think I am taking sides. That is bad, because I work for her. So I think maybe I change the talk a little and I say, 'Anyway, if the Germans come, nobody will be safe, not in New York and not here. But I think here is safer because we don't have so many people and so many houses to shoot. You don't worry about me, Mrs. Marlowe.'"

Sophie smiled quizzically at me.

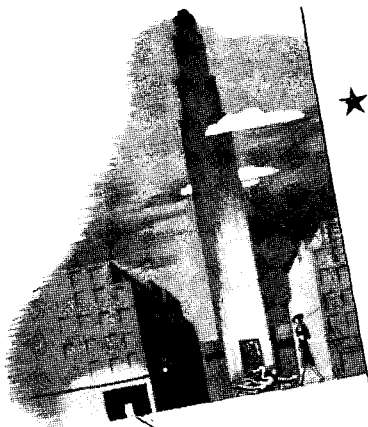
"I think I am smart when I say this, but I am just a fool. I put my foot in it, like my Frankie used to say. Because Mr. Marlowe he look at me and he look at his wife and then he say to her, and his voice is very kind, 'Tell me, Daisy, do you want to stay here because you would feel safer than in New York? Is that it?'"

Sophie paused dramatically for a comment from me.

"Well, I suppose it is safer here," I obliged.

Sophie chuckled.

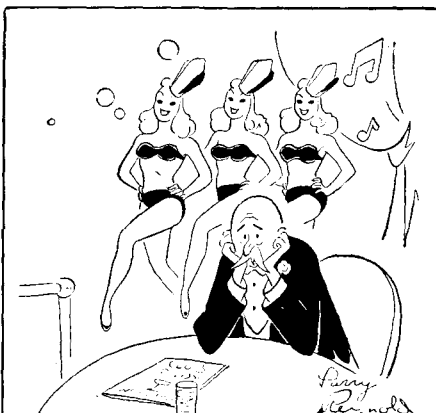
"That is what you think. That is what I think. But that is not what Mrs. Marlowe think. She get mad like anything. She tell Mr. Marlowe he should



★ How long since you've had a new powder shade? A new lipstick color? Are you sure one of the newer shades wouldn't be more becoming? These questions you can answer without charge in the new Coty Salon. Consider us a glorified "sampler shop." Come for a perfect orgy of trying on. Here is all the immense range of Coty shades. All Coty perfumes—from the very newest back to M. Coty's first world success... La Rose Jacqueminat. The main purpose of this new kind of salon is not to sell, but to give you an all-over view of Coty charm and beauty aids.

come...
"try
on"
beauty

COTY FIFTH AVENUE
Smartest Shop on the Avenue
FIFTH AVE. AT 49TH ST.
ROCKEFELLER CENTER



"Shucks!.... No SARATOGA VICHY!"

Here is **CLUB SODA** in its finest form! ---- **CLUB SODA** that is **SPARKLING SPRING WATER!**

Livelier! -- Tastier! -- and "It's **ALKALINE!**"

"Need we say more?"

"Since 1876"

BOTTLED ONLY AT THE SPRING SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.

SARATOGA VICHY SPRING COMPANY
601 West 26th Street
Lackawanna 4-1889




Heldgaard

At Dinner and Supper
BOB GRANT
and his Orchestra

In the Newly Decorated
INFORMAL
Persian Room at the Plaza

COCKTAIL DANCING
Saturday and Sunday
Persian Room Special Luncheon \$1.50
Afternoon Tea in the Palm Court

THE PLAZA
FIFTH AVE. AT 59TH STREET

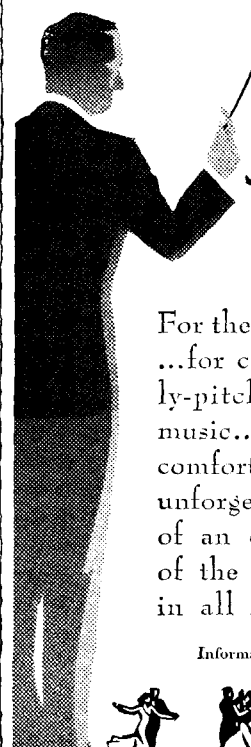
be ashamed to call her a coward. She tell him she want to stay here because it is so dangerous. When the Germans come and the Japs come, she say, the bombs they fall here first. You know, she almost frighten me, she talk so sure. But she don't frighten Mr. Marlowe. He say, 'Listen, baby, where do you get your dope?' He kinda laugh and that make her awful mad. 'Hank Marlowe,' she scream at him, 'don't you laugh at me! Look at your map. Look how near we are to Bridgeport. Less than twenty miles. Don't you know that Bridgeport is the arsenal of America?' I never hear that word 'arsenal' before, but Annie interpolated, "It mean a place where they make everything to shoot the Germans and Japs. Anyway," she went on, "Mrs. Marlowe get more and more mad and tell him all about the factories that make airplanes and guns and bombs. 'And I tell you where I get my dope,' she tell him. 'I get it from Mrs. Edgar Haley, commander of our Motor Corps. Do you know what Mrs. Haley say?' she ask. 'She say that when the enemies come they don't go to New York, where there is only movies and night clubs. They come here. All the towns around here will be full of dead and dying people.' 'Well, well,' Mr. Marlowe he say with a funny smile, 'so you going to stay here to be one of the dead and dying.' 'Don't be a fool,' she answered back. 'I want to be here to help them. Why you think I go to the Red Cross and take lessons? Why you think I join the Motor Corps?' 'God knows,' Mr. Marlowe say. Mrs. Marlowe, she don't give up," Sophie went on. "Who gonna take care of all the people if something happen here?" she ask him. 'Who gonna runs the ambulances?' 'Maybe the people what just live here,' he tell her, 'even if they don't have nice blue uniforms. Listen, sweetheart,' he say, 'we go back to New York, where the landlord he have to worry about keeping us warm and where the Japs and the Germans don't fill the streets with the dead and dying, like you say. Is too bad to leave all this danger to Sophie, but I think she can take it.' He wink at me and he say, 'What about it, Sophie?'

"Is all right," I say. 'I been in one war in the old country where is dead and dying people. Wars is nothing new to me.'

"By golly," he say, 'I forgot that. Sure you been in a war. Tell me, Sophie, what uniform you wear in that war?'

"You making fun," I say to him. 'You know I don't wear no uniform. I

LUNCHEON • DINNER • SUPPER



The Iridium Room

For the St. Regis menu ...for continuous, softly-pitched, danceable music...for uncrowded comfort... and for the unforgettable pleasure of an evening in one of the loveliest rooms in all Manhattan.

Informal — No Cover Charge



THE St Regis
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET



SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER,
"As a figurehead you're a nautical nifty. Too bad you can't tie into a noggin of neatens from the bark *Wanderer*."

Whaler Bar
MIDSTON HOUSE
MADISON AVE., AT 38th ST.

Lovely!

LAVISH DAZZLING REVUE

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS

DELICIOUS FOOD AT MODERATE PRICES

LATIN QUARTER

B'WAY AT 48TH ST.
Res: Circle 6-1737



don't fight. I just wear a pair of old pants.'

"I am not joking, but Mr. Marlowe he laugh like anything. 'That's swell,' he say when he finish. 'You know what, Daisy?' he say to his wife. 'I think we buy Sophie a pair of new pants for this war. I like to do that. Is a bargain. No?'" And then he laugh some more and go out of the kitchen. Is no more argument, but Mrs. Marlowe, she sit at the table and she cry. I don't feel good when I see someone cry, so I say something.

"I think maybe Mrs. Haley she don't know everything,' I say. 'I think you get plenty chances to help people in New York if the Germans come. You better take the uniform with you.'

"But Mrs. Marlowe shake her head at me. 'No. I leave it here till I come back in the spring,' she say. 'Put it in mothballs, Sophie. They don't need me in New York. They got plenty young women.'"

—ROSE FELD

PROPRIETARY NOTICE

No one in Ulster has a better barrel!

Charred, calked with cattail leaf

(shrewd leak-detector),

It hums a slow-fermenting cider carol,
Yeasty till Christmas; thereafter, apple
nectar.

I picked the apples with my own two
hands

From orchard windrows; crushed them
in my press—

Winesap and Wealthy streaked with
ruddy bands—

All captive now in cellar-cool duress.

Justly hard-won—as snow belongs to
hills—

This paunchy oaken cask belongs to
me.

I hold it from Pomona, she who fills
An eight-hooped barrel with a juicy
tree;

And only those who love her windfall
garden

May tap my barrel when its sweet veins
harden.

—HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

In the event that a tenant is not at home and lights are left burning in his dwelling unit, the warden will immediately notify his lieutenant who in turn will notify the captain who will arrange for a member of the management personnel to enter the unit together and see that the lights are turned off.—From a Detroit air-raid wardens' manual.

Why not just wait for a fuse to blow out?



"STILL SMOKING THOSE
OLD-FASHIONED CIGARETTES,
STEVE?"

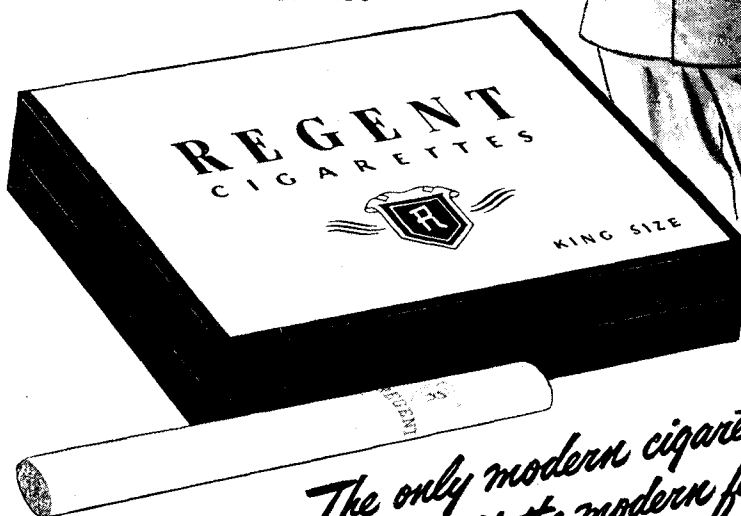
Go modern—
Smoke REGENT!

STEP a little closer, Steve...and I'll let you in on something. The cigarette for *moderns* like us is Regent... a King Sizer that's over 20% longer ...pays off with *more value!*

More pleasure, too! Because Regent is made with choice Domestic and Turkish tobaccos, *specially selected* for finer flavor ...then Multiple Blended, the exclusive Regent way, for *extra mildness!*

And look at Regent's oval shape...*plenty modern!* Not to mention Regent's slick crush-proof box, which keeps the cigarettes firm and fresh...*never* lets 'em crumple like paper packs do. So go modern, Steve...get Regent ...and you'll get *more smoking pleasure!*"

COSTS NO MORE THAN
OTHER LEADING BRANDS



The only modern cigarette
with ALL the modern features!



THAT WAS NEW YORK

THE FIRST EMBALMER

ONE of the most difficult students the faculty of New York University's school of medicine has ever tried to put up with was a young man named Thomas H. Holmes, who, about a hundred years ago, enjoyed a brief, brilliant, and macabre stay there shortly after the opening of the school on Broadway, near Third Street. Holmes was considered the most promising member of his class by several of his professors, including Dr. Valentine Mott, a famous physician of the day, but he had a casual way with cadavers which was upsetting to the routine of the school. He was given to dropping into the dissection room and toting away a corpse to some convenient place of study, much as though it were a book from the library, and occasionally, instead of returning it when he was through, he would absent-mindedly wander off and leave it. To the authorities, coming upon cadavers in unexpected places around the premises, Holmes's conduct meant only one thing—an adolescent attempt at humor—and he was given several warnings that pranks with corpses were old-hat in all medical schools and not to be tolerated in this one. The warnings had no effect on Holmes, and finally, when a professor reported that he had found a corpse lying across his desk, Holmes was told he'd have to leave.

The authorities, it turned out, were all wrong in assuming that Holmes's predilection for cadavers was something either age or discipline would correct. Perversely, as time went on, his interest in corpses increased and his habit of leaving them around in odd spots grew on him. In fact, he made a lifetime hobby of the dead, a hobby which eventually had its profitable aspects and gave Holmes the distinction of being the first successful embalmer in New York, if not in the whole country.

HOLMES was born on Manhattan, at 42 Forsyth Street, on April 10, 1817. His father was a merchant whose resources, though small, were sufficient to send his son to medical school. Presumably the elder Holmes was disgusted by the fiasco his son made there, but if he thought he had a prospective ne'er-do-well on his hands, he was mistaken, for the young man, although he had no medical credentials, soon found con-

genial work by wangling a job as examining physician in the city coroner's office. At this point, he began to show signs of a weakness for carrying on professional experiments at home—a weakness he never overcame—and his family asked him to take lodgings by himself. Holmes moved into a boarding house.

Most young men aspiring to be physicians would probably, upon being expelled from medical school, be obliged to look around for some other line of work, but Holmes doesn't seem to have found his predicament any handicap at all. He not only talked himself into his job as examining physician but, as soon as he felt secure in it, began to practice medicine on the side and to call himself Doctor, a title to which he clung for the rest of his life. The law wasn't as strict about such things then as it is now, but even so, several members of the medical profession—conceivably classmates of Holmes who had stuck it out and got their degrees—publicly protested that he had no right to be in the coroner's office. It got them nowhere.

Meanwhile, Holmes, in his spare time, began making a study of embalming. His job in the coroner's office assured him a more than adequate supply of cadavers, for New York was in the midst of one of its periodic crime waves, and plenty of unidentified low-lives were being murdered. He read a great deal, working backward from books about contemporary developments in chemistry and pharmacology to treatises on ancient embalming lore. He rarely left his office without a number of thick, well-worn volumes under his arm, and whenever he met a friend on the street he was as likely as not to start describing the funeral customs of the Indonesians or explaining how the body of Alexander the Great had been embalmed with wax and honey. He was

a lean, square-shouldered man with shrewd eyes, a brisk Prussian mustache, and wiry, short-cropped black hair, and he had a way of making people listen to him even when they didn't know what he was talking about.

When Holmes was around thirty, he married, gave up his job in the coroner's office, and went to live in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, where he bought a two-story frame house at the intersection of

Marcy Avenue and Broadway and settled down to develop a neighborhood practice as a family doctor. He became increasingly absorbed in the question of how to preserve bodies; there ought to be some means of "petrifying" them, he said. Undertakers were no help to him, for in those days they merely packed ice around the dead and set as early a burial date as they reasonably could. Holmes bought the house adjoining his and set up a laboratory in its cellar, where he spent much of his time puttering around with chemicals in the hope of hitting upon an effective embalming fluid. Upstairs, on the first floor, he opened a drugstore, which he ran in a haphazard way, sometimes with the help of a clerk and sometimes alone.

After five or six years of experimenting in his cellar, Holmes, with questionable tact, began telling his patients that he was prepared to serve them not only as a physician but as an embalmer. He claimed, according to contemporary records, to have compounded a fluid which would preserve bodies "forever, or at least as long as stone." No one knows precisely what this fluid consisted of, for Holmes always made a great mystery of his formulae and changed them frequently, but it is believed in mortuary circles to have had zinc chloride and arsenic as its base. Whatever its ingredients and regardless of how far short its powers came of being everlasting, it was decidedly superior to ice, and it was revolutionary.

The Civil War was a wonderful experience for Holmes. He was among the first to enlist and became a captain in the Medical Corps, a position which made it possible for him to develop a sideline so profitable that he was able to spend the latter years of his life doing pretty much what he wanted. While in the Army he spent his spare time—and he seems to have had a good deal of it—



"My beer is RHEINGOLD —the DRY beer!"

says ALICE-LEONE MOATS



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL HESSE



1. "Flying Pan American Clipper over Africa," said Alice-Leone Moats, writer, "is exciting but *tiring*. And it's *HOT* there, too! So, imagine my delight on discovering *Rheingold* —the *DRY* beer—at a jungle airport!

2. Arriving home, Miss Moats said: "Men and supplies just stream over this new life line. *Everything* is of the best including *Rheingold* beer. Incidentally, where can I get a glass of *Rheingold*—the *DRY* beer?"

Rheingold

EXTRA DRY

Lager Beer

BREWED BY *Liebmenn Breweries,*
BREWERS FOR OVER 100 YEARS EST. 1837—IN NEW YORK 1855



Why DRY Beer?

Because it is a *distinctive* beer that is *not sweet!* (Not bitter, either.) Its flavor is *tangy... clean... light!* This Rheingold Extra Dry is sparkling... refreshing! It gives you a satisfied feeling you don't get with other beer. Try it—compare it with your favorite beer. We know you'll prefer Rheingold. On tap and in bottles all over town. Try some—today! Liebmenn Breweries, New York, N. Y.

Buy Rheingold in Quarts and Save!

★ Tune in WJZ Saturday afternoons for the Fordham football broadcasts brought to you by Rheingold.

Copr. 1942 Liebmenn Breweries, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Buy War Bonds! Keep Buying to Keep 'em Flying!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

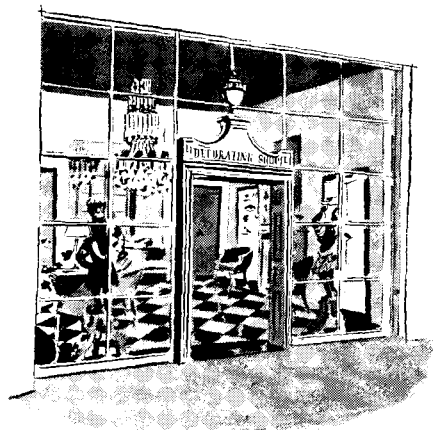
B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



**REFRESHENING
COURSE**

maybe your room needs a fresh color, a new chair, a new rug, a new viewpoint. Let our Altman decorators advise you on just how to give it that pick-up. Come and consult.

THE ALTMAN
DECORATING SHOP
SEVENTH FLOOR



**SERVICE MEN
ON FURLOUGH**

in New York City and vicinity
may obtain admissions to many

**Broadway Stage Plays
and
First Run Motion Pictures**
through

**NEW YORK DEFENSE
RECREATION COMMITTEE**
99 Park Avenue, New York City

embalming the bodies of men who had been killed in battle and sending them home to their families. A bill, usually for \$100, followed in ten days. Holmes presumably had no way of enforcing payment, but his habit of embalming officers in preference to enlisted men, in a day when the Army wasn't as democratic as it is now, probably accounts for the fact that a high proportion of the dead warriors he treated came from families which could and did meet his price. Among the then famous casualties of the war whose bodies he embalmed and sent North were Colonel Hays, Major Generals Buford and Sedgwick, and Brigadier Generals Farnsworth, Rice, and Stevenson. All in all, according to Holmes's figures, he embalmed 4,028 soldiers during the war, and when Lee surrendered, Holmes returned home a wealthy man.

BACK in Brooklyn, Holmes put much of the money he had made into real estate near his home and resumed working in his laboratory. As the years passed, his drugstore became a dusty hodgepodge of bottles, papers, books, and boxes, and his interest in it steadily diminished, but he was as busy as ever in his laboratory, for, despite the success of his methods during the war, he was still dissatisfied with his formula. For one thing, the fluid he employed contracted the features of his subjects and otherwise gave them a far from natural look; for another, he had a suspicion that his mummies wouldn't last as long as he had hoped they would.

Until about 1880, when a man named August Renouard arrived in New York, Holmes thought of himself as the only proficient embalmer in the country. By this time several other men, here and there, had become interested in the science and some of them were making money teaching it to undertakers, but Holmes, now in his sixties, considered them all bunglers. Renouard was an Alsatian who had served as a major in the Confederate Army and then taken up embalming in Denver. He came to New York to found an institution, which he called the United States College of Embalming and which remains in existence to this day as the Renouard Training School for Embalmers, on Fourth Avenue between Twenty-second and Twenty-third Streets. Holmes took this invasion of what he considered his territory as an insult. He began writing letters to the papers and making speeches calling Renouard a fraud and predicting his early failure, and on several occasions threat-

*The Choice of
Connoisseurs
for 77 years*

**GOLD
SEAL**

NEW YORK STATE

Champagne



Bouquet and flavor to win the most discriminating taste accent the ever-growing popularity of Gold Seal Champagne.

Delicate, dry, refreshingly clean-tasting, Gold Seal Champagne, is made in the famous "Champagne District of America" by the true French method of natural fermentation in the bottle. Serve it at your holiday parties—ask for it at your favorite restaurant.

Send for booklet,
"Wine Wisdom"

URBANA WINE CO., INC.
Urbana, Hammondsport, N. Y.



At progressive stores—the new Crown Tested rayon and cotton diaper. Petal soft luxury.

Royal Red Star Diapers

**YOU can speak
SPANISH!**

Any language is easy to master at Berlitz. You speak your new tongue from your very first Berlitz lesson. Private or class instruction. Choice of hours: 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

For 64 years Berlitz has never failed!

Berlitz

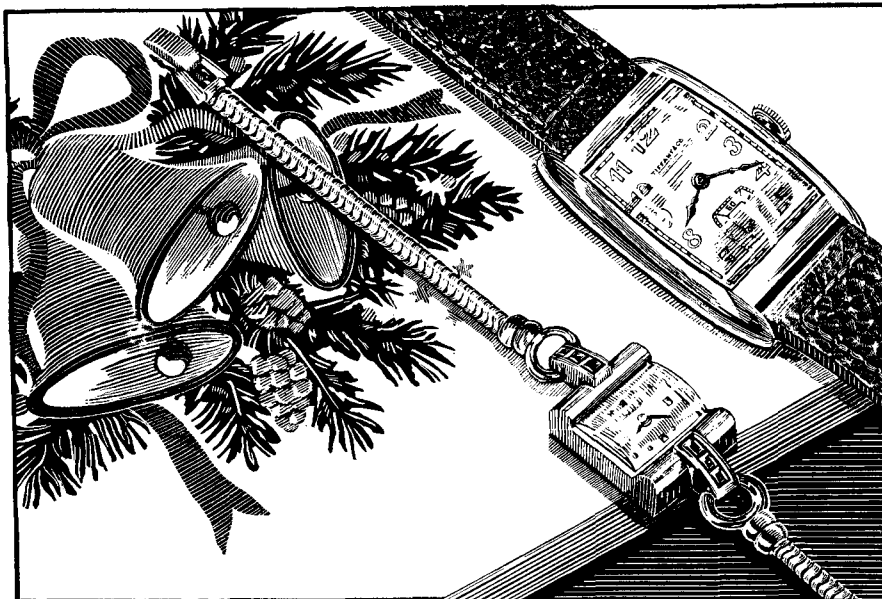
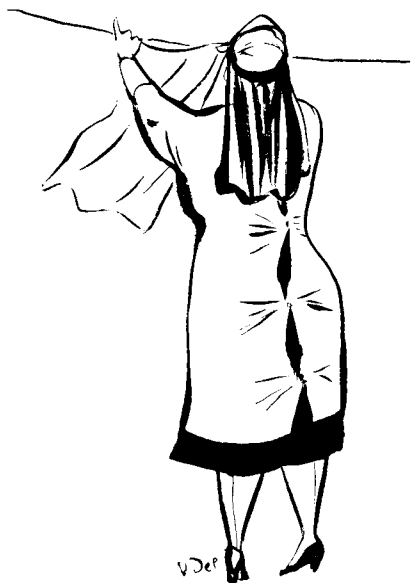
**SCHOOL OF
LANGUAGES**
630 Fifth Ave. (at 50th St.)
Circle 6-1416
Brooklyn: 66 Court St. (Boro Hall)

ened to sue the newcomer on sinister, although vague, charges.

Holmes became particularly touchy on the question of whether he had been the first man in the United States to embalm a body—a question raised by Renouard and others, who badgered him by hinting that someone out West had beaten him to it. "I claim to be the original embalmer in this country," Holmes once wrote in *The Sunnyside*, an undertakers' trade journal now less euphemistically called *Casket & Sunnyside*. The editors apparently agreed with him, for when he died a few years later the magazine referred to him as "the originator of modern embalming and the first to compound and use an embalming fluid." The present general manager of *Casket & Sunnyside* says admiringly of Holmes that he is generally considered to have been "the first American to get away from ice."

As time went on, Holmes, old but by no means doddering, took to stomping around Brooklyn, where he had a large acquaintance, telling people that various competitors were trying to steal his embalming-fluid formula. He also revealed a ghoulish streak, which his neighbors must have found unnerving. He would break off in the middle of a discourse on embalming to whisper hints that he had bodies hidden away in secret places or that he hoped before he died to find out how a still-warm body would react to his fluid, which, he remarked on one occasion, would "flow through the arteries like quicksilver, turning the flesh forever to stone."

While berating his competitors, Holmes made expensive additions to his library of books about embalming and let his medical practice, such as it was, go altogether to pot. The value of the properties he had bought with his war



CHRISTMAS CARDS OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN \$15 to \$45 A HUNDRED.

DEPENDABLE WATCHES IN A WIDE RANGE OF PRICE.

MAN'S GOLD WRIST WATCH \$91. GOLD AND EMERALD WATCH BRACELET \$185.

TIFFANY & Co.

FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET NEW YORK

HAYNES • GRIFFIN presents

THE ULTIMATE ACHIEVEMENT IN MUSICAL REPRODUCTION

The NEW

GENERAL  ELECTRIC *Musaphonic* with FM

General Electric Engineers have built new different and advanced features in the Musaphonic Instrument. They provide a new type musical reproduction; an absolute tonal fidelity in both phonograph and radio. Here is the newest model in a beautifully designed Regency cabinet. It has vast power as well as the new DeLuxe automatic record changer.

\$350 with FM
including Federal Tax

Haynes • Griffin
Roosevelt Hotel
373 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK
at 46th Street

"Quality Tells"

V A T 69

In Age and Taste -
SCOTCH WHISKY
at its Best!

earnings declined, because he either didn't have, or wouldn't spend, the money to keep them up, and his drugstore became more disordered than ever. During the last years of his life he advertised nothing in his show window but his embalming fluid, which he called *Innominata* and valued at \$3 a gallon, and a root beer which he made in the cellar when he wanted to take his mind off preserving the dead.

This advertising display was something to make passers-by stop, if not enter his store. One sign, pasted on the windowpane, announced, "Great Root Beer: The only place in the world where it can be obtained." Another, even more lyrical, read, "Revolution in Embalming: Invalids travelling by land or sea can now carry with them all that is necessary to insure the return of their bodies in a perfect state of preservation." Below this was a creepy exhibit consisting of a marble slab on which rested a human arm that, as Holmes liked to explain to his infrequent customers, had been preserved by the injection of *Innominata*. How he had come by the arm he wouldn't say, although on one occasion he did go so far as to remark that it "belonged once to a young lady of my acquaintance, now unfortunately deceased." Holmes also kept the embalmed head of a man in a glass case near his prescription counter.

ONE spring day in 1896, when Holmes was seventy-nine, he set about repairing a rickety grape arbor in his back yard. The framework suddenly gave way while he was climbing about in it and he fell twelve feet, landing on his head. No bones were broken and it was thought at first that he had escaped with nothing worse than bruises, but during the next few months, whether or not because of this fall no one was sure, he became increasingly sullen. Once he threatened to kill his wife and was taken to Flatbush Hospital for observation. The authorities there said he seemed to be only temporarily deranged and discharged him without much delay.

The *Tribune* of May 15, 1896, reporting on Holmes's stay at the hospital, printed an etching of him and a long account of his career, in which it referred to him as "Dr. Thomas H. Holmes, who for half a century has conducted a drugstore and embalming establishment at Marcy Avenue and Broadway, Brooklyn, and who is known to almost every man, woman, and child in the eastern district." This article delighted Holmes. He clipped it out and carried it around with him, begging his

neighbors to read it. "You see?" he would say. "The newspapers know I'm the original embalmer. That Renouard! He says a student of his embalmed the body of a king in Europe. Well, if the world only knew what I've embalmed!"

Holmes lived on for four years after his accident. He went about his experiments calmly enough, and took such pride in his handiwork that he kept pieces of it in various places around the house to impress visitors. The hall closet, for example, was occupied by the embalmed body of a man who, Holmes said, had willed him his remains just before his death in a Manhattan hospital. On the living-room table stood the head and shoulders of a fourteen-year-old girl, a choice specimen which Holmes claimed to have kept in a state of perfect preservation for more than forty years. He used a small embalmed monkey for a paperweight on his desk.

Holmes had become acquainted with some of the staff of Flatbush Hospital during his stay there and thought he might arrange to carry on some experiments in the laboratories of that institution, but he never got around to it. He also made vague plans to go South and try out a promising new embalming formula—something involving the use of watered formic-aldehyde gas—on soldiers killed in the Spanish-American War, but that too fell through. Early in 1900 he became ill, and died a few days later at the age of eighty-three. Evidently he remained convinced to the end that no one but himself could do a creditable job of embalming, for one of his last requests was that he be buried unembalmed.

THE obituaries, Holmes might have thought, were skimpy, but there was a journalistic epilogue to his career which he would probably have enjoyed. The drugstore was sold shortly after his death, and the new owner engaged a crew of workmen to clean out the mess that Holmes had left in the cellar and to level off a number of humps in its earth floor. The men had been spading only a short while when they came upon a body and turned the rest of the job over to the police, who found an embalmed



DOROTHY GRAY

Dry-Skin Cleanser

FOR THOROUGH CLEANSING—A luscious daily habit for dry, weathered skin! It *cleanses*. It *softens*. Dorothy Gray Dry Skin Cleanser thoroughly removes drying dust, stale make-up, clogging grime. It leaves your skin feeling smoother, looking clean-bright! \$1. In larger, longer-lasting sizes, \$2, \$4. Plus tax.



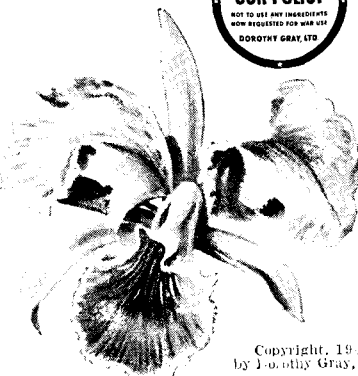
Special Dry-Skin Mixture

FOR GENTLE SOFTENING—Dorothy Gray Special Dry-Skin Mixture... for gentle overnight softening. Its rich lubricants help smooth flaky-dry skin... combat tiny lines due to excessive dryness. \$2.25. Large jar, \$5, saves money, conserves packaging. Plus tax.

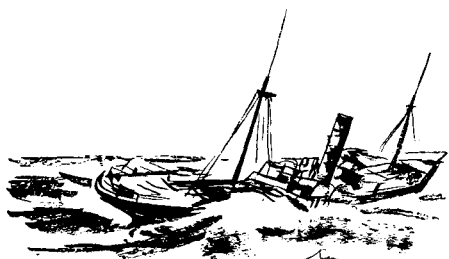
These and many other exquisite Dorothy Gray preparations at smart department and drug stores. Dorothy Gray, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Dorothy Gray
AMERICAN
DESIGN
OF BEAUTY



Copyright, 1942
by Dorothy Gray, Ltd.



When these are gone...?

Fortunately, every available yard of Montagnac* cloth was safely on its way to Rogers Peet, U. S. A. before the invaders captured Sedan, France.

Beautifully tailored into men's overcoats by our own skilled needleworkers, there is nothing *richer* or *warmer* than a Montagnac for both day or evening wear.

When these are gone...?

Single-breasted, \$125.
Double-breasted, \$135.

*Rogers Peet
Company*



In New York:
Fifth Avenue
at 41st Street

13th Street
at Broadway

Warren Street
at Broadway

Liberty Street
at Broadway

*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. 265,503

corpse under each hump. One was that of a twelve-year-old girl, another that of an eighteen-month-old boy, and there were also the bodies of several infants. For a few days Holmes was thought of by the public not only as the world's greatest embalmer but as one of its most active murderers; then the investigating authorities submitted a report that allayed the excitement. The body of the twelve-year-old girl, according to the report, had been identified as that of Doris Cassidy, a ward in a city orphanage who had died of diphtheria ten years previously; Holmes's signature, showing that he had been given the body with the understanding that he would use it for experimental purposes, was on file. He had signed, too, for the body of the eighteen-month-old boy, who, the records showed, had been killed in a street accident, taken to the morgue, and never identified. There were other similar explanations, and while the police were not certain how Holmes had come by every one of the bodies, they felt that all were "probably well accounted for." Finally the police announced that these excellent examples of Holmes's craftsmanship would be buried in potter's field, unless some museum or hospital or medical school wanted them. So far as is known, none did.

—TRENTWELL MASON WHITE
and IVAN SANDROF

She was silent a long time. He could smell the perfume wafted upward from between her proud breasts, placed so cleverly on the lobes of her ears.—*Spicy Western Stories*.

Novel, but we wouldn't like it as a steady thing.

One of the enemy's objectives in war will be to capture prisoners. From these prisoners he hopes to obtain valuable information of our plans. The best way to prevent the enemy from securing this information is not to get captured.—*Supplement to the U. S. Army Basic Field Manual*.

Yes, sir.

O PIONEERS DEPARTMENT

[From Oil Power]

The idea of a Yule log being delivered in a carton by a brisk, up-to-date department store delivery man seemed to the firewood people to be something of an anachronism. Last year, many buyers obtained their Yule logs directly from the yard. The driver who delivered them wore a lumber jacket and, before he brought in the Yule logs, sprinkled artificial snow on his shoulders.

Grand Marnier
LIQUEUR

RESERVED
*for the times
when only the
best will do...*

MARNIER-LAPOSTOLLE, INC.
MORRISVILLE, PA.



"END OF STORM," printed by Rudolf Wetterau

Things you can count on . . . Through storms and troubles, in good times and bad, Kaywoodie Pipes have been the friends and constant companions of many thousands of Americans. You have taken Kaywoodie with you through several wars, and several generations. We believe it will be a satisfaction, then, to know you can continue to depend on Kaywoodie's good smoking qualities. Kaywoodie Briar remains the same. There is, after all, nothing that equals this rare smoking wood. There has been no change in our hand-worked fashioning of it. No change in the finish of it. No change in the long, slow process of seasoning, mellowing and drying it, which takes years, and requires enormous stocks of this rare briar. No speed-up of making these pipes, to satisfy the ever-increasing demand in a time of scarcity.

You can depend on the Kaywoodie Flavor. You'll find that the Kaywoodie you buy today smokes as leisurely and pleasantly as ever—and as the fragrant blue pipe-smoke curls 'round the room, you'll discover it tastes just as good as the Kaywoodie you bought in 1939 or 1929, or anytime since this company was founded in 1851.

Always a personal companion of the most trusted sort, always a source of inspiration and confidence, a Kaywoodie Briar is good for the duration. It is fitting that the pipe, symbol of peace, should meet and survive war with all its goodness intact, and unimpaired until peace comes again. You can count on your Kaywoodie.

This Snug "Twin-Bowl" Kaywoodie Pipe, is a "Good Traveler"—Imported Meerschaum Bowl, Rare Old Flame Grain Briar, \$25.

© 1942. Kaywoodie Co., New York and London. In New York, 630 Fifth Ave.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...dish it out!



In the skies...and from the skies... your warplanes dish it out, America! Your fighters...and your bombers...now sweep the skies they choose. They're blasting on the offensive...not taking it according to Axis schedule.

But at home, America...you've got to dish it out, too. In this fight, the pay-off is for dishing it out on *all* fronts of total war...everywhere.

America's planes have *quality*... and your flying forces are getting them in *quantity*. Backed up by a united, fighting America, they're a combination that can make inevitable the air mastery of the United Nations.

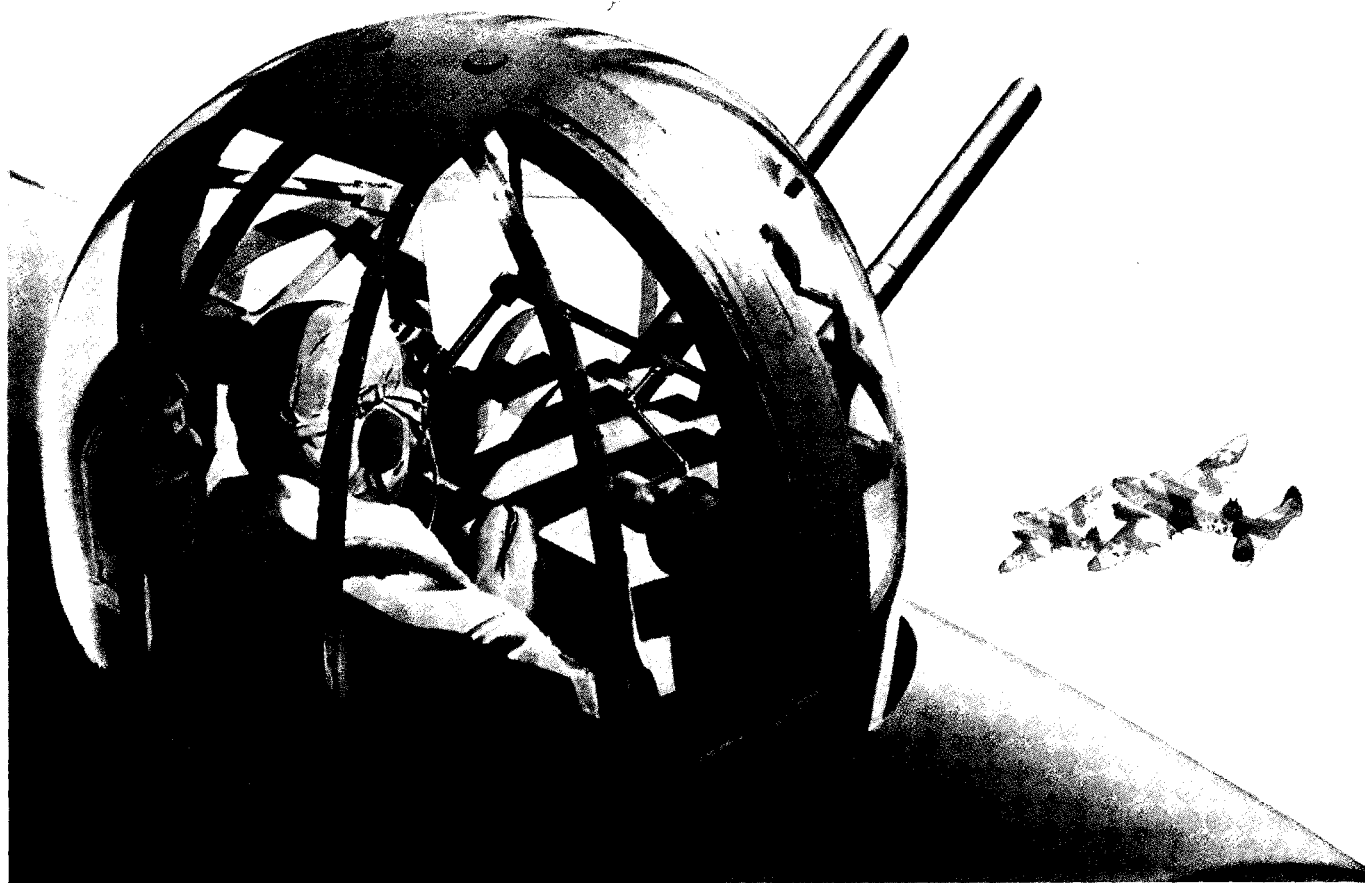
For this mastery, Lockheed builds the P-38 Lightning, the world's fastest two-engine fighter...*officially*...and the Lockheed Hudson bomber. Lockheed Aircraft Corporation...Vega Aircraft Corporation...Burbank, California.

**for protection today, and
progress tomorrow, look to**

Lockheed

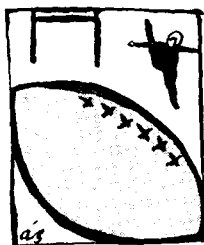
FOR LEADERSHIP

Member Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.



NOTES ON SPORTS

800-Mile Front



BOTH of Georgia's unbeaten football teams, the University and Tech, stayed that way last Saturday by staging gaudy comebacks from behind.

Georgia Tech was losing to Duke, 7-0, in the second period and then suddenly put over three touchdowns before the half ended. Georgia didn't pull itself together until the last period, by which time it was trailing Alabama, 10-0, but when it got going it picked up three touchdowns too, that apparently being the number which languorous Atlantans consider the minimum worth-while return for a scoring effort. Georgia Tech ran up its points on mixed running and pass plays, and possibly by not allowing its plans to go wandering around loose on thought waves, since Duke University is a hot-bed of extra-sensory perception. Georgia did most of its ground-gaining, as expected, on the passing of Frank Sinkwich, the marksman who was a terror last year while playing with his neck in a sling and who this year, unslung, is of course more menacing still. The pass combination of Sinkwich to Racehorse Davis was, as also expected, particularly effective. Davis is the foundation of the Georgia Chamber of Commerce's claim that a state doesn't need blue grass to raise stake runners.

Farther north a number of peculiar things happened. In Cleveland it rained, and Notre Dame beat Navy by only 9-0. The features of the game were Navy's fumbles and a five-yard punt by Bertelli of Notre Dame. At Boston Harvard beat Princeton, 19-14, by means of a last-minute forward pass from Comeford to Lyle, both of whom were said by some Princeton men to be so weighted with rabbits' feet that it was a wonder they could stand upright. At New Haven Yale licked Brown, 27-0, showing (a) that Brown is not the ball of fire that it seemed to be earlier in the year and (b) that Yale has learned how to get from the five- or ten-yard line into the end zone, a trick that has eluded it consistently since 1937.

STILL farther north, in Toronto, the hockey season was opened by the New York Rangers and the Toron-

It goes to your heart!

Intoxication

a string new perfume by

D'ORSAY

\$18.50 and \$10



CREATORS OF PERFUMES THAT WHISPER "SOMEONE LOVELY HAS JUST PASSED BY"



Create her yourself:
the you you'd like to be
Reflexions
Ciro's perfume of
many memorable moods.
\$5 · \$12 · \$18 · \$35



to Maple Leafs. Toronto was a good place for the season to open, because hockey continues to survive mainly on account of Canada's services as a source not only of players but of citizens who would rather take the game than leave it alone. Our own country, according to observers with their fingers on the national sporting pulse, might never be conscious of the loss if the National Hockey League went the wartime way of polo or the America's Cup yacht race. It was probably cheering to the Rangers, who have lost sixteen men to the armed forces, to start their season among folk who would look on this blow sympathetically instead of with the gay unconcern it might evoke from fellow-countrymen. There are said to be hundreds of people in Jacksonville, Florida, who don't even tune in hockey games on their radios. It may not have been so cheering to the Rangers, however, to have the Maple Leafs, though sympathetic, beat them, 7-2.

TAMI MAURIELLO, the young and earnest fighter who outpointed Lee Savold at the Garden last Friday night, is being acclaimed, with a minimum of fanfare, as the best heavyweight left in mufti. To clinch this honor, he has only to lick one Jimmy Bivins, to whom he has already lost but against whom he should be an even bet the next time, on the ground that he is improving as he matures. A certain amount of money ought to be kept back from this wager, though, to put down on Willie Pep, the small windmill from Hartford, should he turn out to be a short-ender against Chalky Wright in their featherweight bout scheduled for November 20th. The price has got to be right, you understand.
—D. L.

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT
[Harold Baldwin in the Regina (Sask.)
Leader-Post]

SWIFT CURRENT

"The high veldt ox will die in the fat bush country." So runs the Zulus' picturesque definition of nostalgia. The Bantu poet made full use of his beautiful imagery and sonorous tongue to describe his heart-ache. Apropos of his adage, but conversely to his geography, when one's kids whoop, as never did the Swift Current Indians in their hour of triumph, one feels that the low, lean bush country would be well worth the sacrifice of the high prairie. I wish I had the poetry of the Zulu to express it. Since I have no such savage beauty of soul, I must describe this temporary nostalgia for the song in the tresses of a spruce, where the Aeolian harps are hidden to be found by the cunning breeze, in grimmest English prose.



She will if you give it:
He will if you wear it:
Surrender
the perfume that spread
Ciro's fame...and many
a woman's!
\$5 · \$10 · \$17.50 · \$32



MUSICAL EVENTS

Happy Returns



YOU may know somebody who thinks that the original 1874 libretto of "Die Fledermaus" is hot stuff, not to be monkeyed with by adapters, but even this improbable acquaintance wouldn't

be greatly scandalized by the Max Reinhardt version produced at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre by the New Opera Company, which has renamed the operetta "Rosalinda." Some story details have been changed, a few numbers have been trimmed away and a few others added, and the stage action generally has been speeded up. Still, it won't be until somebody starts bouncing the book and the stage treatment of "Die Fledermaus" much more violently that the show will get far from traditional operetta.

If you enjoy traditional operetta, you'll find many attractive items in "Rosalinda." The conductor, no less an eminence than Erich Wolfgang Korngold, gives a charming exposition of the great music and helps out now and then at the piano with thoroughly engaging results. The settings by Oliver Smith, the costumes by Ladislav Czettel, the choreography by George Balanchine, the ensemble singing, and the general spirit of the offering are swell. The individual performances vary, because some of the acting is tough going for singers and some of the singing is mean stuff for anybody. (The immortal Johann, Jr., sometimes forgot that voices aren't fiddles.) Oscar Karlweis, whom I saw earlier this year in a production of "Die Fledermaus" in German, has brought his amusing sketch of a dopey prince over into this English edition. Apart from Mr. Karlweis's impersonation, there isn't much of importance dramatically. Miss Dorothy Sarnoff takes on what is now the title rôle with success, and her colleagues range from good to industrious.

According to Ada B. Teetgen's "Waltz Kings of Old Vienna," which is for all Straussians, the composer didn't like the title "Die Fledermaus." So there's an authoritative reason, perhaps, for the New Opera Company's change to "Rosalinda." Anyhow, the revisions in the book seem to have eliminated

YOU HAVE A JOB TO DO!

and a
GOOD FOUNDATION
will help you
do it well



Added responsibilities, more moving about, greater strain on you and your foundation. Now more than ever before, the selection of a foundation garment is so very important. It must fit you perfectly and with comfort; it must give you a pleasing figure line; it must give you reliable support; and it must wear well. Be sure. Insist on Formfit.

Foundations \$5 to \$16.50 • Bras \$1 to \$5

"Tailored-to-Fit"

FOUNDATIONS • GIRDLES • BRAS

by
formfit

MADE BY THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

★ BUY A GOOD CORSET . . . AND TAKE CARE OF IT

FINE GLOVES

**finger free
seamless palm*



DEFENDER

\$1.00

of fine washable South African capeskin

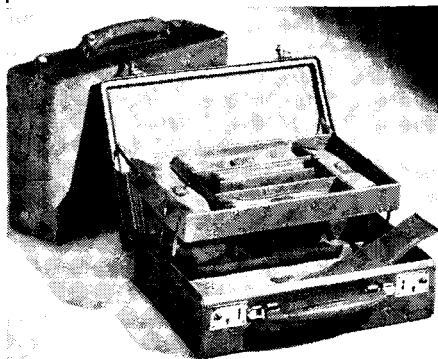
DANIEL HAYS

DANIEL HAYS
GLOVES SINCE 1854

★ U. S. PATS. 2,125,673 - 2,194,934 - 2,226,684



Itself a jewel



Our superlative jewel case of handsome polished calfskin, complete with a protective cloth cover for traveling. Velvet lined and padded... with hinged tray that rises as you lift the lid. Red, blue, brown or black, \$58.50. Others from \$6.75 to \$200.

MARK CROSS
FIFTH AVENUE AT 52ND

all references to the episode that explained the original title. If there was any talk about bats, I must have missed it.

THE return of Fritz Kreisler to Carnegie Hall was, of course, an extra-musical event as well as a concert, because Mr. Kreisler is a well-beloved personality and he was returning to us for the first time since his accident. It took but a few minutes to discover not only that he was playing as well as at his last previous concert here but that his playing seemed surer. The old magic was there, and it certainly kept everybody happy all afternoon. Along with the old magic, there was a new work by Mr. Kreisler, a "Viennese Fantasie," that proved to be an introduction and a set of waltzes. I know that this sort of thing is sentimental music and all that, but it's good listening, and the new fantasie is ingenious as well as tuneful.

THE performance of Smetana's six tone poems, "My Country," by members of the Philharmonic-Symphony, under the understanding and effective direction of Herman Adler, reminded many of us that a lot of Smetana music doesn't get played as much as it should. Smetana isn't one of the neglected composers, but there are many more of his compositions that might be added to the active repertory for the benefit of audiences—and performers.

AS you know, if you like to go to chamber-music concerts, the New Friends of Music are in their seventh season, though it doesn't seem that long since they started their Sunday late-afternoon musicales. If you are acquainted with the New Friends, you probably are something of a regular at Town Hall around 5:30 these Sundays. If you aren't, stop in at the Bach, Schumann, and Haydn series that's under way now, and you'll probably want more.

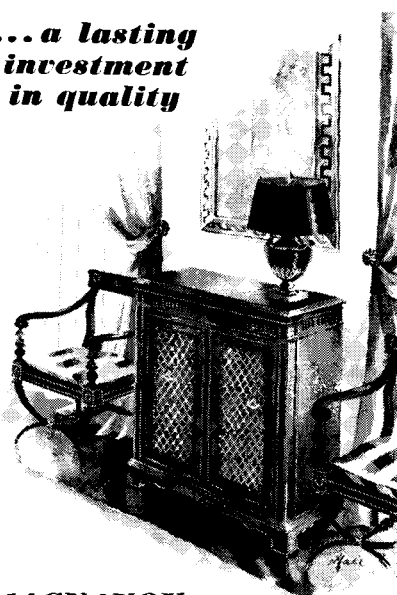
—ROBERT A. SIMON

Ensign John A. Mahrley of St. Paul, Minn. . . . and Carpenter's Mate C. A. Buchert of Glenside, Pa. . . . who were interviewed here yesterday, were both off duty, watching a motion picture when the general alarm sounded.

Strangely enough, neither of them could remember the title of the picture, but Ensign Mahrley recalled that he kept wondering what was going to happen to the doctor in the picture. He couldn't tell anything else about the plot, except that the locale of some of the action was in a drug store.—*The Times*.

We know that feeling.

**...a lasting
investment
in quality**



MAGNAVOX

There is endless pleasure and satisfaction in the glorious music played with superb, life-like tone on this fine, automatic phonograph or super power radio—regular broadcasts, or FM. And there is ageless charm in the elegance of Magnavox cabinetry. Delight your family with this instrument of enduring quality. **\$125.00**

Come in for a demonstration
Ask to see model 55DK

SCHIRMER

3 EAST 43RD ST.

MU 2-8100



5 sessions daily: 10:30 a. m., 1:00, 3:30, 6:00, 8:30 p. m.
Admission 88¢ including tax. Children under 12, weekdays, 65¢, Saturday, Sunday and Holidays, 75¢. Shoeskates (figure or hockey) to rent. Music. Instruction. No racing skates, please! Phone Circle 6-5800

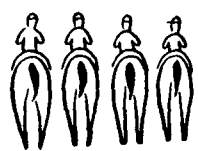
LOWER PLAZA • ROCKEFELLER CENTER



206 Madison Ave. • New York • AS 4-3118

THE RACE TRACK

Close, but No Cigar



THINGS haven't come through very well for Alsab in his effort to be the leading money winner of the year. He failed again last weekend, finishing third to Riverland and Tola Rose in the \$25,000 Westchester Handicap at Empire City. So he's still about \$11,000 behind Shut Out, who picked up \$238,000 earlier in the season, and there aren't any more \$25,000 races for him. Quite a number of racegoers insist that money isn't everything and that Alsab is a better colt than Shut Out anyhow. Well, they have a perfect right to their opinion, as people so often say, whether or not they believe a word of it.

As for the Westchester Handicap, on which the crowd bet the tidy little sum of \$306,404, one of the more popular and, I might add, more ineffectual diversions consisted, as usual, in dissecting the tactics of the losing jockeys. If Bierman, who rode Alsab, hadn't been blocked when he came up along the inside rail in the stretch, I imagine that he'd have won easily and almost everybody would still be talking about the boy's good judgment. Horseplayers are like that. If you must know, Bierman rode Alsab no better and no worse than he did when Whirlaway beat them both in the Jockey Club Gold Cup and when Dark Discovery did the same in the Gallant Fox Handicap. For Alsab you could have nothing but praise. He carried 124 pounds and gave big weight to Riverland, Tola Rose, Boysy, and Doublrah, who, by the way, looked for a while as if he would get the money. There isn't much more to tell you about Riverland than I did after he ran at Jamaica, except that he is consistent, which is quite a lot to say about any horse these days.

AN appalling amount of favorite trouble has entered the lives of my parishioners during the past week or so. Many of them have buried their past-performance charts under the autumn leaves in the paddock and taken to picking winners by divination, which includes almost everything, from gyro-mancy to numerology. I don't hold with such goings on myself. However, you may have noticed that on Thursday of last week, the afternoon all the first

SHE LOVES

chichi

the perfume that whispers "love me"

... witchery in fragrance... to quicken

the pulse and lift the heart

Renoir

PARFUMS, LTD. NEW YORK

"Skip the Jewels — Grab this Swell ST. MARYS Blanket"

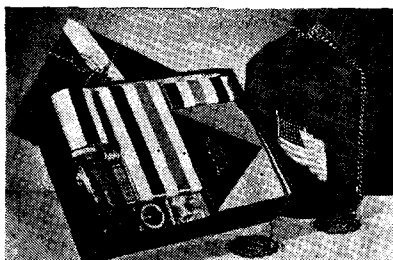


**TREASURES INDEED ARE YOUR
ST. MARYS BLANKETS. PROTECT
THEM. SEND FOR FREE BOOK!**

Today, many of the world's best wools are scarce, so thank your good fortune if you own fine, all-virgin-wool St. Marys Blankets . . . and take care of them! If you need new blankets, ask to see St. Marys—in spite of wartime restrictions, the season's finest. A wide selection of exquisite colors. Write us for free book on blanket care.

ST. MARYS WOOLEN MFG. CO., ST. MARYS, OHIO

St. Marys BLANKETS



**THANKSGIVING
FOR THE
MAN OR WOMAN
IN THE SERVICE**

Specially planned boxes of candies, biscuits, stuffed fruits, cigarettes, and practical accessories, from **\$2.50** or

Large Duffle Bag, \$5.50.

Duffle Bag Junior, filled with practical accessories, \$2.50.

Original selection of practical gifts, from **\$1.00**

Alicett Marks

6 East 52nd Street, New York • PLaza 3-7282

For a sparkling evening..



Informal—no cover charge

Maisonette

AT THE **ST. REGIS**

FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET

• CHINA • JAVA • CELEBES • ENGLAND •



**HUNDREDS OF
UNUSUAL GIFTS**
from the Whole Wide World

The NEW Catalogue of Kellogg Selections is full of original and surprising "Finds" all pictured and described for you. Inviting prices . . . more than 200 at less than \$2. Each article is attractively wrapped and comes to you postage paid with our guarantee of your complete satisfaction.

Write NOW for **ROBERT W. KELLOGG CO.**
your Free Copy 73 Hillman St., Springfield, Mass.

INDIA • PORTUGAL

SOUTH AMERICA

• SWITZERLAND • SWEDEN • CAPE COD •

choices were beaten, the names of four of the seven winners began with the letter "E." They were Eric Knight at \$7.30, Epaminondus at \$25.80, Eurasian at \$47 (by the way, the trainer of Eurasian hadn't placed a penny on him), and Eye for Eye at \$7.10.

One performance last weekend which left me gasping was that of Navigating, who won the Autumn Day Stakes, as she had been beaten so easily only four days before. However, the best filly in the Autumn Day Stakes was not Navigating but Good Morning, who lost by only half a length after being left at the post.

BY this time you are undoubtedly aware that Count Fleet beat Occupation by lengths and lengths in the Pimlico Futurity at Baltimore last Saturday, equalled the track record for a mile and a sixteenth, and became the most-talked-of three-year-old prospect. All of which didn't surprise me in the least. I'm sorry that I didn't see him do it. It was the first Pimlico Futurity I've missed since the race was inaugurated more than twenty years ago. From all accounts it was pretty exciting, too, even if there were only three starters. Putting on my long, gray beard, I can remember the time back in 1922 when there were so many entries that all of them wouldn't fit on the track at once, and the race was divided and run in two sections. Which should give you a rough idea of what horses we had in those days.

The Maryland Jockey Club wasn't so lucky with the Pimlico Special, which shrivelled up to a walkover, meaning that only one entry—and, in this case, only one horse—ran. The last previous walkover in this country was that of William Woodward's entry—Isolator and Fenelon—in the 1940 Saratoga Cup. Sorry, I almost forgot to say that Whirlaway won the Special.

NOW comes Racing's Victory Week at Belmont. The Turf Committee of America and the five New York associations will hold a seven-day meeting, ending on November 12th, the profits from which will go to six war-relief funds. All the better horses hereabouts and many from Maryland will run. I don't think I need suggest to the horseplayers who bet so gaily at Jamaica and Empire that this meeting deserves their support. —AUDAX MINOR

Mary Martin's bust has been turned over to the government for scrap metal. —Los Angeles Times.

Lucky old government!

A DAY ON THE BEACH

MR. AND MRS. BANWAY had been down to Waikiki Beach only a few times since the blitz. They lived up among the rain and the rainbows in the Woodlawn district and could not often spare the gasoline, which was rationed to ten gallons a month. They hadn't much time, either, with the early blackout and the curfew, and Mr. Banway an air-raid warden, and Mrs. Banway going to the Red Cross three days a week. Besides, they hadn't much heart for the beach now. It made them lonesome for Gertrude, their daughter, and her two babies, Bannie and Frances. Before Pearl Harbor, they had gone on family picnics nearly every Sunday to the various beaches around the island. But Gertrude, who had married into the Navy, had been among the first Honolulu wives to be evacuated to the mainland. Since then, Mr. and Mrs. Banway had usually stayed at home on Sundays and worked in their Victory garden and written to Gertrude, and sometimes they had a few soldiers or sailors in to dinner.

Today, however, they were driving down to Waikiki, just the two of them.

"Do us good to have a little change," Mr. Banway remarked as they moved along Kalakaua Avenue. "Me and my best girl, out on a date—eh, Mother?" he added gallantly, patting his wife's plump hand.

"How nice, Fred," said Mrs. Banway absently. She was holding her breath as he took his hand from the wheel, for fear that they might be sideswiped by a clattering jeep.

They were lucky enough to find a parking place near the Moana Hotel. Mr. Banway almost forgot to lock the ignition. It was a thing that people had never had to do in the old Hawaii, but now it was required by the military government.

"Don't you think we ought to take our gas masks along with us to the beach, Fred?" asked Mrs. Banway anxiously.

"No—it'll be all right to leave 'em in back," her husband said. "We can get to 'em in a few minutes if there should be a raid."

Mrs. Banway looked at the gas alarm—a rusty disc of iron with a hole in the middle and an iron stick to beat

it with, hanging on a pole. A placard announced that unauthorized persons sounding the alarm would be prosecuted, "By Order of the Military Governor." "Well, maybe it will be near enough," she said.

They divided the things they had to carry. Mr. Banway carried the blue striped umbrella, the two Japanese mats, and the lunch basket. Mrs. Banway carried the magazines, the towels, and the bottle of coconut oil. They already had their bathing suits on, Honolulu fashion. They took the public right of way and went down to the sand. Since it was Sunday, the beach was crowded, especially in front of the nearby Royal Hawaiian Hotel, which had been leased by the Navy. Its beach front was full of sailors in bathing trunks, with identification discs on chains around their necks. There were very few girls anywhere, and most of those in sight were Oriental or part Hawaiian. And there were so few white children that Mrs. Banway's eyes pounced on any that she saw.

"Oh, look, Fred!" she exclaimed, nudging her husband as he opened the umbrella. "Those two blond babies look a little like Bannie and Frances, don't they?"

Mr. Banway glanced over his shoulder and grunted. He dug the wooden umbrella stem into the sand. "There you are, Mother," he said. "That'll give us enough shade. Mustn't get burned, you know. Sun's just as strong as ever—no restrictions on it, at any rate!"

They stretched out, feeling fatter than usual and embarrassingly white. Some of the younger people were a deep brown and most were at least beige. Mrs. Banway had not noticed how blue the veins were getting on her thighs and tried to pull the skirt of her Polynesian-print bathing suit down a little lower. Mr. Banway rubbed self-consciously at the fuzz on his chest. They put on their dark glasses and lay in the glare for a short sun bath—ten minutes with the front exposed, ten minutes with the back.

IT was a fine day; not that most days aren't fine on Waikiki. The gaunt shape of Diamond Head had its ribs showing in the shadows, like the skele-



Cobra



by Weil

Named not only for
the formula itself but
for what lurks behind it.

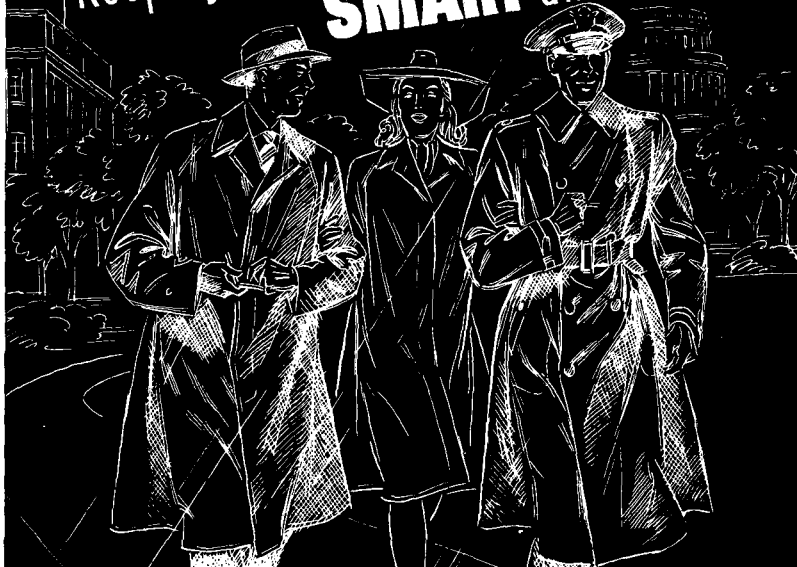
Two Ounces \$35.00—One Ounce \$18.50
One-Half Ounce \$10.50
New One-Fifth Ounce Size \$5.00
Cologne \$5.00

PARFUMS WEIL PARIS, INC.

745 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

Creators of ZIBELINE and CASSANDRA
as well as Colognes and Bath Essences
of Superior Distinction

Keeping America **SMART** and **DRY**



ALLIGATOR
RAINWEAR

because... IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

AT BETTER DEALERS EVERYWHERE

JOHN DAVID



ALLIGATOR
Raincoats · Galecoats · Sportswear

\$6.50 to \$35

because... IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

Always Complete Stocks Of ALLIGATOR RAINCOATS
At All JOHN DAVID Stores In Greater New York

ton of some vast, prehistoric animal. There was a slight breeze in the coconut palms spread along the curving shore, and the tints of the water over the coral reef were the same as they had been when the tourists were there: turquoise and amethyst, sapphire and jade. But the wide maze of barbed wire disfigured the sand. It was strung all around the island, with only a little *puka*—Hawaiian for "hole"—left here and there for bathers to wriggle through.

Mr. Banway touched his wife's knee and guided her attention to a nest of sandbags not far away, with the helmets of several soldiers showing under a camouflage net of green rags. "Gun emplacement," he said in a low tone.

Mrs. Banway craned her neck. "Oh, dear," she said vaguely. "Are you sure it's perfectly safe to go in swimming so near it? Mightn't they have target practice or something?"

"Not without letting people know," said Mr. Banway. "How about a little dip to cool off?"

"Well—if you're sure..."

They planted their towels under the lunch basket and went into the water. Mr. Banway plunged off energetically with his familiar double overhand, and Mrs. Banway jumped up and down for a while and splashed herself, to get used to the water. She could swim a little—sometimes side stroke, sometimes breast stroke, sometimes the two of them sort of mixed—but she really hadn't done much swimming for a long time. While Gertrude's babies had been there, she had preferred to hold them in the waves and watch them kick their pink heels, squealing, or to balance them on a rubber sea horse. She hardly knew what to do with herself in the water without them.

"Pardon me," she said politely as a young sailor, churning furiously in the Australian crawl, almost knocked her down. He gave her the exasperated look which middle-aged dawdlers may expect. She felt apologetic for being in his way—the poor boy, with his brief liberty ashore. It made her feel almost unpatriotic that she and Mr. Banway should be taking up space. Maybe the young man had just come up from the Solomons or somewhere.

Mr. Banway was back in a few minutes, red and puffing.

"Oh, Fred!" Mrs. Banway cried. "You shouldn't overdo, the first time in the water for so long!"

"Not—at all," gasped Mr. Banway, staggering out on the beach. "A little exercise—do me—good."

They dried their faces and ears, rest-

ed a minute, and then opened the lunch basket. Mrs. Banway didn't enjoy the chicken sandwiches as much as she should have, though chicken was not common nowadays in the islands.

"Remember how Bannic never wanted to eat his dark meat?" she said fondly. "Just like his mother when she was a child."

Mr. Banway nodded, his mouth full. He squinted up at a plane that was coming rapidly from the direction of Diamond Head. There were many more planes over Waikiki than up in the valley. In fact, there was seldom a minute down here when one was not in sight.

"P-40," said Mr. Banway, munching.

"How can you ever tell?" asked Mrs. Banway. "They all look the same to me, except maybe some're a little bigger."

The plane sped nearer and zoomed down over the water so low that they could see the pilot in the cockpit. It dipped its wings and roared away. The vibration made the umbrella's fringe tremble, and its shadow trembled on the sand.

"Ha!" Mr. Banway chuckled. "That fellow must have had a girl friend on the beach, maybe at the Outrigger Club."

Mrs. Banway was interested. "Oh, really, do you think he did?"

AFTER lunch the Banways rolled up the waxed paper and screwed the cap on the thermos bottle and put everything neatly back into the basket. The familiar mingled smell of salt water and coconut oil came from their flesh. In their mouths there lingered a taste of sandwiches and mango chutney and iced coffee and fresh pineapple. Mr. Banway smoked a cigar. Then they lay down under the umbrella to read. Mr. Banway had three old issues of *Time*, though not consecutive ones, for the mails were irregular and there were often gaps. Mrs. Banway had the *Ladies' Home Journal*. She began reading the household section.

"I must try this new recipe for potatoes piquant as soon as there're potatoes on the market again," she said, looking up. Potatoes were one of the current shortages in the islands; the markets sometimes ran out of things between convoys. "Remind me to stop at Harochi's grocery on the way back and see if he's got any canned ones."

"No," said Mr. Banway firmly. "Harochi's an enemy alien. I should prefer, Irma, that you didn't patronize Japanese aliens, if possible."

When Mr. Banway called her Irma

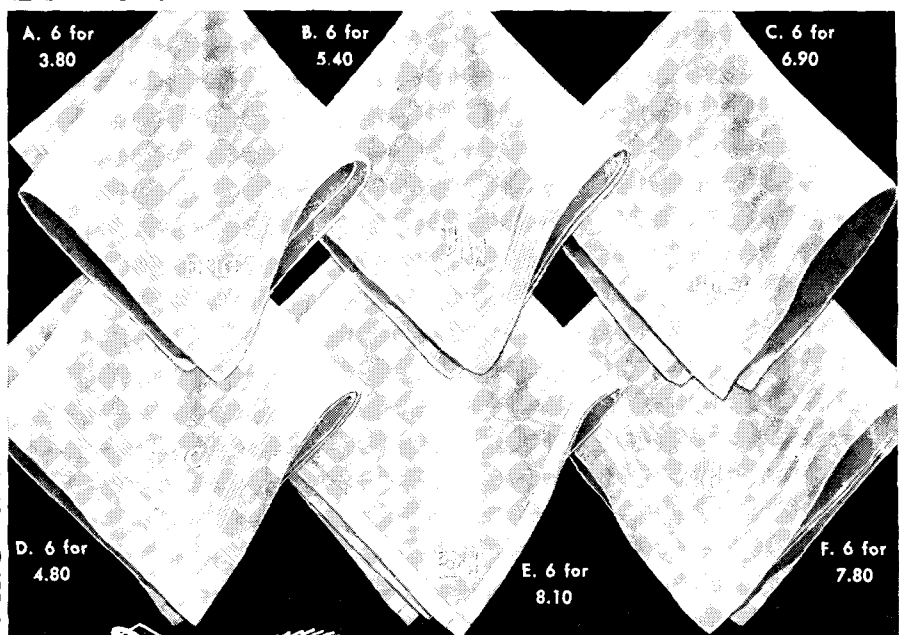
Metropolitan Moments by Wisdom



"I had this built when they began making their Whiskey Sours with Calvert Reserve"

It won't take you long to arrive at the conclusion that the ideal Whiskey Sour is made with Calvert Reserve. For this extra-quality whiskey has a wondrous way of *blending with*—not overpowering—the other ingredients in mixed drinks. And its delectable "soft" flavor is a joy to any palate. Have your next Whiskey Sour made with Calvert Reserve...*"the choicest you can drink or serve"*.

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City
Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.



HAND-MONOGRAMMED HANDKERCHIEFS

A preferred gift—always! But don't delay ordering. It takes time, you know, to do the beautiful type of hand-work that always characterizes McCutcheon's lovely monograms. Shown, from our extensive collection, are three styles for women (at top) and three for men—all of fine white linen with cotton decorations. First Floor.



McCutcheon's • Fifth Ave. at 49th, N.Y.C. • White Plains • East Orange

Louis Sherry

CANDY OF THE WEEK



THE ORCHID BOX
\$2.00 the pound

A delightful variety of contrasting centers, deliciously coated in the rich, unusual chocolate originated by LOUIS SHERRY himself.

This is the most famous of all the LOUIS SHERRY assortments of fine confections.

This... is the Orchid Box, available in 1/2, 1, 2, 3 and 5 pounds.

THE HAVILAND BOX
NEW WORLD CONFECTIONS
BITTERSWEET MINIATURES
COUNTRY CLUB ASSORTMENT

FRUITS AND NUTS
THE WHITE BOX
CHOCOLATE COVERED SPECIALTIES
HARD CANDIES
MINT SPECIALTIES

SOLD AT ALL
BETTER DEALERS

Louis Sherry

CANDY • ICE CREAM

5th AVENUE SHOP—In the Savoy-Plaza
5th Avenue at 59th St.—PLaza 3-6009
PARK AVENUE SHOP, 300 Park Ave., PLaza 3-0200

instead of Mother, Mrs. Banway knew that he meant business. She yielded at once, murmuring, "Oh, that's right," and went back to her magazine.

The afternoon lengthened. The tide was going out. Mrs. Banway read a serial she had been following and two short stories. Mr. Banway finished two of the copies of *Time*. The white clouds began to pile up on the green peaks behind the city, as they did every afternoon.

Up in the valley there must have been a shower, Mrs. Banway decided. Suddenly she sat up straight. "Oh, Fred! We forgot to turn off the sprinkler in the Victory garden!"

"It doesn't matter," her husband said. "A good soaking won't do it any harm."

"Yes, but too much—shouldn't we go back?"

"Now, Irma," said Mr. Banway, with maddening patience, "I thought we came down to the beach to get away from things, to enjoy ourselves for a day—"

"Oh, yes, of course," Mrs. Banway said hastily. "Well, we are, aren't we?"

"We certainly are!" said Mr. Banway. "We certainly are!"

They went in for another dip. As they came out, dripping, Mr. Banway turned and caught his wife's arm. "Look!" he cried, pointing to the horizon beyond Diamond Head. "A convoy's coming in!"

Mrs. Banway whirled, her wet skirt clinging to her hips. Her face lighted with eagerness. "Oh, maybe there'll be a letter from Gertrude!" she said.

They stood in silence, watching the procession of slate-gray ships creep slowly along the skyline—a straggling group of freighters, a couple of cruisers, a few destroyers, their smoke blown slightly askew by the trade wind, like the tails of cats. Several destroyers had gone out from Pearl Harbor to meet the convoy, guarding it from possible enemy submarines on the way in. Navy patrol bombers and scouting planes buzzed overhead. The faces of the swimmers and sun bathers were turned toward the horizon. The Banways shared the thrill that passed over the watchers, as it always did when a convoy was sight-



*Carrying on—with
Britain's Best!*



**GLOVES,
HANDBAGS**
from **England**

Sumptuously smart, definitely durable, decidedly Dunhill!

Ladies' Gloves, from 3.50.
Gentlemen's Gloves, from 4.00.
Handbags, from 5.00. — Illustrated:
Bag, 20.00; Gloves, 5.00.

New! GIFTS BY DUNHILL upon request.

alfred dunhill
of London

fifth avenue at fiftieth • Circle 7-5133

The Surrey Hotel
20 East 76th St.
New York City
RH 4-1690

Quiet Excellence

Large rooms, serving pantries, ample closets... size of suites and exposures to please... furnished or unfurnished. Moderate rentals. Fireproof—Quiet Booklet

ANNOUNCERS
—SCRIPT WRITERS—

Needed immediately to fill War-created vacancies. Special Beginners' Courses for Men and Women to meet this emergency. Enrollment limited. Apply,

The School of **RADIO TECHNIQUE**

RKO Bldg., Radio City, N.Y.C. CI. 7-0193

ed—the frail bridge of ships leading to the mainland, which, since December 7th, had seemed as remote from these Pacific islands as it had in the old days of the sailing schooners.

"It's two weeks," Mrs. Banway said softly, sitting down on her mat, "since we've had a letter from Gertrude, and that was a month old."

"Well, Mother"—Mr. Banway's voice was reasonable—"what with Clipper mail held up so long—"

"Yes, I know, I know," his wife put in. She sighed, rippling her finger tips through the pale sand. "I was just thinking, though, Fred, Won't it be wonderful when the war's over, and we see the big white liners steaming around Diamond Head again in the early mornings, and no warships having to convoy them, and Gertrude and the children can come down from the mainland, and we'll go on beach picnics again to the other side of the island every Sunday, just the way we used to?"

Mr. Banway cleared his throat. "When the war's over," he repeated. "But that's likely to be a long time. Two years, at least. Probably five."

Mrs. Banway's fingers clenched on a handful of the sand. She turned suddenly and glared, as if she were going to throw it at him. "I know!" she snapped.

—MARGARET MACKPRANG MACKAY

ARE YOU interested in applying for a well-paying position in the police or fire departments of a large New England industrial plant engaged in vital defense production? Applicants must have at least an elementary school education, be in good physical condition, under 500 years of age, and pass a strict character investigation. Write box H, care of News Office.—*Adv. in the Northfield (Vt.) News & Advertiser.*

Doesn't interest us. We'd never pass the character investigation, and we're not getting any younger.

LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT

[Letter in Marian Miller's column in the *Portland Oregonian*]

DEAR MARIAN MILLER: I always have been interested in cowboys. I have noticed, however, that some of the older ones are bowlegged. Now I recently fell in love with a cowboy who had joined the navy. He isn't very bowlegged. Do you think the navy will straighten him out? He is so handsome in his uniform. My mother says I shouldn't worry about this. He looks perfectly straight in his uniform. He begged me to write to him and he writes to me, but shall I beg him not to forget how to ride a horse. Would that be unpatriotic?

MELISSA.



These busy times
are calling
...for an easy-to-keep
PERMANENT
by

Charles of the Ritz

IN NEW YORK:
THE RITZ-CARLTON,
THE RITZ TOWER,
THE PLAZA,
B. ALTMAN & CO.
(also White Plains
and East Orange)



Cartier Inc.



Striking Cartier Design

Fascinating clip in gold, a carved coral and diamond center, with flexible fringe ending in diamond-tipped coral, \$385.

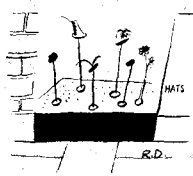
Cartier exceptional gifts from \$1. ~ Christmas cards from 15¢

Special gifts for those in the service

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



THERE seems to be a little something of everything on hand this week, and to start with there's Kathleen, at 118 East 60th Street, where the woman in quest of dresses will discover temptations assailing her on every side. Here you can always count on finding a thoughtful selection of ready-to-wear clothes for women both small and large and of all ages (large women, whether young or old, are particularly fanatic about what Kathleen does for them), at prices which run from \$25 up and up. At the lowest figure, there are some good dresses suitable for either town or country, such as a tailored one in natural jersey with brown zigzags through the bosom that give it a hand-knitted look, and a more formal one of beige wool with a round, collarless neckline and, on the bodice, scrolls of the fabric in a leaf design, trying like anything to resemble soutache.

Sternly acknowledging the fact that gray goes with whatever you own, Kathleen uses it in two-piece woollen jumper dresses that have snail-shaped buttons and in topcoats with narrow beaver collars, tapering toward the waist, and a wide panel in back to increase their charm among large women. There are other excellent woollen dresses, with

jackets to match, at around \$70, and one of the best day-length cocktail dresses in town—a black crêpe affair with American Beauty-red grosgrain ribbon at its square neckline and showing delicately beneath the hem of its skirt.

When it comes to evening clothes, there is a dress that you wouldn't mind wearing for the rest of your natural life, though it's nothing but black crêpe with a deep V décolletage in front, a high back, and spirals of long fringe on the skirt; it's \$98, and every age is daft about it. Among the black velvet dresses which should be looked at is one with long, tight sleeves and a band of sheer black lace medallions around its off-shoulder décolletage, and another, cut along débutantish lines, that has a short-sleeved top of black velvet and a bouffant black taffeta skirt with appliqué velvet embroidery.

ROBERT DUDLEY, at 54 East 56th Street, has long shown a genius for gracious hats, and the turbans he is now offering, made to order in every possible fabric (from about \$20), are some of the best you'll see around, being beautifully draped, low in back, clean-cut at the sides, and having high, squared-off crowns. Chéchias are a specialty here, made either of the severest tweed or of black marabou with tiny visor brims, and there are muffs to match the latter, you cocktail-dress wearers, you.

Dudley has a new medium-sized disc that may be worn straight and flat or else pinched in at the edges to give it towering height or even a tricorn effect. He is still faithful to his last year's success—a velveteen Latin Quarter beret which comes down over the ears, is wide at the sides, and clings comfortably in a hurricane. Wonderful for girls who can't manage the usual beret.

BITS OF TRIVIA: Matchabelli's new perfume, Stradivari, is just as appealing as its sponsor's most glowing claims—warm and inviting and luscious. . . . Mme. Louise Berthelon, at 440 Park Avenue (56th), has taken cognizance of the Women's Revolution Against Sitting Under a Drier. After the shampoo the hair is dried by hand, and then rolled in strips of paper, which are, in turn, pinched with a warm iron. The resulting curls are masterly (all this is strictly for short-haired people), and the whole business costs \$3. It is no secret to readers of this department that Madame is also one of the best shampooers you have ever heard of, throwing in scalp treatments and neck and shoulder massages for good measure. . . . Kathleen Mary Quinlan, who has always paid particular attention to the eyes, has a kit that will be beloved of every woman who likes to greet the morning sun as dauntlessly as possible. It includes her eye-wash, eye packs, an astringent, and

COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT



"There, there, now! Perhaps I didn't give it a fair trial."

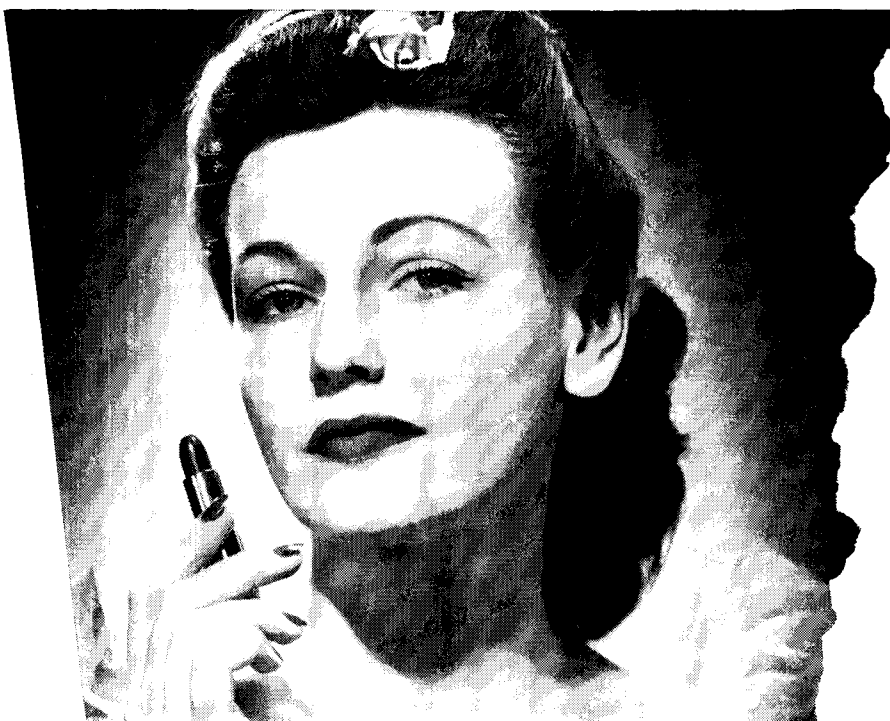
a special cream for those crinkles. . . . Now that all the first-aiders are learning anew the medicinal delights of smelling salts, Shulton has brought forth its version in a glass bottle resembling the antique, ring-shaped things travellers used to carry in their handbags many years ago. It's a dollar, and a darling. . . . The most recent Revlon nail polish, called Mrs. Miniver Rose, is a deep-American Beauty shade, and there's a lipstick to match. . . . La Cross's latest contribution to manicure consists of a plastic image of a highly lovable pig with flowers painted on its back and polish, remover, and the Stazon base coat inside. All for \$1.25 at Macy. . . . The gift section of Irene Hayes' flower shop, at 273 Park Avenue (47th), provides small presents to accompany and outlast flowers sent as thank-yous, or to sickbeds, or whatever. The establishment does enchanting things for the new mother, such as a package containing a corsage to pin on her bed jacket and a squashy cotton animal for the baby, or a tray holding flower-filled bottles, to be used later for nipples, sterilized water, and the rest. There are lots of useful household trinkets, too, including something that I wouldn't have thought of but that should come in very handy. It's a two-quart bottle for the ice-box, made of white pottery stuff which is sturdy and yet so decorative that you could haul it right out to the bedside or the dining-room table or the bar without feeling that you should transfer the contents to a pitcher. And the pottery preserves the chill for a considerable period.

—L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Rooms for Right Now

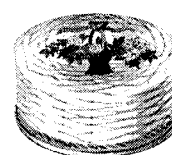
IF you've had an idea that professional home decorating was on its way out for the duration, you'll probably be surprised at first to find two big shows of model rooms being put on simultaneously this month, one by Altman and the other by Lord & Taylor. A stroll through them, though, and you'll see that they serve a real purpose. It's not a case, at either store, of blindly trying to struggle on as if nothing had happened; instead, both shows have been arranged by decorators who know darn well they're up against a new situation and have kept all sorts of wartime requirements in mind while dopping out their handsome schemes. You'll find suggestions on how to fix up some of the rooms in your home for double-duty service when others have to be closed off for the winter because of fuel ration-



ONE... TWO...
and a Glorified YOU!

ONE... Before your mirror... gently smooth three drops of the new Translucid tinted Foundation-tone on your face and throat. Just three drops... touched on with the fingertips... and your skin will take on a new look of natural freshness... a sheer velviness... that tells you the art of Houbigant is the art of subtlety!

TWO... Second step toward loveliness... Translucid Sheer-Sifted Face Powder... mist-sheer and miraculously clinging! Over the tinted Foundation-tone, this Powder seems *one* with it... permits the "glowing through" of your own skin tone. You'll marvel that a powder so light could be so lingering... that loveliness so delicate could defy the hours!



In perfect shades for you. Foundation-tone, \$1.50... Powder, \$1.50.

**"SHEER MAKE-UP
FOR SHEER BEAUTY"**



H O U B I G A N T

Translucid Lipstick...  Cream or Compact Rouge... Mascara... and Eye Shadow... will complete your sheer make-up.

SHOPS & SERVICES

SERVICES

GOVERNMENT RESTRICTS SHOE COLORS . . .

Now is the time to rebuild your favorite colored shoes for future use. NELSONIZING makes them factory-fresh again. Short shoes made longer over original last—narrow shoes made wider—suede shoes changed to leather—resoled like new. NELSONIZING means shoes rebuilt by factory craftsmen—not cobbled. Handbags repaired, cleaned and dyed.

WE MAIL ORDER EVERYWHERE

Write For Free Illustrated Booklet "N"

B. NELSON, INC., 10 East 39th St., New York
Est. Over 63 Years • MUrray Hill 3-6448

THE ALTMAN SAVE-IT SERVICE

can repair practically everything you prize in your wardrobe or home. We will mend your hosiery, recondition your coats, resole your shoes, reline your bags, restore your jewelry, reupholster your furniture, rebind your blankets, renovate your rugs. Come in and consult us at our main floor Save-it Service Desk.

B. ALTMAN & CO.

Fifth Ave. at 34th St., N. Y. C. MU Hill 9-7000

REPENT!	REPAIRS INC.	REJOICE!
	32 East 57th St.	
	PLaza 3-6281	
	Since 1935	
	Estimates given without obligation.	

DECORATORS

OLIVIERI—ANTIQUES—DECORATIONS

Specialist In Decorating On
Limited Budgets In Or Out Of Town
OLIVIERI

54 East 53rd Street, N. Y. C. ELdorado 5-0413

HAVE YOU A DECORATING PROBLEM?

DOROTHY LEGGETT
will help you solve it without charge for consultation. Associated with
LOUISE TIFFANY TAYLOR, LTD.
660 Madison Avenue RH. 4-4840

OLD PRINTS

CURRIER & IVES HEADQUARTERS

Winter Scenes—Railroads—Clipper Ships
fair prices—reliable information

THE OLD PRINT SHOP

Harry Shaw Newman
150 Lexington Ave. Est. 1898 AS 4-3950

RARE BOOKS

FIRST EDITIONS • EARLY PRINTING

C. A. STONEHILL, LTD.
(of 135-7 New Bond St., London, W.1)
now located at

555 MADISON AVE., N. Y. C.
Catalogues Issued • Libraries Purchased

COUNTRY CLOTHES

ARUNDELL CLARKE

Designs and makes distinguished suits and country clothes for discriminating customers. Smart all wool suits from \$45. Blouses from \$3.50. Imported cashmere sweaters from \$12.50.

ARUNDELL CLARKE

Rockefeller Center
15 West 50th Street, New York. CIrele 6-8660

I SAY—SIXTY-FIVE DEGREES IS A BIT CHILLY,

now you must think of warmth plus style to see you thru the duration. Do come in and see our 100% WOOL DRESSES \$19.95 and \$22.95. Nice selection in sizes and colors. Plaids, stripes and solids. STROOCK SUITS beautifully tailored and fully lined.

OLIVE BROOKS

740 Madison Ave. (near 64th St.) REgent 7-1360

HAIRDRESSERS

PERK UP RUN-DOWN HAIR

Give your hair a chance to make you alluring. If it is dry, oily, lifeless, greying or dandruffy, try refreshing it with Ogilvie Sisters preparations. See how quickly a simple treatment helps give vigor and vitality to your hair. FREE HAIR ANALYSIS by appointment. Phone Bryant 9-5290. Preparations at drug, department stores and beauty salons.

OGILVIE SISTERS

604 Fifth Ave., for Men and Women—BR 9-5290
50 E. 42 St., Ogilvie Method for Men. MU 2-2211
Women's and Men's Salon in Washington, D. C.
1212 Connecticut Ave.—National 6960.

WERNER OF SWITZERLAND

'Artistry in permanent waving'

New and exciting coiffure.

Phone for appointment

BRYANT 9-8141 608 FIFTH AVENUE

J. SCHAEFFER—FOR PERMANENTS THAT

consider your Hair, and Styles created for you.

Consult J. SCHAEFFER, INC.

590 5th Ave. Bryant 9-6165

GURO FOR SUPRECOOL COLD PERMANENT WAVE

Specialist in white, gray, and problem hair—famous for tapered haircut—herb rinse which brings out natural lights and beauty—bestone tinting. Free consultation.

441 Madison at 50th Wickersham 2-1692

TRANSFORMATIONS

PIERRE TRANSFORMATIONS OF ARTISTRY

and unexcelled workmanship have become a tradition of quality maintained for over 30 years. Made of finest naturally wavy hair. Absolutely undetectable. 37 West 57th Street, New York.

BEAUTY CONSULTANT

EUNICE SKELLY'S "HOUSE OF YOUTH"

where Wrinkles, Eye Puffs, Crepey Throat, Skin Blemishes vanish "miraculously"! No surgery. peeling or massage. Unprecedented method slenderizes Legs and Ankles. Demonstration Free. 743 Fifth Ave. (57th St.), 8th floor PL 5-2595

RECORDS

LATIN-AMERICAN MUSIC

RECORDS AND SHEET MUSIC

CASTELLANOS-MOLINA MUSIC SHOPS

144 West 72nd Street

809 Lexington Ave. (62nd St.)

Messenger Delivery—Mail Orders—EN 2-6778

FREE CATALOGUE (WRITE, CALL TODAY)

VICTOR—COLUMBIA—DECCA

Symphonies—Concertos—Swing—Show Tunes

SUTTON MUSIC SHOPS, INC.

970 First Ave. (at 53rd) PL 3-7224. Open evenings

Safe mail delivery guaranteed

GIFTS

FROM LATIN AMERICA—

A fascinating collection of decorative and useful gifts in hand-woven textiles, silver jewelry, carved woods, glass, leather, and many other native handicrafts. Free Catalogue. Pan-American Shop, 828A Lexington Ave., N. Y.

SHOPS & SERVICES

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Closing date—12 days preceding
date of issue

For further information call

SHOPS AND SERVICES DEPARTMENT

THE NEW YORKER

25 W. 43rd St.

BRyant 9-6300

ing, on ways to keep family life moving smoothly through dimouts and blackouts, on what to do to satisfy that urge to redecorate when the prospect is chiefly one of making the most of what you already have, and on any number of similar problems that arise in times like these.

No less than seventeen rooms are on view at Lord & Taylor, where the decorating staff, in addition to putting together an exhibit of record-breaking size, has had to get along without the help of its inspired chief, William Pahlmann, who has joined the Army. I'll swear, though, that there are traces of the great man's influence all through the display, if only in the shameless, expert touches of showmanship which keep cropping up. One room, for instance, is arranged to look as if someone, presumably a child, had been putting on a puppet show there and had been suddenly called away, leaving everything in very charming disorder—chairs out of place, a music box standing open, and puppets sprawled everywhere. This jumbled spot is, of all things, a dining room in addition to a couple of other rooms, and one worth paying attention to. The dining table is pushed aside against a window, leaving the rest of the room free for playing with puppets or for pulling up several chairs in a sociable semicircle around a wonderful, yellow-enamelled nineteenth-century coal stove that has a cocktail table on its hearth. With a dining room like this, you could close up your living room for the winter and scarcely miss it.

Keeping warm and blacking out are taken care of in a living room which, with its dark corners, drawn curtains, and general air of gloomy coziness, is more than a little on the Brontë side, but one of my favorites, all the same. You'd probably have to have a morbid streak in you to like it as a steady thing, but anyone with a fireplace can't, or



shouldn't, ignore its practical suggestions for sidestepping the chillblains of fuel rationing. The room, a big one with dark, rose-colored walls, brown cloth and black leather upholstery, and lots of funereal chintz, has been arranged in such a way that almost all the seats—a long sofa and four big upholstered chairs, with tables for each—are grouped around the fireplace, making three sides of a square. The floor space between them and the hearth (and there's quite a bit of it) is covered with a great, white, long-haired fur rug; shawls for chilly shoulders and knees are flung about here and there over chair arms; and each chair has its own footstool to augment the cold-toes insurance of the rug. The heavy curtains drawn completely over the windows are doubtless hiding a raging storm outside, and are meant to keep drafts out and lamplight and firelight in.

How to fix up an average-sized room for a good-sized party is another subject dealt with by this show and the way it's done may suggest some ideas to people who haven't the space for entertaining that they once had. Lord & Taylor's party is supposed to have been planned for servicemen—about forty to fifty of them, I'd say—but I don't know why the same sort of thing wouldn't work for plain civilians, if there are that many left in your circle. What they've done here is to start with a not overly large living room containing the usual amount of furniture, and then bring in enough folding chairs to provide seats for twenty in all. There's standing room for at least as many more around an enormous buffet table. The seats—sofas, arm-chairs, and the auxiliary folding things—are arranged in several groups, each provided with some sort of table as a parking place for drinks, plates of food, ashtrays, etc. Some are bridge tables and others are merely good, big trays on luggage racks. It sounds simple, and it is, but it results in an effect of warmly expectant hospitality.

THERE are only five rooms at Altman, but they're the work of the store's ace decorator, John Gerald, whose continued presence in town ought to be a guarantee in itself that decorating has at least an immediate future, in case you've been worrying about it. With no attempt at period styles, with an almost total disregard for conventional color schemes, and with a knack for creating the effect of having brought most of his furnishings down from a well-stocked attic, Mr. Gerald has turned out some of the warmest, most comfortable rooms



Let-out blended Northern muskrat \$395



Natural tipped skunk \$225



Black Persian lamb \$295

High fashion at low price in the Budget Fur Shop

You will be delighted with our enlarged Budget Fur Shop that now occupies the entire third floor. We illustrate just a few of our unusual models, but you will find almost every fur and every fashion in the collection.

For instance . . .

Silky Canadian beaver
starts at \$475

Nutria or sable dyed squirrel \$395

Silky tipped raccoon or
Australian opossum \$295

Gray kidskin coats \$215

Sable dyed squirrel jackets \$195

Natural blue fox jackets
from \$175

and blonde polar
wolf jackets \$85

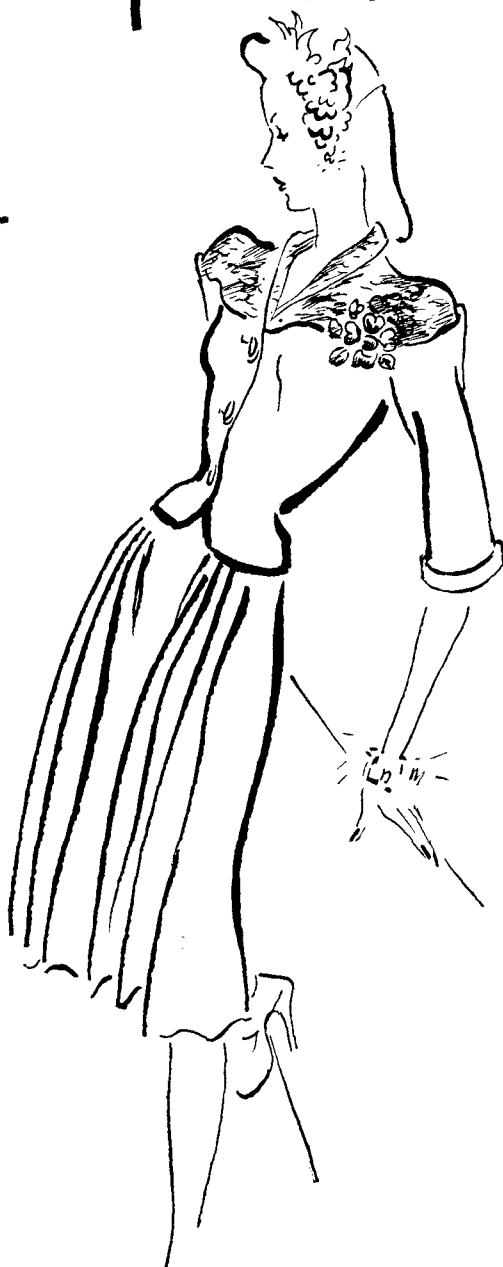
Prices plus tax

CONVENIENT TERMS ARRANGED

Gunther

666 FIFTH AVENUE AT 53rd STREET, NEW YORK

from our Young-Timers new Midwinter Collection



For formality at five . . . informality at eight.
Two-piece black rayon crepe dress . . . gleaming yoke and
cluster of flowers—pink or light blue lamé. 26.95

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

THE NEW YORKER,
25 WEST 43RD STREET,
NEW YORK CITY

Please enter my subscription to your magazine
for ☐ 1 YEAR—\$6.00 ☐ 2 YEARS—\$9.00. My
remittance is enclosed.

Canada, One year \$7.00; 2 years \$11.00.
Foreign, One year \$8.00; 2 years \$13.00.
Pan America and Spain
One year \$6.50; 2 years \$10.00



Subscribers ordering
a change of address
are requested
to notify us at least
three weeks prior
to the date of the
issue with which it
is to take effect.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

he has ever achieved. They make you feel that you can go home and do the same thing with your own inexpert hands, or at least that it's worth a good try.

The basic idea in this show is doubling-up—making one room serve the purpose of two or even three—and it's for those who want to economize on fuel and maid service by closing parts of their houses, and for dwindling families which are moving into smaller quarters. One living room, comfortably cluttered and with a coal stove set up in a niche that's lined with fireproofed chintz, is meant to serve also as a study. Another has a big bay in which a dining table and chairs have been installed, and if you want proof that you *can* take patterned wallpaper, patterned curtains, and patterned upholstery together, this is the place to look for it. A magnificent library has neatly disguised accommodations for an overnight guest; a living-dining-game room lacks only a closet kitchenette and a bed to make it a generous one-room apartment, and at that there's a chaise in it which could certainly be used for sleeping on in a pinch. Strict practicality goes by the board in favor of glamour in the remaining exhibit—a dining-and-game-room combination for a maidless household. This one, with its blue tinsel-paper walls, its glass-over-tinsel-topped twin tables that can be shoved together for a big dinner party, and its bar that can be used as a buffet table, was certainly never furnished out of an attic. A closet built in over the bar has shelves stocked with fancy canned goods to be whipped up into tasty snacks on an electric hot plate. You wouldn't want to spend a quiet domestic evening in this setting, but it ought to be fine for its purpose. —B. B.

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

SYDNEY, Australia, Sept. 17 (AP)—Four Australian soldiers in New Guinea had been court-martialled on a charge of firing at the King's enemies without permission.

When their battalion went into action, the men, all cooks, were left behind in Port Moresby. Without leave, they joined the troops and fought the Japanese.

The court martial's verdict: "Well done. Do it again." —*Boston Post*.

SYDNEY, Sept. 18 (INS)—Four cooks in an Australian battalion in New Guinea have been court-martialled for firing at enemies of the King without permission.

Left at Port Moresby when the battalion went into action, they absented themselves without leave and joined their comrades.

The court-martial's pronouncement: "Don't do it again." —*Boston American*.

LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 1 (BY CABLE)



THE vaguely bullish feeling here that things are looking better culminated in the news that the curtain had gone up at last on the big British offensive in Egypt. This gave a great boost to the spirits of the stay-at-home public, already considerably encouraged by the success of the R.A.F. and American raids over Europe and by the enemy's seeming reluctance or inability to sock back in kind. No civilian will ever be able to complain that he was led into premature optimism this time, though. Official taciturnity has been so profound that newspaper accounts of the fighting have had to fill in with cautious theorizing and handy chunks of Clausewitz. Among ordinary Londoners there's been no soft-peddalling of elation over the Allied air successes. The British were cordially enthusiastic about the Flying Fortresses' great day at Lille but even more so when the R.A.F. boys hedgehopped over France and beat hell out of the Schneider-Creusot plant. The papers, demurely mentioning that the Lancasters had no fighter escort, were like the crowd at a rural cricket match which courteously claps the visiting team but lets out a roar when the village policeman smacks a boundary into the churchyard.

WITH the exception of Saturday night's raid on Canterbury, the German retaliations up to date have been so feeble that Londoners are puzzled and there now seems to be a school of thought which doesn't expect that "they" will come over in big numbers this winter, just as "they" surprisingly didn't last year. All the same, it's noticeable that the steel bunks on tube-station platforms are better patronized these nights than they have been for some time. Those who frequent them maybe feel that with good, long bombing nights back again there's no use getting caught out if anything does happen.

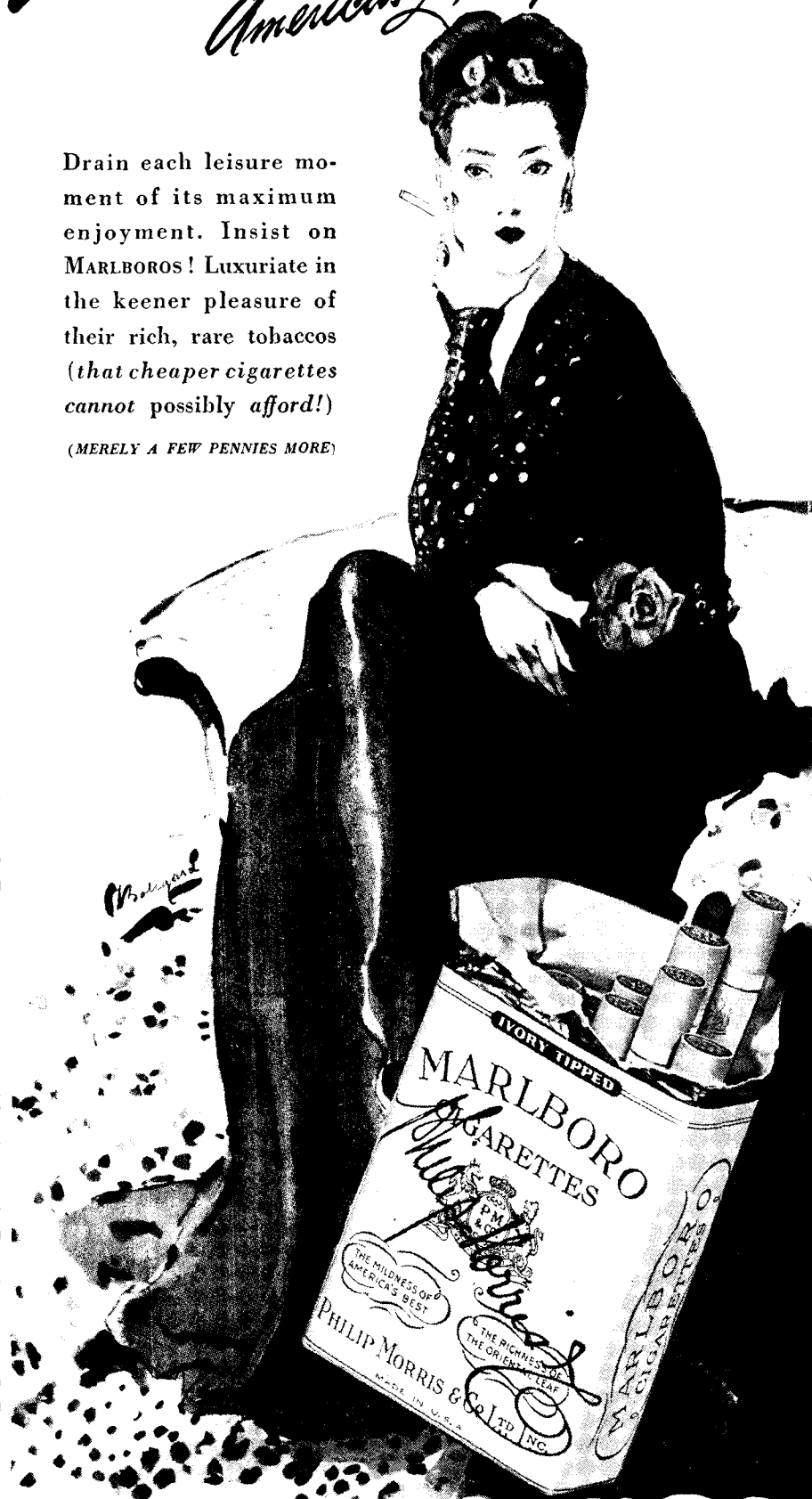
One of the strangest popular reasons given for the temporary immunity from blitzes is that it's due to Mrs. Roosevelt. "The President must know that there won't be no raids," one stout matron comfortably remarked to her

Marlboro

America's Luxury Cigarette

Drain each leisure moment of its maximum enjoyment. Insist on MARLBOROS! Luxuriate in the keener pleasure of their rich, rare tobaccos (*that cheaper cigarettes cannot possibly afford!*)

(MERELY A FEW PENNIES MORE)



IVORY TIPS — PLAIN ENDS — BEAUTY TIPS (red).

SCRAM GUMSHOE!



I don't need any mystery solver on this case

●Your own common-sense is all it takes to tell you why a good Manhattan is good—there's no mystery about it. It's because it's made with just the right quantities of the right ingredients. And that includes, of course, the right amount of Angostura—because it's the Angostura that gives a Manhattan its real character—blends the whiskey and vermouth into close harmony—literally makes the cocktail! Ask any professional barman.

ANGOSTURA
De Siegen
BITTERS
A TONIC APPETIZER
"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"



Here's how
TO MAKE IT!
MANHATTAN COCKTAIL

½ Rye Whiskey
⅓ Sweet Vermouth
3 dashes Angostura
Stir with cracked ice
strain and serve



ANGOSTURA-WUPPERMANN CORP.
304 EAST 45th STREET,
NEW YORK CITY
Write For Free Mixing Guide

neighbor in a food queue the other day, "or else 'e wouldn't never 'ave let 'er come." Canterbury presumably shook this faith a bit, but though Mrs. Roosevelt's potency as a mascot may have waned, her popularity hasn't. The crowds, which would mistrust too much elegance, love her because she looks homey and, as they approvingly remark, "motherly." The press has devoted so much space to her doings that it's occasionally difficult to keep track of the war, what with her own "My Day" column and the adjoining ones filled up by other writers who describe her day all over again, just in case she forgot something. Her indefatigable longings have apparently left the journalists so limp that there was more than a hint of relief in the *Mirror's* midweek observation, as it panted at the Roosevelt heels, that she was beginning to look tired.

MEANWHILE, Britons have been thoughtfully digesting the remarks of a former visitor, Mr. Willkie, who seems to be filling the rôle of the best friend who, unlike the diffident critics in the advertisements, will tell you, and frequently does so without bothering to mince his words. On the whole, his broadcast was extremely well received by the naughty old imperialists who read it in the *Times*, together with a friendly editorial which mildly observed that the inhabitants of the British Empire would probably go right on calling it the British Empire for the time being, ambiguous though the term might be. What Mr. Willkie described as the holes in the reservoir of good will have long been the subject of perturbed conversation among all intelligent Britons, who don't consider that everything in the Allied garden is necessarily lovely and who look upon India not as the brightest jewel in Britain's crown but rather as the biggest ache in the head under it. It was unhappily felt here that the recent breeze between the British and Soviet governments over the trial of Hess was only too unfortunate in a partnership which thinking people in this country sincerely believe must be two of the corners of the quadrilateral base on which the postwar world finally and groggily comes to rest.

Another, if relatively minor, pinprick in the reservoir which also seemed to drive good and hard into British flesh was the famous Luce letter. Although Americans over here have done their best to soothe ruffled local feelings and though, as one journal poetically put it, the offender was now "beating his breast and

*The sweetest music
this side of heaven
floats again
from the*
**ROOSEVELT
GRILL**

GUY LOMBARD
and His Orchestra
NO COVER CHARGE
FOR DINNER GUESTS

COCKTAIL DANCING
Saturdays 5:30 to 6 P.M.
WALTER PERNER and his orchestra

**HOTEL
ROOSEVELT**
MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET
Bernam G. Hines,
Managing Director

Proudly pour refreshing
Fox Head
Old Waukesha
ALE

• Hearty and wholesome. Brewed with famous Waukesha Water — a head start to goodness.
Fox Head Waukesha Corp.
607 W. 24th St., New York • Pennsylvania 6-1085

crying his culp," this has seemed to be one of those unfortunate bloomers which stick in the memory when other and better utterances are forgotten. Lots of Britons who had never previously heard of Mr. Luce now have a confused and indignant idea that he is this war's Mr. Hearst.

THE relaxing of the restrictions on the use of central heating was greeted with cheers by the majority and jeers by the Spartan minority, which pointed out that the government had made a poor beginning in its fuel-economy campaign by being tenderhearted over the public's chilly toes in comparatively mild weather. The real reason for the official action probably was the havoc that an epidemic of colds was causing in the unheated government offices. There had also been solicitude about the health of the American troops, who, it was pointed out, were used to warm houses.

Reports are now coming in from the country, incidentally, as to how the boys are settling down with the natives. In one village the elderly and autocratic lady of the manor overheard herself described by her guests as "a swell old guy." She was as delighted as if the President had sent her a decoration. In such small and simple ways do many of the minor punctures in the reservoir become, thank God, self-sealing.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[Information on the back of a sales slip of the China Products Company, Baltimore]

A FEW WORDS FROM THE MANAGEMENT

Wise Yourself—

Get raw Chow Mein material at 1409 N. Charles St. Keep your wife at home, healthful and busy. Let her learn how to make Chow Mein.

Ease yourself with a certain friend, eat and talk at the China Products Restaurant.

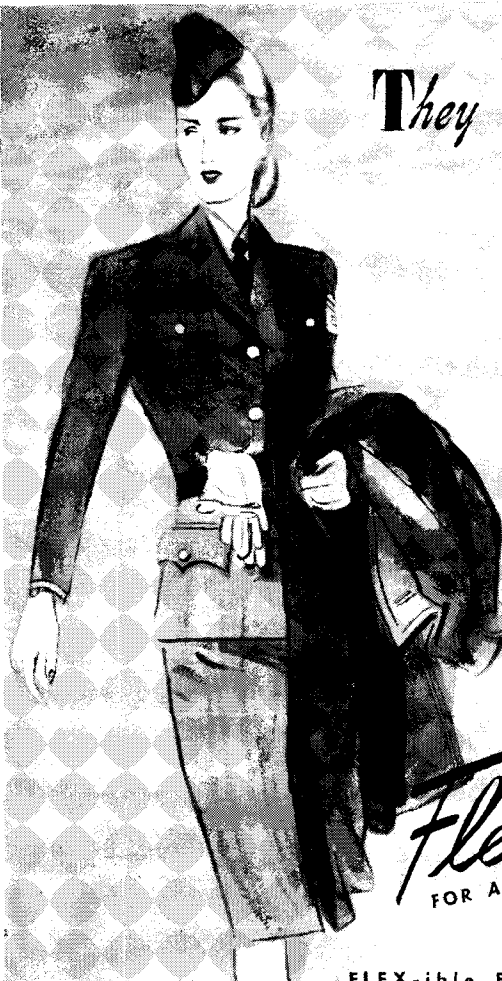
Place an order of Chow Mein to send to your home for the wife when you are home, tell her how to serve Chow Mein.

EXPLAIN HER THESE RAW MATERIALS

Raw Chow Mein Noodles 15c lb.
Bean Sprouts (Fresh) 12c lb.
Bamboo Shoot (4 oz.) 32c can
Water Chestnut (Fresh) 25c lb.
China Chow Sauce 20c pt., \$1.50 10 lbs.
China Gee Sauce 22c pt., \$1.60 10 lbs.

PERCULIAR HER WITH THE BEAN SPROUT

Because these sprouts are growing inside the closed jar 3 or 4 times a day these sprouts have to be shower washed with hot warm water while they are growing. Believe it or not—Strange as it seems.



They Can Take It

... the women who serve at canteen or cot-side ... and the Flexees that shape their figures and support their bodies in days of arduous duty. Flexees make it easy to look smarter in a uniform—they give figures a younger look—busy workers a greater sense of efficiency. Ask your corsetiere for Flexees—Girdles and Combinations—\$5.95 to \$15.

Flexees
FOR A FINER FIGURE



FLEX-ible EASE is the key to FLEXEES

Shy on coverage?



Speaking of jewelry, do you realize that most values have climbed? And that your jewelry insurance policy sets a top limit payable on a loss? Moral: have your broker give you coverage to match present values. Do yourself a favor by buying Atlantic coverage—with its dividends of profits, and 100-year record of safety—for your jewelry, furs, paintings and other valuables.

CONSULT YOUR BROKER

ATLANTIC
Mutual Insurance Company

49 WALL STREET • NEW YORK



**What
WELL DRESSED
TOAST will wear**

Haven't you heard? It's tropic gold—Crosse & Blackwell's Orange Marmalade! Marvelous eye-opening flavor! A great pepper-upper! What! we're making you hungry? Slip out and get a jar!

Crosse & Blackwell's
Orange MARMALADE
Fine Foods Since 1706

PRELUDE IN 4~F

THE two girls came into the restaurant and, as they got in the door, the taller one said something under her breath which made her friend double over and gasp, "Stop, Helen, for God's sakes, you're killing me."

The restaurant was in the West Forties, one of a chain which boasts long lunch counters of soft pine stained brown and booths of the same color. It was three o'clock in the afternoon and only one man was eating at the counter and the booths were entirely empty. Standing behind the counter, directly in front of the man who was eating, and resting against a galvanized-iron tray table was a largish woman in a very clean and starched-looking green cotton uniform. Her hair was gray and cut in a short bob, which a tight marcel made look hard, almost sculptured. She watched the girls as they came in, and smiled at their laughter.

The girls didn't look toward the booths but seated themselves at the counter, two chairs down from the young man who was eating. The woman immediately handed them menus, and as they looked at them she put setups down and stood before them. The shorter girl was still laughing.

"Something must be a riot," said the woman behind the counter.

The shorter one gave her friend a slight push and said, "Oh, she's just crazy. She kills me."

The man twisted himself on the stool so he could see the two girls out of the corner of his eye without turning his head. He was quite young and tall, with a long, pleasant face and very blue eyes. He looked tired around the eyes, and he was pale. He had on a light-brown camel's-hair topcoat with a belt on the back, and a brown fedora hat which was cocked slightly on his head and would have made him look a little rakish if it had been new. His topcoat was still buttoned and, although it was quite warm inside, he had not loosened the plaid cotton muffler around his neck.

The girls looked over the menus and then the woman said, "Whaddaya going to have, girls?" The taller girl ordered a chocolate float and a sugar doughnut and the other ordered a vanilla-frosted and a chocolate doughnut and, while the woman made up their orders, they said nothing to each other, conscious and a little shy of the young man, who was looking at them from time to time out of the corner of his eye. When the woman had served them, she stood



JACK MARSHALL

"Butch McGurk" to you
IS BACK AGAIN

in the
Glass Hat
plus a complete new show

BOBBY PARKS
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

JOE PAFUMY
AND HIS RUMBA BAND

3 Shows Nightly • Dinner from \$1.50
No Cover Charge at
any time • Cocktail
Dancing Saturdays

HOTEL

Belmont
PLAZA

LEXINGTON AVENUE AT 49TH STREET

800 Rooms from \$3

DIRECTION: EMIL H. RONAY

Keen's
ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
36th St. Near 6th Ave.

"How about Keen's
before the show?"

"Right you are—
a prologue that
sets the mood!"

Maurice Chovel
has opened a new

Red Coach Tavern
in the Hotel

SHERRY NETHERLAND
Fifth Ave. at 59th St.

**FRENCH
CUISINE**

LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS
DINNER
SUPPER

**FINE
WINES**
Santé

before them for a moment in silence, looking at them with friendly curiosity.

"Ain't you girls from Doley's Surgical Instruments Company?" she said.

The taller girl had a mouthful of sugar doughnut, but her eyes smiled at the woman encouragingly as she nodded.

"I thought I seen you with some of their girls in here before," said the woman. "All nice girls. They all come in here. Your Mr. Sheldon over there comes in here every day for lunch, too."

"Is that so?" said the taller girl. Neither of the girls was smiling now, but they both looked at the woman and showed interest in what she said.

"Yes," said the woman, "he's a very faithful customer." She paused for a moment and then said, "He must be a very smart man."

"Yah," said the taller girl. "He certainly is. He's got a good job up there."

"Is that so?" said the woman. "I kind of thought so."

The young man had finished his food and had now turned his entire attention to the conversation. The woman glanced down the bar and looked at him. He was watching the taller girl and had a half-smile on his face.

"The only trouble with Mr. Sheldon is that he's married already, like all the rest of them," the taller girl said.

The young man gave a short laugh at this, and the girl gave him a quick, not unfriendly look. Her friend and the woman laughed a little, too, and then the woman spoke.

"You're not kidding," the woman said. "They certainly are that."

"You're right," said the girl. "You don't know a nice 4-F fellow who wants a dependent, do you?"

The young man laughed out quite loudly at that and turned his stool around



18 jewels, 18k. gold . . \$280

**IT TELLS THE TRUTH
WHEN IT TELLS THE TIME!**

a watch by
PATEK PHILIPPE

Today, time is of the essence. More than ever, you want to *depend* on a watch. *Patek Philippe*, the world's foremost watch, is for you who appreciate extreme accuracy and fine workmanship.

Black, Starr & Gorham offer you a wide selection of *Patek Philippe* watches. Prices include Federal Tax.

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM
WHITE PLAINS • FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET • EAST ORANGE

(left)
18 jewels,
steel . . . \$195

18 jewels, 18k. gold . . \$230



MEN skilled in the vintner's art . . . men, in whose fingers is the accumulated skill of their fathers and their grandfathers before them, guard and direct the natural evolution of Great Western Wines. That is one reason why Great Western American Pale Dry Sherry occupies the favored place in so many fine American cellars.

GREAT WESTERN
AMERICAN APPETIZER
WINES
GREAT WESTERN
AMERICAN STILL WINES
GREAT WESTERN
AMERICAN SPARKLING
WINES

**WINES
SINCE 1860**

**Make it one of Life's
Sparkling Moments**

**Great Western
AMERICAN SHERRY**

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO., RHEIMS, N. Y.

Send for free "Dinner
for Eight" Recipe Book

PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
RYE OR BOURBON

PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
RYE

A BLEND OF
STRAIGHT
WHISKIES
92 PROOF

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
New York, N.Y.

WHEREVER
FINE WHISKIES
ARE SOLD

*America's
Luxury
Whiskey*

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES • 92 PROOF

so that he faced the girls directly. They looked at him and they were smiling too, pleased that they had been able to effect such a forthright response. Then the taller girl spoke directly to him. "Don't tell me you're in 4-F," she said, "or I'll faint."

"Go ahead and faint," the young man said. "They took one look at me and gave me my walking papers."

"Some physical specimen," the girl said, and fixed her eyes beyond the boy as she figured out her next remark. Then she said, "I suppose those shoulders are all padding."

The boy laughed. "You can hand out the sarcastic remarks," he said, and laughed again.

"You kill yourself, don't you?" she said, but her voice was more than pleased at his friendliness. He now seemed to understand that the three women had accepted him into their circle. He moved up one chair toward them as he spoke, sliding himself along.

"Say," he said, "I heard you say you worked over at Doley Surgical Instrument. Do you know Tim Mackey over there?"

Both girls nodded vigorously.

"We certainly *do*," said the shorter one. "The foreman. We certainly do. He kept us both in for lunch today because he had to get an order out. Don't tell us *you* know him."

"Sure," said the boy. "I know him. And do you know Sammy Geltner? He's some guy. He still there?"

"Oh boy, he's there all right," said the taller girl. "He's there with the wisecracks. He certainly gets them off. I heard nobody like it in my life."

"You're not kidding," said the boy.

"I'm certainly not," she said. "Say," she added, "how do you know so many people over there?"

"Oh," he said, "I used to work there."

"Yah?" she said. "Well, then, I guess you know everybody."

"Sure," he said, "I know everybody over there, practically. I didn't know you two, though," he said.

"We been there five months," she said. "You musta quit before then."

"That's it," he said. "I quit just about six months ago."

"I see," she said. "Well, you ought to come over and say hello to us sometimes."

He turned this invitation over in his mind for a moment and it seemed to depress him, and when he spoke again his voice was bitter. "No," he said, "I wouldn't go over there again."

"Why not?" she said. "Don't you

want to see your old friends? Is that any way to be?"

"No," he said, and he put his hands out in front of him. "It's what I told you. The draft. I got 4-F."

"What's that got to do with it?" she said. "If you got 4-F, you're out of the Army and you've got a job."

The young man turned his chair back to face the counter and looked down at his hands. "In the draft they found out I'm not in good condition." He turned back to the girl and looked at her as though compelled by something inside him to make the final confession. "They found I got what they call cardiovascular trouble," he said, "so I can't work no more. I got to take it easy."

The girl gave him a long, incredulous look. Then she realized he was serious, and a look almost of alarm spread over her face. "Oh," she said. She turned her face away from him and for the rest of the conversation did not look at him but held her face straight ahead and looked almost as though she was holding her breath. A silence fell over the group and the boy looked puzzled and swung around nervously in his chair. Finally he spoke again, almost apologetically now.

"Well, that's my trouble, anyhow," he said, as though anxious to put it behind them, to cancel out the statement he had just made. "Say," he said, "is Sally Fazenda still over to Doley's?" He looked at the taller girl pleadingly.

The girl fastened her eyes on the woman and then said, her voice totally withdrawn, "She left there about two months ago." Then she said to the woman, "Well, we got to get going. Can we have our checks, Miss?"

The boy swung himself around in the chair, his face red, his eyes somehow evasive. He watched the woman as she punched the register for the checks and then said, "Mine too, please." The woman gave him his check, which was for thirty cents, and he reached into his pocket and pulled out a single coin, a half-dollar, and put it down next to the plate. Then he stood up and said, in the general direction of the girls, "Well, so long. Good luck," and walked quickly toward the door. The girls said nothing.

AS soon as the young man was out the door, the taller girl said, "Imagine him. He was talking right into my face almost, with lung trouble. I thought something was funny, because he had his scarf on. We're subject to t.b. in my family. My God, what a

How to be a Gourmet in 6 easy lessons

ASK *Lucius Beebe*

"WHERE TO DINE"

Now you can have the guidance of the famed columnist, Lucius Beebe, on finding the answer so difficult to guess—Where to find food of the finest with the finishing touches which distinguish dining from mere eating out. Just write him and he will answer with a signed letter. Address Lucius Beebe, Room 2472, 120 Broadway, New York City.



84 PROOF

from California
comes a brandy with

Unique Subtlety of Flavor

...blending the dryness of costly
pot-still brandies with the rich
flavor of conventional types

A method has been found to produce a finer brandy of more subtle flavor and superb drinking quality. It is called Lejon.

To produce it we make two distinct brandies by the slow, costly, pot-still method which tempers the richness of California's lush grapes with a delicate dryness. These two brandies are carefully blended with fuller-bodied brandy made by the conventional method.

Thus a notable characteristic of Lejon Brandy is its subtle dryness from the pot-still brandies, yet it retains a pleasing sufficiency of rich flavor traditional with California Brandy.

You may enjoy this rival of the finest cognacs at better hotels, clubs and restaurants—or get it by the case or bottle at foremost wine merchants. Distributed by National Distillers Products Corporation, New York City.

Wines from Free-Run Juice only...

Chateau Lejon California White and Red Dinner wines are made from Free-Run Juice only—before the grapes are pressed, giving delightful subtlety of flavor and rich bouquet. Equal excellence of every bottle is assured by laboratory control.

LEJON

FOR THE *man*
IN YOUR LIFE...



**TOILETRIES
FOR MEN**

The cool refreshment and fresh breezy fragrance of SPORTSMAN Shaving Lotion will please the most exacting man you know. Distinctly masculine—decidedly correct—it will make him look and feel his very best. In stunning sports-inspired bottles. 4 oz. \$1.50; 8 oz. \$2.50.

Decoy Shaving Bowl \$2.50.

John Hudson Moore, Inc.
663 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.



Also SPORTSMAN Cologne, Hair Dressing, Talc and Bath Soap. Gift Sets \$2.50 to \$7.75... Available at leading stores.

*distinctly
masculine
decidedly
correct*

nerve. I held my breath so I wouldn't get any germs."

"That ain't t.b.," the woman said. "That's cardiovascular"—she pronounced the word slowly, syllabically—"heart trouble. I had a brother who died of it."

The taller girl looked at her for a moment and then she comprehended. "Oh," she said. "Oh, that's different. I thought he was breathing germs on me. Oh, heart trouble." She seemed quite relieved.

"Yes," said the woman, "that's just bad heart trouble."

The shorter girl spoke. "That's bad enough," she said, "heart trouble."

"That's right," said the other girl. For a moment she held her seriousness. Then the self-conscious humorous look came back into her face, and she turned her eyes up to the ceiling so she wouldn't laugh. "Imagine kissing a nice, big 4-F fellow and having him faint dead away of heart trouble," she said.

Her friend burst out into sudden laughter again, and gave her a shove with her hand. "Don't talk like that," she said. She turned to the woman and shook her head. "She'd say anything," she said. —LEONARD W. ROBINSON

IT'S ONLY ICE WATER

"It's only ice water. Fill it up,"

You say. You say it's mild as rice water.

The shaker leans to kiss the cup.

"It's only ice water!"

"Truly, it seems to sting," I cry,

"Sharp as the sting of angry fly-swatter.

But shall I give my host the lie?

No! It is ice water!

"Dispute, dissension, make an end!

War of opinion's worse than price war!

I will proclaim with you, my friend,

It's only ice warr!"

—MORRIS BISHOP

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 2.—Hedy Lamarr, moviedom's glamour girl, made a hit with workers at the Philadelphia Navy Yard during a lunch hour tour to boost the sale of War Bonds... During the Navy Yard tour which preceeded the luncheon Hedy stopped to chat with workers and partake of a two-inch-thick steak sandwich offered her by one of the men. sb HedyLameonn6 etaoin shrdluc

—The News.

You'll have to take the sandwich out of your mouth, please.

**MOUNTAIN LODGES
FOR SALE OR RENT**

Only three hours from New York in unspoiled mountain country. There is nothing better three times as far from New York and nothing comparable as near to the city. Magnificent country—1000 acre Park at 2,000 ft. elevation—adjacent to 30,000 acres of State Forest Preserve. Twenty-five miles of beautiful trails. Camping, trout fishing, good hunting. Club House. Swimming pool, tennis. Details and road map on request.

Big Indian Mountain Club

OF BIG INDIAN, N. Y., INC.

BIG INDIAN, N. Y.

25 West 45th St., Bryant 9-5221

SHARE

Your Christmas Giving
With
The Salvation Army



WRITE

The Salvation Army
Into
Your Will

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Not Exactly Stark



SOMEHOW or other, John Gunther was beguiled into delivering short commentaries at the beginning and end of a trifling tale, called "Thunder Birds," about student training for the Army Air Forces. In

his two little speeches Mr. Gunther gives praise to the work done in the Air Forces schools and the men who are turned out by them. Between, or inside, Gunther, comes Gene Tierney with two suitors on her string, one an American instructor (Preston Foster) and the other an English student (John Sutton). There is not much in the action to show what goes on in these training schools, except for an indication that after a certain amount of preliminary tutoring the boys are encouraged to fly solo. The school represented in this film is located in Arizona, right near a ranch where Miss Tierney lives. The humdrum routine of the faculty and undergraduates is brightened by the barbecues she throws, and the two individuals mentioned above engage in sporadic skirmishes for her hand in marriage. The instructor is handicapped by being a good deal older than she, and the student by being a foreigner and therefore not altogether acceptable to movie audiences as a husband for Gene. Which of the two wins out will not be revealed here, on the unlikely ground that it would spoil the picture.

"ARMY SURGEON," another film in which no military secrets are given away, advances the thought that the Medical Corps is all set for this war, having solved a great many problems in the last one. The flashback device is used to show certain members of the Medical Corps solving problems in the last war. The main one seems to lie in the fact that too many wounded die while being transferred back to field hospitals, which are situated too far behind the lines. This is solved by moving field hospitals closer to the lines. After that, there's not much for cast or audience to work on except to determine, again, who gets the girl, this time Jane Wyatt. As a matter of fact, the winner is not so hard to pick, since the choice is between an Army surgeon, whom the picture has been named



**"THE DRINK MEN
WON'T FORGET"**

I'm frankly a MERRY MARTINI
A bright spot in anyone's day.
As dry as Maine wit, I'm a whale
of a hit
At least that's what connoisseurs say.

I'm frankly a MERRY MARTINI
An olive surrounded by cheer.
Folks hearing my name say "Make
mine the same"
My fame extends widely and near.

I'm frankly a MERRY MARTINI
As gay as an infectious grin
But I actually owe my get up and go
To a good thing to know...

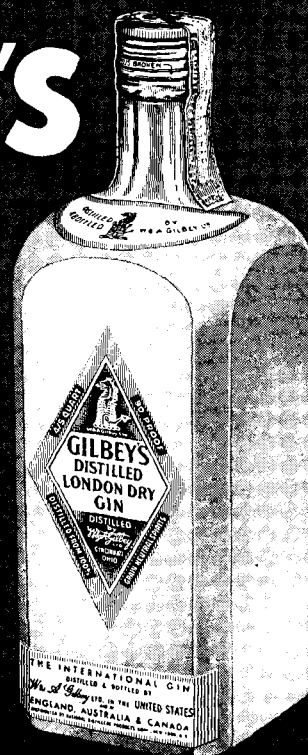
GILBEY'S GIN.

YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH

GILBEY'S

*The
International*

GIN



**THE "INTERNATIONAL GIN" DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES
AS WELL AS IN ENGLAND, AUSTRALIA, AND CANADA**

© 1942, National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y. C. — 90 Proof — Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.

... **This stark,
unusual and
compelling novel,**
**THE THREE
BAMBOOS**

"comes as close as anything ever recorded to explaining Japan and the Japanese to the Western World. It is the story of the whole sun-born race. The story sticks closely to history in its broad outline. But it is what lies within that outline that makes it startling reading. In its candor and detail . . . it makes grisly, spine-chilling but necessary reading."

—PHILA. INQUIRER

by **Robert Standish**

\$2.75

La Quintrala

by

Magdalena Petit

"is a richly worthwhile addition both to criminal psychology and to Western hemisphere literature."

—NEW YORK TIMES

\$2.00

at all bookstores

**MACMILLAN
NEW YORK**

after, and a flier, who has been brought in simply to provide a few scenes of aerial combat. The Medical Corps, though a worthy outfit, doesn't do much dog-fighting, you see.

"**DESTINATION UNKNOWN**" is pre-war in content, or at least pre-American participation. The action takes place in China and involves Japs and also an American who tussles with them in an unofficial sort of way. William Gargan and Irene Hervey have the leading rôles, but the film is chiefly remarkable for its utter waste of the gifts of Sam Levene, who has almost no lines and certainly none that you'd care to steal. The Levene fan clubs should begin to throw their weight around.

THERE are two new short features to be seen, one of which is the product of fairly lofty intentions and falls below them, while the other is less ambitious and turns out fine. The first is "We Refuse to Die," a dramatization of what the Germans did to Lidice, Czecho-Slovakia. Its message is that such a performance defeats itself by shocking the democracies into more unified and determined opposition. The trouble is that wiping out a village to avenge the life of one mobster is too spectacular to be done justice to in two reels or so. If you get to thinking about it, just as a fact in itself, you are very likely to lose sight of messages.

The other short is called "Private Smith of the U.S.A." and simply undertakes to trace the career of a selectee from the time he is called until his promotion to Private, First Class. The running comment that goes with it is supposed to be light and frolicsome and succeeds pretty well. The picture may easily appeal to ordinary citizens who are curious about this peculiar experience and to soldiers who have undergone it but to whom it still seems so improbable that they would like to have another look at it, just to make sure.

—DAVID LARDNER

Reader—What can be done or taken to stop the craving to nibble small camphor balls? Is this harmful and what is the cause?

Ans.—Eating camphor balls would be harmful and the tendency must be corrected by sufficient will power and a substitution of the desire by associating with more people and keeping yourself occupied with interesting, helpful things.—*Detroit News*.

But that's assuming the reader knows somebody more interesting than a camphor ball.

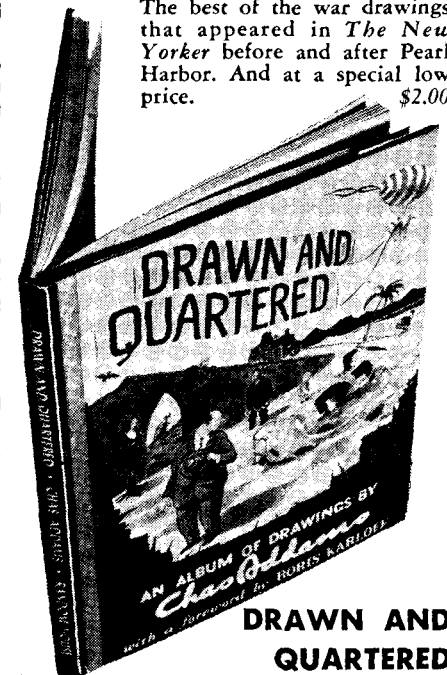
WARNING!

Only a limited supply
of these albums will be
available before
Christmas. No more
can be printed until
next year!



THE NEW YORKER WAR ALBUM

The best of the war drawings that appeared in *The New Yorker* before and after Pearl Harbor. And at a special low price. \$2.00



DRAWN AND QUARTERED

An album of drawings by **CHARLES ADDAMS**. With a foreword by **Boris Karloff**. "Masterpieces in jugular vein . . . a book of carbolic gaiety."—*Christopher Morley*. \$2.50



RANDOM HOUSE, 20 E. 57 ST., N.Y.

BOOKS

No Great Shakes at New Haven



FROM time to time my Yale friends, overlooking my squalid background (Columbia '25), take me to the Yale Club. There, in the course of a sound lunch, it is my nasty habit to requite their hospitality by asking them to name the greatest man ever graduated from their college. The query has drawn some odd replies and not in any instance the correct one. The suggestion that the man is Willard Gibbs usually draws a blank stare.

Henry Adams, who passed all too easily from a demeaning view of himself to a similar view of others, was no lenient assayer of men, but it was he who called Gibbs "the greatest of Americans, judged by his rank in science." The German physical chemist Wilhelm Ostwald, himself a master, said of Gibbs, "To physical chemistry he gave form and content for a hundred years." The brilliant Austrian physicist Ludwig Boltzmann termed Gibbs "the greatest synthetic philosopher since Newton."

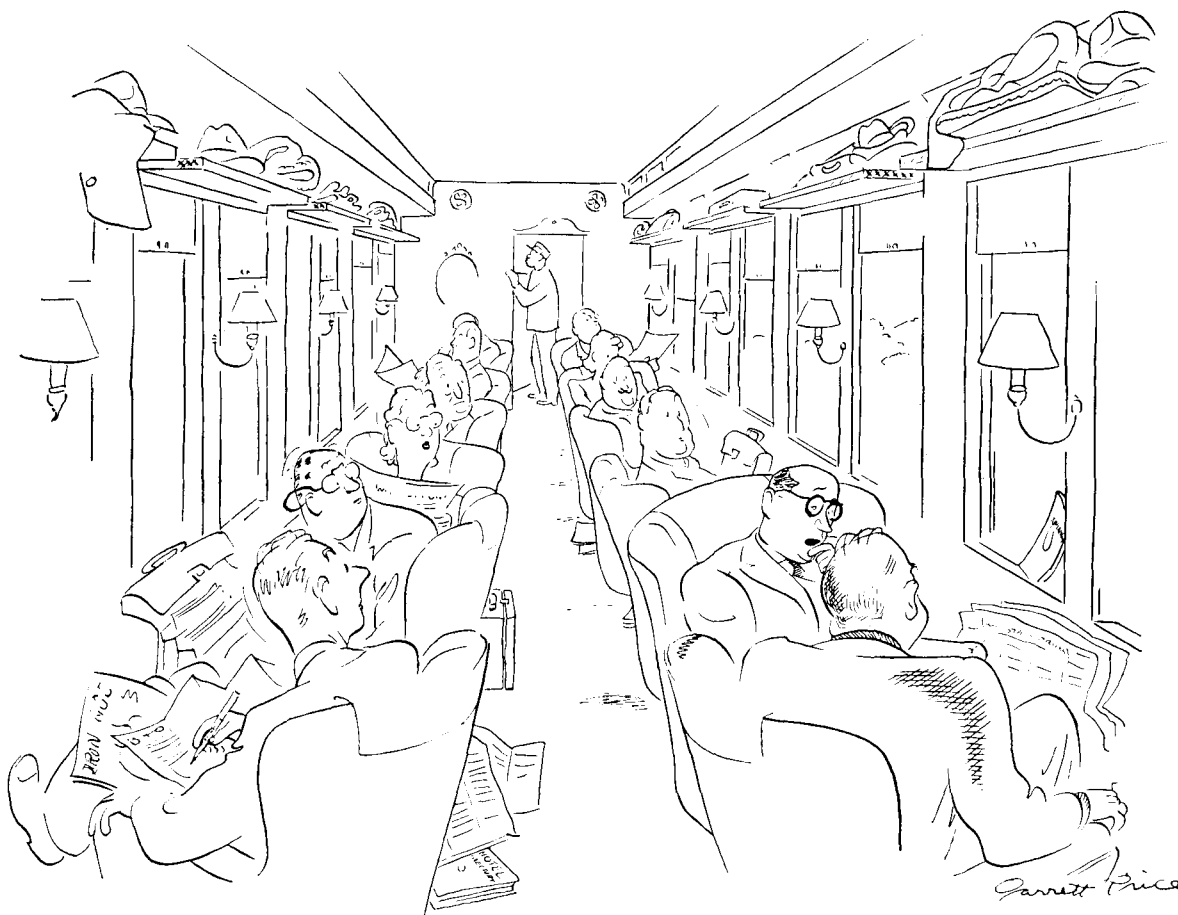
And now the young American poet Muriel Rukeyser, in her full-length biography, "Willard Gibbs: American Genius," places Gibbs beside Newton and Einstein, and ranks him quite properly with Lincoln, Melville, and Whitman as one of the four greatest Americans of his century. She goes on to say, "This man, the father of physical chemistry, that science which above all others will shape the course of the war we now are in and the course of our lives after the war—the man who has been called the greatest mind of the nineteenth century—of whom it is said that his name will live after all others, except possibly Lincoln's—is an unknown man to us." He will probably remain unknown, in the strict sense, to all of us who are not mathematical physicists.

"Poor Willard Gibbs," sighed William James, "who during his lifetime can hardly have been considered any great shakes at New Haven..." Poor Willard Gibbs, whose body, during almost all of its tranquil career of sixty-four years, lived and moved within the brief compass of three New Haven blocks. Poor Willard Gibbs, whose timeless brain coursed like ubiquitous mercury through all the gaseous, solid, or liquid matter in the universe. Poor Willard Gibbs, in whose memory Yale could never get around to raising the money for a Gibbs laboratory, though the same proud centre of learning and half-backs found no difficulty in collecting \$180,000 for a memorial to Walter Camp.

This scientist, whose achievements will fire the brains of other scientists a thousand years hence, when practical inventors of genius, like Edison, form the subject of a footnote, was born in New Haven in 1839. He went to Yale, studied briefly in Germany and France, returned to New Haven, and taught mathematical physics and cognate subjects there until his death in 1903. He

never changed residence, he never married (he lived with two sisters), he made no bid for fame, he taught quietly, he published quietly, he died quietly. "His life," writes Miss Rukeyser, "was nothing but self and science, and then he tore the self away."

His century was the century of the steam engine. Its science therefore was the science of thermodynamics. Gibbs, responding unconsciously to the pressure of the time, gave permanent generalized form to the science of thermodynamics, but the time, at least in America, gave its eager suffrage not to Gibbs, who measured forces, but to Edison, who made use of them. The country would have none but extroverts for heroes, men with a passion for the immediate and the specific. It could not understand—we still cannot understand—a man like Gibbs, who said, with no pomposity, "I wish to know systems" and worked only with laws and equations, making not a single experiment but uniting physics and chemistry, using analogies with Puritan sparseness, laying down laws for problems still to be posed, generalizing, generalizing, gen-



"Oh yes, I've known Donald Nelson for years."

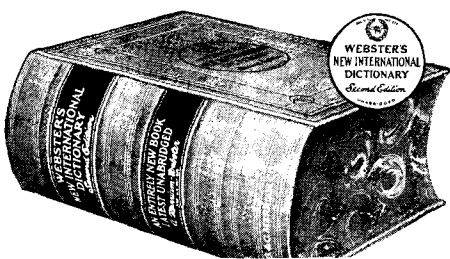


THE name *orangutan* comes from the Malay words *orañ*, "man," and *utan*, "wild." *Rhinoceros* means "nose horn," from Greek *rhin*, "rhinos," "nose," and *keras*, "a horn." *Dromedary*, originally a camel of unusual speed, comes from Greek *dromas*, "running." Its habit of honeycombing the earth with tunnels gave the *gopher* its name, which is from French *gautre*, "honeycomb." You will find hundreds of interesting word origins in

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, Second Edition *The Merriam-Webster*

These colorful word histories are only one feature of this greatest of all knowledge books. Its completeness makes it truly the *Foundation Book for Home Education!* The more questions you and your children bring to it, the more you will be amazed at the range and scope of the information furnished by its hundreds of encyclopedic articles, the work of over 200 outstanding authorities. Many subjects are covered in greater detail than in any other reference book. It seems almost unbelievable that such a vast fund of knowledge could be packed into one book!—a book that tells you everything you want to know about words, 600,000 of them, 122,000 more than in any other dictionary. 12,000 illustrations. All this makes it truly "the Supreme Authority"—on every branch of thought and activity.

You have long wanted this great question answerer; now is the time to get it. Ask any bookseller or stationer to show you the *genuine Webster*—the **MERRIAM-Webster**—identified by the circular trade-mark. Mail the coupon for free illustrated booklet of Interesting Word Origins to G. & C. Merriam Co., 122 Federal St., Springfield, Mass.



**MAIL THIS COUPON for FREE ILLUSTRATED
BOOKLET OF INTERESTING WORD ORIGINS**
G. & C. Merriam Co., 122 Federal St., Springfield, Mass.

Please send me free booklet, "Interesting
Origins of English Words," and information
about Webster's New International Dictionary,
Second Edition.

Name

Address

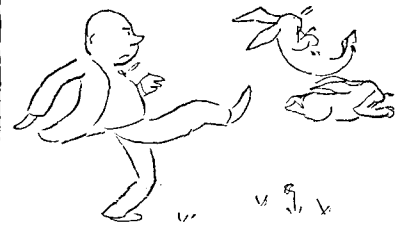
Advt. Copyright, 1942, by G. & C. Merriam Co.

eralizing, and repeating always, "The whole is simpler than its parts."

For a scientific semi-illiterate such as myself to attempt to summarize Gibbs's achievement is presumption. As with great poetry, his language is his total content. Miss Rukeyser, leaning somewhat on J. G. Crowther's dullish but highly intelligent essay on Gibbs—you will find it in his "Famous American Men of Science"—does her best. But she is less successful in popularizing Gibbs's doctrine than in exposing its complex relation to its period and its general significance for us and our future.

In general, Gibbs worked out a series of universal laws governing the conditions, or "phases," of heterogeneous matter—any matter, anywhere. As his motto, he took the words of Clausius: "The energy of the world is constant. The entropy of the world tends toward a maximum." (You may care to struggle over Clerk Maxwell's definition of entropy: "A measurable quantity, such that when there is no communication of heat this quantity remains constant, but when heat enters or leaves the body the quantity increases or diminishes.") Gibbs proceeded to develop a thermodynamical theory which, seemingly abstract, was destined, as Miss Rukeyser says, "to open up empires and industries and hold the fate of wars." He examined the leading idea of the nineteenth century—energy. In a language that competent judges consider elegant, concise, and powerful, but which is opaque to the layman, he illuminated for eternity the relations existing among temperature, volume, pressure, energy, and the mysterious entropy.

Gibbs's papers bear such titles as "The Equilibrium of Heterogeneous Substances," a title which Lord Rayleigh said was in itself a first-rate definition of chemistry. Out of these forbidding treatises, almost unnoticed in America during Gibbs's own lifetime, has emerged nothing less than a large part of the foundations of the modern world. Metallurgy, industrial chemistry, geology, ceramics, the analysis of the blood (see Lawrence Henderson), monetary theory (see Irving Fisher), historical theory (see Pareto)—all have drawn from the fundamental, inclusive work of Gibbs, the latter-day Lucretius who saw into "the sum of things." The chemistry of colloids and the manipulation of alloys, fields upon which modern industry rests, rest in turn upon Gibbs. Einstein and Pierre Curie stem in part from him. His last book, "Elementary Principles in Statistical Mechanics," prepared the way for the work in quantum theory which



Stop kicking your children's rabbits!

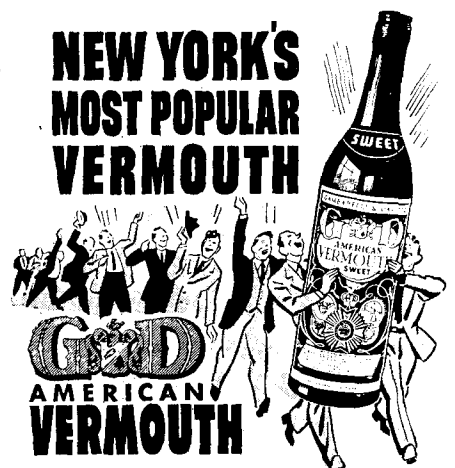
And get a copy of **MY WORLD—AND WELCOME TO IT**, the new collection of pieces by James Thurber. It includes **THE MAN WHO HATED MOONBAUM**, **THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY**, **HERE LIES MISS GROBY**, **DEATH IN THE ZOO**, **THE GENTLEMAN IN 916**, and other favorites.

JAMES THURBER

My World — And Welcome To It

Illustrated by the author. \$2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO.



GAMBARELLI & DAVITTO · New York



LEARN SPANISH

THE LANGUAGE OF
TOMORROW'S
BUSINESS BY
PLAYING
CARDS

It's easy to learn to speak, read and write Spanish this popular new way... and it takes only 1/2 of the time usually required to master a foreign language. Play Solitaire or play the Course with a member of your family or while you entertain friends. Prepares for the thousands of post-war opportunities that will be available to Spanish-speaking men and women when trade with our Latin-American neighbors is at its peak. Remember... 2, 3 or 4 persons can learn at no extra cost. 4 decks of cards and Cloth-Bound Text Book, only \$2 postpaid.

French course ... also \$2.

RODALE PRESS Emmaus, Penna.
Dept. NY-12

is one of the few glories of our epoch. He has had a decisive influence on electrochemistry and on the manufacture of high explosives; indeed, his work was partially responsible for the Allied victory in the last war. The timetables of our trains and the cost of our airplane flights depend, remarks W. R. Whitney of General Electric, on a simple equation of Gibbs. And Gibbs's work has just begun, he has just started to live; he does not, like Kelvin and so many other nineteenth-century giants, wear a dated look.

Miss Rukeyser's interest lies only secondarily in an exact weighing of the scientific value of Gibbs's work. Her emphasis is on the contours of his mind, the qualities which made him "the type and emblem of the imagination in America." Her fine book interprets Gibbs as an example of the profoundly American search for unity, of which our passion for standardization is but a vulgar expression and of which our effort in this war may yet prove to be the highest embodiment.

Miss Rukeyser explains why Gibbs was appreciated almost at once by the magnificent eagle eye of Clerk Maxwell and by a group of German and Dutch scientists but hardly at all by his American colleagues. She goes deeply into the subtle relation between Gibbs's cold equations and the hot, tense, rushing industrial life around him. She compares his career with those of Henry Adams, William James, Melville, and Whitman, making a dozen illuminating analogies. At times she ascends into a mystical heaven where her syntax and your correspondent desert her simultaneously, but for the most part she writes with extraordinary brilliance and passion. I have read no other biography this year that has interested me half as much or from which I have learned one-tenth as much. If the Pulitzer Prize Committee judges overlook it, they may comfort themselves with the assurance that they are firmly in that tradition of our higher learning which for so many years overlooked the greatest intellect in our country's history, the towering one of Willard Gibbs.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE MAN MISS SUSIE LOVED, by Augusta Tucker. The early life and love of the Miss Susie Slagle whom you may have met in an earlier book by Miss Tucker that had a lot to do with medical students. This time

BLUEPRINT FOR BLITZKRIEG



PRINCIPLES OF WAR

★ As reported in the New Yorker's "Books" of October 10, "here, then, is the seed of modern German military practice" in the most complete edition so far of General Carl von Clausewitz' history making document.

After 140 years, this clearly written analysis of military strategy is still the source book of total war as Hitler wages it. New translation and preface by Hans W. Gatzke. **\$1.00**

At better bookstores everywhere, or direct from publisher.

WINGED MARS

John R. Cuneo

The logical introduction to a sound understanding of the changing role of the air weapon in modern warfare. Written to present facts and information—and not to start arguments or propound personal theories. **\$2.50**

Military Service Publishing Co. Harrisburg, Pa.	
Please send me the books checked:	
☐ PRINCIPLES OF WAR	☐ WINGED MARS
Name _____	
Address _____	
City _____	

THE MILITARY SERVICE PUBLISHING CO.
100 TELEGRAPH BUILDING • HARRISBURG, PA.

★★★ HENNESSY COGNAC BRANDY

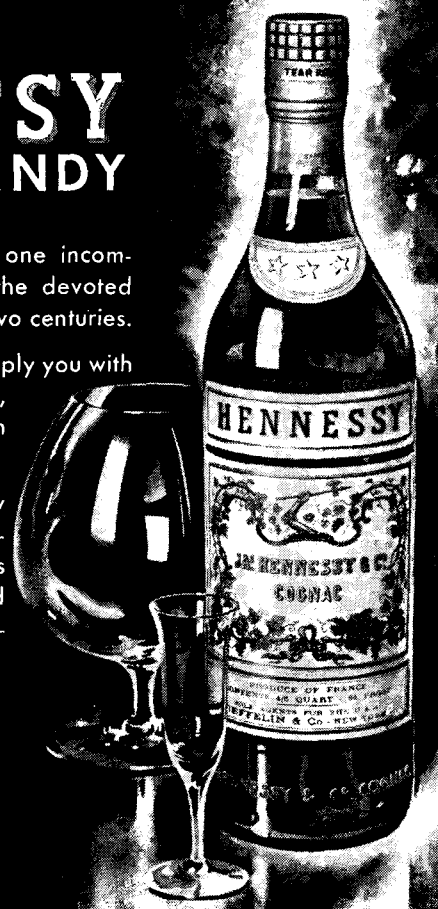
84 PROOF

Genuine ★★★ Hennessy is the one incomparable cognac which has been the devoted choice of connoisseurs for nearly two centuries.

Your dealer may still be able to supply you with ★★★ Hennessy Cognac Brandy, although importations ceased with the occupation of France.

A bottle of genuine ★★★ Hennessy will make a cherished gift for someone you especially favor. And its admirable quality, bouquet and "clean taste" will bring rare distinction to the season's festivities.

★ QUALITY
★ BOUQUET
★ CLEAN TASTE



Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France. JAS HENNESSY & CO, Est. 1765

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

CLAMS**AHOY!**

All hands
reach for
**Snider's
Cocktail
Sauce**

PICKS UP THE FLAVOR IN
YOUR FAVORITE SEAFOOD

Elegant relish for broiled steaks —
a simple way to season Spanish rice

★ ★
*The Savoy-Plaza
presents*



**MORTON
DOWNEY**

★ ★
at dinner and supper in the
**CAFE LOUNGE
AND SNACK BAR**

★
PAUL BARON and his Orchestra



Continuous
Dancing and
Entertainment
from 5:30 P. M.

SAVOY-PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET
Don B. Burger, General Manager ★

there is less medicine, although Miss Susie, through her friendship with old Mr. Johns Hopkins, has a hand in planning the famous hospital. The book is crammed full of nostalgic details of life in Baltimore a couple of generations ago, and there are sympathetic pictures of such great doctors as Halsted and Welch and Osler.

BEYOND SURRENDER, by Marian Sims.

The story of a South Carolina planter's family in the unhappy decade following Appomattox. A standard Reconstruction novel enlivened by some interesting sidelights on the state's politics of the time. The book ends with South Carolina over the worst of her troubles and the central characters still in the thick of theirs.

TURNING LEAVES, by Ellen Proctor. A

small town in Minnesota is the background for one of those family novels whose rambling connections have to be explained by a genealogical table. A rather awkwardly written story, whose chief interest is the tie—half affection, half antagonism—by which two sisters are bound inescapably to each other.

GENERAL

FRANCIS PARKMAN, by Mason Wade.

Parkman's life divides rather neatly into his early years of exploration (the Grand Tour and the Oregon Trail) and his later years of almost unceasing illness and the writing of the histories. Mr. Wade judiciously gives most of his attention to the earlier period. As a result, we get a lavishly varied and entertaining biography of a figure that might have puzzled Whitman—a plainsman who despised the common people, and a Boston Brahmin who didn't care for Puritans. Illustrated.

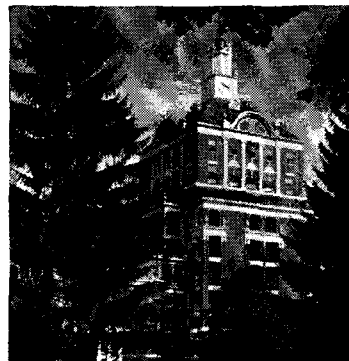
BALCONY EMPIRE, by Reynolds and

Eleanor Packard. This man-and-wife team of United Press correspondents were first-hand observers of Italian affairs from September, 1935,



THE SPA AT THE HOMESTEAD

VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS



The ever-changing scene of one of the world's great hotels . . . the invigorating mountain air . . . the enchanting location in the Alleghanies . . . all these conspire to lift the spirits of the patrons of our Private Spa. Unexcelled facilities for thermal mineral baths, massage, and related treatments.

For booklets and complete information, address
The Homestead, Hot Springs, Virginia, or our
New York office in the Waldorf.

★ ★ ★ ★

**La Vie
Parisienne**

LIBBY HOLMAN
At Supper

INTIMATE ENTERTAINMENT
AT DINNER—SUPPER—2 A.M.

3 EAST 52ND : EL 5-8553
EL 5-8579

★ ★ ★ ★

NEW YORKERS DINE OUT!
The Hearthstone is the symbol
Of the American way of life.
Here choicest food and wines are served
With friendly spirit rife.

Luncheon 65c to \$1.35 Dinner \$1.00 to \$1.85

The HEARTHSTONE
15 EAST 48th ST. 102 EAST 22d ST.
(BAR) Open Sundays Closed Sundays

★ ★ ★ ★

SAVARIN

Famous for good food and quality beverages at popular prices.

PENN STATION: Dining Rooms, Bars, Seafood Buffet, Refreshment Counters • EQUITABLE BLDG., 120 B'way: Restaurants, Lunch Rooms, Cafeteria, Bar • N. Y. LIFE BLDG., 27th St. & 4th Ave.: Cafeteria, Soda Luncheonette • WALDORF-ASTORIA, Lexington Ave.: Coffee Shop and Bar.

Enjoy—

this
outstanding
1936 vintage
Pale Dry
Sherry

... and its good-
ness will tell you
why Roma Wines
are America's Large-
st Selling Wines.



ROMA

Foremost Vintners of America's Finest
Wines, including Roma Vintage Wines,
Champagnes, Vermouths and Brandy.
ROMA WINE COMPANY, INC.
Fresno, Calif. • Chicago, Ill. • New York, N. Y.

Chrome-Twist

TENNIS AND
BADMINTON GUT

• Made only of the finest quality
split lambs' gut. Produced in the
same plant where meticulous
standards and constant inspection
have developed the finest surgical
sutures, Chrome Twist Tennis &
Badminton Gut reflects that same
care and workmanship. Johnson
Suture Corporation, 6001 West
67th Street, Chicago, Illinois.

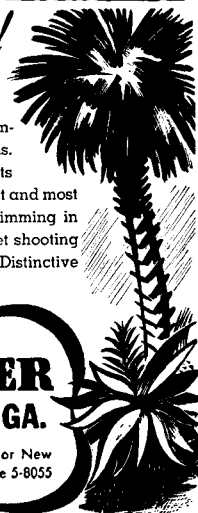


Sea Island
exposé

The Cloister at Sea Island is run-
ning on the same year round basis.
This prince of resorts pledges its
facilities to you who need the best and most
in rest and recreation. Golf, swimming in
surf or pool, tennis, cycling, skeet shooting
—your favorite sports as always. Distinctive
clientele. Prewar rates.

THE
CLOISTER
SEA ISLAND, GA.

Write direct, see travel agent or New
York Office, 630 Fifth Ave. Circle 5-8055



until May, 1942, when they were re-
leased after four and a half months of
somewhat casual internment. A good
résumé of diplomatic and pseudo-
military events, but the feature of the
book is its detailed, understanding
picture of the Italian people at war.
They don't like it. Plenty of fresh
material, sensibly written.

I CAME OUT OF THE EIGHTEENTH
CENTURY, by John Andrew Rice.
Autobiography of an educator who
was raised on a South Carolina cot-
ton plantation in the nineties. A fine
book, homely and wise, with a mel-
low, eighteenth-century, American
plainness of style that helps to bear out
the title.

THE ST. LAWRENCE, by Henry Beston.
Lore of the great Canadian-Ameri-
can river: Quebec and Montreal,
early battles, the habitants and their
legends, herbs and simples, voyageurs,
Indians, and other matters. Very like-
ly the best writing in the Rivers of
America Series so far, and a good,
full subject too. Sketches by A. Y.
Jackson.

THE ART OF SEEING, by Aldous Hux-
ley. The author, who had an attack
of *keratitis punctata* that left him al-
most blind at sixteen, explains the
principles of "visual reëducation," de-
veloped by the late Dr. W. H. Bates,
which have helped him to recover
much of his sight. He also discusses the
effects of psychosomatic disturbances,
reading habits, light, and so on. Sim-
ply written and apparently reason-
able, if a bit unorthodox.

MEMORIES OF HAPPY DAYS, by Julian
Green. A gentle, often sweetly hu-
morous tribute to the France that
Julian Green knew as a boy and as
a youth in the ambulance service in
the first World War. The literary
memoirs at the end are conventional,
the rest true and touching.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DIG ME A GRAVE, by John Spain. Wil-
liam Rye is the confidential agent for
Edward Callahan, Los Angeles oil
magnate and political boss. All hell
breaks loose when a nineteen-year-
old girl shows up and claims that she
is Callahan's daughter. Fantastic on
the whole but a good, clear carbon of
the Hammett school.

CRADLED IN FEAR, by Anita Boutell.
Molly Prescott spends her honey-
moon at her husband's childhood
home on a bleak point of the New
England shore. Eccentric twin aunts
and frightening glimpses into the past
spoil things for the young lovers. Too

*I've Tried Them All
...but the smoothness and mildness
of SHEFFIELDS is astounding
indeed. For real smoking pleasure
I rate this well packed oval, TOPS.*

SHEFFIELD
English Type
No. 5
CIGARETTES

SHEFFIELD TOBACCO WORKS • NEW YORK
SIMPSON, STODWELL & SWICK LTD., SUDBURY

**IMAGINE THIS QUALITY AT
POPULAR PRICES!**

What
makes
a bride
blush
?

Well-l, glowing compliments on her
cooking always thrill a newly-wed. That's
why eager-to-please wives always keep a
bottle of Maggi's Seasoning in the kitchen.

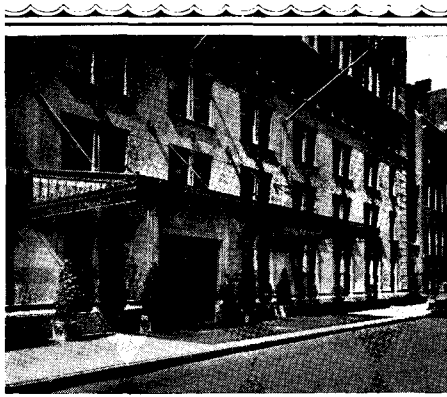
A few dashes of this choice cooking aid
will make each new dish a culinary triumph
and will give those 'budget-saving' left-over's
a tasteful, first-night glamour. Maggi's Sea-
soning plays up, with dramatic emphasis,
the deep-down, natural food flavors that are
so often weakened or lost in the
cooking and preparation of soups,
sauces, stews, vegetables, salad
dressings, meat and fish dishes.
Start using it tomorrow. His
superlatives will make you blush!

**MAGGI'S
SEASONING**

MAGGICO, Inc., 76 Varick St., N. Y. C.

Promotes Natural Food Flavors





... after an exacting day, you feel that "rare peace which is above all earthly dignities."

★

On one of New York's exclusive, residential streets . . . 10 minutes from the theatre district . . . 5 minutes from Rockefeller Center . . . with French cuisine and a trained and unobtrusive staff—Mayfair House invites the patronage of men and their families whose business or social obligations necessitate an overnight stay in the City—or longer.

★

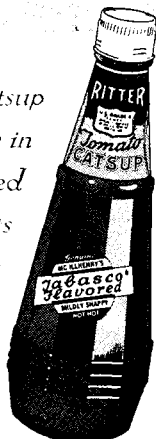
Mayfair House

Park Avenue at 65th St. • New York

EDWARD H. CRANDALL
Managing Director

*Mealtime
Morale Dept.*

Try this unique Catsup
... it's the only one in
the world flavored
with Tabasco*. Its
zesty, appetizing
tang makes food
better-tasting,
more fun to eat!



RITTER
Tabasco-Flavored
CATSUP

P. J. RITTER COMPANY • Bridgeton, N. J.

*Our use of this product and its registered trademark is licensed by the McIlhenny Co.

many adjectives, but romantic reading for the ladies.

CRIME CLUB ENCORE, chosen and with a foreword by Howard Haycraft. Four novels: "Verdict of Twelve," by Raymond Postgate; "Keep Murder Quiet," by Selwyn Jepson; "Warrant for X," by Philip MacDonald; and "The Case of the Late Pig," by Margery Allingham. The best detective omnibus to date.

DEPARTMENT OF TOTAL WARFARE

[A telegraphic communication received by an Army colonel at Norfolk, Va., on a busy day]

W2X V NAM NR 23
O L H Z SNOW 251521 206 RAFT D ZRK GR 328
PARA ONE SECNAV REGULATIONS GOVERNING UNIFORM ALLOWANCES FOR MEMBERS NAVY NURSE CORPS WILL BE EFFECTED USING FOLLOWING PROCEDURE X PARA TWO DISBURSING OFFICER OPENING PAY ACCOUNTS NAVY NURSE APPOINTED COMMA OR NAVAL RESERVE NURSE FIRST REPORTING ACTIVE DUTY COMMA ON OR SUBSEQUENT THREE JULY NINETEEN FORTY TWO WILL CREDIT ONE HUNDRED SEVENTY FIVE DOLLARS UNIFORM ALLOWANCE ON PAY ROLL OPPOSITE CAPTION QUOTE UNIF GRAT ACT SEVEN SLANT THREE SLANT FORTY TWO UNQUOTE X WHERE PREVIOUSLY ISSUED UNIFORMS AT GOVERNMENT EXPENSE ACCORDANCE ART FOURTEEN THIRTY ONE DASH TEN SANDA MEMO NUMBER FOUR SIXTY SEVEN COMMA AMOUNT OF GRATUITY WILL BE REDUCED BY AMOUNT OFFSETTING CREDITS PREVIOUSLY MADE X ENDORSE ORIGINAL AND ALL COPIES ORDERS TO SHOW PAY NUMBER COMMA ACTIVITY COMMA DATE AND AMOUNT OF CREDIT COMMA NAME AND SYMBOL NUMBER OF DISBURSING OFFICER X FILE ONE CERTIFIED COPY ORDERS AS PAY ROLL VOUCHER AND FORWARD ONE COPY TO BUSANDA PAREN RETAINER PAY DIVISION PAREN X PARA THREE DISBURSING OFFICER CARRYING ACCOUNTS NAVY OR NAVAL RESERVE NURSE ON ONE OCTOBER NINETEEN FORTY TWO WILL CREDIT TWO HUNDRED TWENTY FIVE DOLLARS ADDITIONAL OUTDOOR UNIFORM ALLOWANCE ON PAY ROLL OPPOSITE CAPTION QUOTE UNIF GRAT PAREN OUTDOOR PAREN ACT SEVEN SLANT THREE SLANT FORTY TWO UNQUOTE X MAKE LETTER REPORT SUCH CREDITS TO BUSANDA PAREN RETAINER PAY DIVISION PAREN AND FILE COPY AS PAY ROLL VOUCHER WITH FIRST ACCOUNT AFFECTED X IF NURSE TRANSFERRED SUBSEQUENT ONE OCTOBER BUT PRIOR RECEIVING CREDIT COMMA OTHER DISBURSING OFFICER MAY MAKE CREDIT BASIS STATEMENT ACCOUNT COVERING PERIOD FROM ONE OCTOBER X PARA FOUR DISBURSING OFFICERS OPENING PAY ACCOUNT NAVY OR NAVAL RESERVE NURSE FIRST REPORTING ACTIVE DUTY SUBSEQUENT ONE OCTOBER NINETEEN FORTY TWO WILL AT TIME OPENING ACCOUNT CREDIT TWO HUNDRED TWENTY FIVE DOLLARS ADDITIONAL OUTDOOR UNIFORM ALLOWANCE OPPOSITE CAPTION PRESCRIBED PARA THREE X ENDORSE ORIGINAL AND ALL COPIES ORDERS AND FILE AND FORWARD CERTIFIED COPIES AS PRESCRIBED IN PARA TWO X PARA FIVE ITEMS COMPRISING OUTFITS AND SPECIFICATIONS WILL BE PUBLISHED FORTHCOMING CHANGE UNIFORM REGS.

THE

Biltmore
ADDS ZEST TO THE D
AND SUPPER HOUR
BOWMAN R3
with its "talk-of-the-town"
ICE REVUE
featuring

THE HEASLEY TWINS
Jack & Bob, Stars of the Screen

HAZEL FRANKLIN
Enchanting English Skating Star

★ THE FOUR L'IL DE-ICERS ★

RAY HEATHERTON
with "His Music with a Smile" and
THE DRANE SISTERS
BETTY BREWER



Supper Couvert after 10:30
P. M. — \$1.00; Saturdays,
\$1.50 • Reservations—Phone
MUrray Hill 9-7920.

MADISON AVE. AT 43RD STREET

BEAUTICIAN DISCOVER SUBSTITUTE FOR PERMANENT WAVE ON DYED HAIR

NEW YORK: November 7.—be successfully "permanent" ing to D'nu Edmond, challenger of the most difficult hair coloring problems, and founder of the Prana House of Beauty, 8 East 56th Street, New York City. D'nu Edmond's exclusive Fervid Treatment eliminates necessity of "permanents" for dyed hair. Complete treatment, including contour, is \$20. Hair (not dyed) treatment \$15. D'nu Edmond invites you to consult him personally, without obligation. Just telephone Plaza 8-2511 for an appointment.



Dorothy Ross
SINGS AND PLAYS IN THE

23 Room

CONTINUOUS ENTERTAINMENT
NO COVER—NO MINIMUM—COCKTAILS FREE
HOTEL GEORGE WASHINGTON
23 LEXINGTON AVE. COR. 23RD ST.

NEAR WASHINGTON SQUARE

14 WEST 9th 3 rooms, 2nd rear, south and west exposures, sun-17, quiet, large foyer, real kitchen, 2 fireplaces. On lease, furnished, \$13 (Or unfurnished.) 1 room STUDIO, 15 - 23, good north light, fireplace, separate kitchenette and foye.
112 MACDOUGAL Furnished studio, \$7.50 to \$15 week. Electric, service, Bathens all included. Also monthly rates. 1 furnished with discriminating taste. Manager on premises. OR 4-96.
H. Stanley Hillyer, Inc., STuy 9-3222

NOV



*M*ARYLAND'S
delightful evidence of
suave and pleasant living
is now to be found every-
where from coast to coast
where gourmets gather.

• A new book of grand old time
Maryland Recipes is recently from the
press. If you will send your name, ad-
dress and ten cents to partly pay for
printing and postage, we will be glad
to forward you a copy.

ROBERT
E
L E E

NATIONAL PREMIUM BEER

NATIONAL BREWING COMPANY

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

What *Every Woman* wants to know about a



...that he faces the future with the shining courage that built America's past... that he realizes how much we still have to be thankful for, and expresses it with flowers for her and with the time-honored dinner for all their friends!



...that on this he chooses the special care... "First In Quality" consideration her proud as the finest Old Schenley, the mildest of all!



First in Quality
OLD SCHENLEY
America's Mildest
BOTTLED IN BOND

6 flower prints for framing, without advertising, sent for 25¢... Staggs-Finch Distillers Corp., N. Y. C., Dept. Y... Straight Bourbon W